The Outlook

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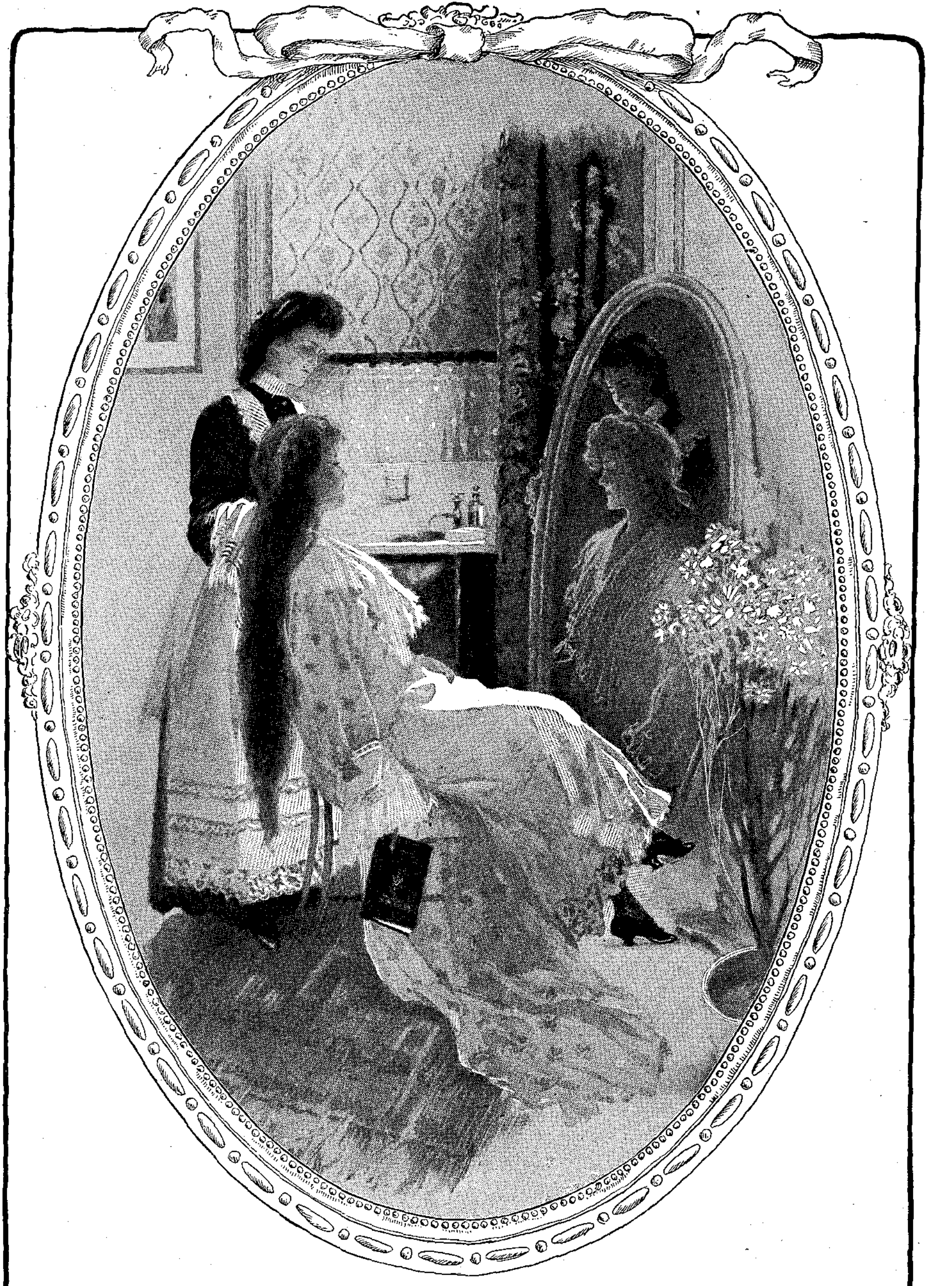

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IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905

The Venezuelan Complications

President Castro's curt refusal to accept the suggestion of the United States for the arbitration of the different claims of American citizens in Venezuela is irritating and provocative, but it will not drive our Government into rash or unwise action. The difficulty in Venezuelan affairs is primarily not political nor financial, but moral. Under the rule of President Castro (a man generally regarded as unscrupulous, fiery, and oblivious of consequences) Venezuela has come to be much in the situation of a man who owes all his neighbors money, and has encouraged instead of avoiding quarrels; a man unwilling to make an agreement by which claims against him may be adjusted equally and fairly to all, but one who tries to secure advantage by dealing unfairly with the separate debtors. Such an individual would soon find his affairs in the hands of a sheriff; but as there is no international sheriff, diplomacy, and, in the ultimate resort, threats of force, are the only methods of settlement. Last week an agreement was concluded between the German and English creditors who hold Venezuelan securities by which, with the consent of Venezuela, a large part of the receipts of its custom-houses is to be applied to meeting those debts. The bonds for these debts (some part of which, however, is held by other countries besides Great Britain and Germany) amount to twenty-six millions of dollars, and under the agreement the debt is to be refunded at four per cent., and guaranteed by half of the duties collected at seven Venezuelan custom-houses. Already thirty per cent. of the gross revenues of two custom-houses, those of Puerto Cabello and La Guayra, are designated to be set aside for meeting the debts judged valid by the Hague Tribunal. These two ports, therefore, are, at present at least, excluded from the new arrangement. The United States cannot object to such a plan, for it is precisely what our Government has undertaken to do in Santo Domingo in a treaty which may yet receive the Senate's assent. Neither can we object to the announcement by Holland that if Dutch sailors now imprisoned in Venezuela are not released, Holland will send war-ships and seize a Venezuelan port; for this is much like what we allowed Germany to do not long ago. The American claims against Venezuela (apart from whatever share of the bonded indebtedness of that country may be held by American citizens) are several, and differ in character. The most important grows out of the asphalt litigation. Technically, President Castro takes strong ground when he says that this litigation is now in the Venezuelan courts, and that he cannot interfere any more than could the United States Government interfere if the French Government, for instance, called upon it to arbitrate legal disputes between American and French citizens while the case was before the United States Supreme Court. This is only a surface view of the matter, however, for it is urged in this country that the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company has practically suffered the confiscation of its property by the Venezuelan Government, which has put the asphalt lake into the hands of a receiver, and is taking out enormous quantities of asphalt, selling it, and appropriating the money under a pretense of legal expenses. If the facts are as stated, and if, under the direction of President Castro, a decision in the case is purposely delayed, the facts may assume such an aspect that the Americans whose property is thus being confiscated may rightfully appeal to their own Government for justice. Among other American claims are those of a steamship company, whose franchise, it is alleged, was improperly declared forfeited, of a newspaper correspondent who was, as asserted, wrongfully expelled from the country, and of another asphalt company. The whole affair illustrates forcibly the point made by President Roosevelt in his messages regarding Santo Domingo—namely, that if the United States is to allow other countries to seize ports for the collection of debts, or to support a demand for reparation on account of wrong done, it must take some measures that will prevent just American claims from being so subordinated to other foreign claims of no greater weight or justice that their payment or adjudication will be postponed indefinitely.

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Russian Affairs The question of Russian finance continues to be a matter of prime interest throughout Europe. Russia has so far made two foreign loans amounting to $400,000,000. It is estimated by competent observers that her expenses during the war have been about $20,000,000 a month, and as the war has now been going on about fourteen months, her expenditures, including initial expenses, have amounted to something like $325,000,000. This does not include the heavy losses of stores and supplies which the Russians have sustained in the recent campaign. The failure of the endeavor to raise an additional loan in France, where the sentiment is most friendly to Russia, has already been reported, and the fallacy of the impression that Russia was reaching the end of her resources already pointed out. There are probably few countries the resources of which are so great as those of Russia; and it is one of the great sins of her inefficient Government that they are so largely undeveloped. Russia has still, however, a large reserve of ready money upon which she can draw. Under the Russian law it is necessary to maintain a gold reserve of fifty per cent. of the face value of the ruble note up to an issue of about $300,000,000; after that limit has been passed any additional issues must be secured by a gold reserve equal in amount. The present note circulation is about 830,000,000 rubles, and it is estimated that the Russian Treasury and the State banks contain a surplus that would afford a basis for carrying on the war for another year, with a balance of over $100,000,000 at the end of that time. There is also in reserve, to be used only in case of extreme necessity, what is called "the holy gold fund," the accumulation of gold and jewels held by the Russian churches, which might be used in great national crises. It is estimated that the value of these accumulations is not less than $550,000,000; but this fund could not be touched until every other resource had been exhausted, and no Minister of Finance would think of using it until he had first tried every other expedient within his power. Nations have rarely been held back from embarking in war by lack of money, and if the war were popular in Russia there would be little likelihood that its end would be hastened by lack of funds. What gives possible importance to the financial situation is the wide and growing unpopularity of the struggle among the Russians themselves. The Russian army continues slowly to retreat toward Harbin, and at the end of last week held a position about seventy-five miles north of Tie Pass and two hundred and twenty-five miles from Harbin. A base of supplies is to be established west of Harbin. Possibly General Linevich may try to hold a line running westward from Kirin to the railroad, or a line near the Sungari River; but more probably he will withdraw to Harbin. Reports persisted last week that the Czar had become favorable to the discussion of peace measures.

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Rights of Women in France There is probably no country in Europe in which the influence of women has been more deeply felt than France—an influence often exerted for evil, but many times exerted for good in public as in social and intellectual affairs; an influence which has given France the primacy among the nations in the arts of social intercourse. Not only has this been true of women of what are called the upper classes, but French women of what are called the middle classes have shown remarkable aptitude for executive work, for administrative affairs, and for business. A very considerable part of the retail business of France is now carried on by women, and bookkeeping, the management of hotels, and many other occupations are largely in their hands; and the capacity of the French woman for business is very generally recognized. In spite of these facts, the legal status of women is still determined by the Napoleonic code, which was based, it has been said, on the assumption that "women are either imbecile or incapable of transacting business." As the law now stands, in spite of the fact that French women are to an unusual extent wage-earners, married women in that country have no control over their earnings, and, unless there is an expressed stipulation to the contrary, the estate of a wife passes absolutely into the hands of her husband, who can use it for any purpose he pleases. An unmarried woman controls her own property during her lifetime, although she cannot bequeath it away from her natural heirs; but a married woman has no property rights which her husband is bound to respect. Until within a few months a married woman could not attest a deed or give evidence in a French court, or witness a marriage. Napoleon once declared: "There is one thing that is unknown in France, and that is, that a woman shall do as she pleases!" This statement of the great despiser of women is borne out by a case quoted by a correspondent of the Boston "Transcript." Not long ago a French writer, the author of a successful novel, negotiated with a German firm for its translation and publication in Germany. When the contract was finally drawn up, it was signed, not by the author, but by her husband, although she was separated from him and was not living under his roof. If he had chosen, he could have refused to sign the contract, and the woman would have been without redress. There does not appear to be much interest in the question of suffrage for women in France, but there is a great and growing interest in gaining for married women the right to dispose of their own property. It is surprising that, in a country in which women are so influential, the laws are still in so barbaric a stage as regards their property rights.

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The Success of Addicks Mr. Addicks is still outside the United States Senate, but still has influence enough in the sorry State of Delaware to prevent its citizens from being represented in the Senate by any other man than himself. Thus he really succeeds in carrying out his boasted purpose of being a dog in a manger. The joint assembly of the Legislature held its final meeting on March 23, and on the final and forty-seventh ballot J. Edward Addicks received 15 votes; Colonel Henry A. DuPont, Regular Republican, 14 votes, and Willard Saulsbury, Democrat, 13 votes; 27 votes were necessary to a choice, so there was no election. There are, of course, devoted, upright, and absolutely honorable men in Delaware, who scorn to stoop to the methods employed by Addicks and his men in politics. But the investigation which Mr. Kennan made so thoroughly in Delaware for The Outlook two years ago, as well as information which comes to us from intelligent and trustworthy sources in the State, inclines us to believe that it is not merely the Addicks forces that need to be purified, but the entire State. A trustworthy correspondent informs us that it is estimated that nearly one-half of all the votes in Delaware cast for the Republican ticket at the election last autumn were "coaxed into the ballot-box by cash," and since there is pretty conclusive evidence showing that the Republicans alone spent at the polls at least $130,000, it will be seen that the estimate is not far out of the way. If the statements of reliable men may be accepted, at least ninety-five per cent. of the negro voters demanded and got a money reward for their ballots. It is openly stated that in the counties of Kent and Sussex the anti-Addicks as well as the Addicks forces bought votes. Our correspondent assures us that "specific instances have been given of fathers negotiating for their sons' votes, and there is on record one case where a father drove from home his son because he would not sell the first vote he ever cast. The clergy for the most part are silent, and resolutions at church convocations deploring bribery are frowned upon as an interference in politics." The buying and selling of votes has almost assumed the dignity of legitimate trade among certain classes of the State. "Mr. A's money elected you!" exclaims one legislator to another. "No, it was the money of Mr. X," is the reply. So that a man who constantly and loyally votes for the candidate who bought him attains almost the position of a high-toned moralist among his fellows. It is, perhaps, some satisfaction to know that J. Edward Addicks has been again deprived of the attainment of his great ambition in life; but his failure of election, instead of reflecting credit on Delaware, only emphasizes the entire lack in that State of a genuine representative and popular government.

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Jerry-Building in New York

It has long been a conceded fact that building inspection in New York City has been wretchedly deficient. Whether this is due to bribery, to incompetence, or to insufficient laws may be an open question. Most people would attribute the blame to all three causes. When the notorious Buddensiek, years ago, put up buildings so flimsy that they fell down of their own weight and killed many people, he was indicted, tried, and imprisoned, and thereby a salutary warning was given to builders and inspectors. The evil in its worst aspects for a time decreased, but has gradually grown again to portentous dimensions. Last year a large unfinished building collapsed from structural weakness due to clear violation of the building law; several persons were killed and many injured; excitement ran high for a few weeks, but no one has actually suffered the penalty of lawbreaking. Last week no fewer than six flat-houses, partly or in some cases wholly completed, collapsed, and photographs show the bricks clean of mortar, proving that the mortar was used when semi-frozen and incapable of holding bricks together. This is plainly forbidden by law. As no one was killed, it is only too likely that the "rigid investigation" promised by the Building Department will be without result. In response to the plea that there are not enough inspectors, District Attorney Jerome well says: "If there are not enough men, the remedy is not to allow unsafe buildings to go up, but to allow only as many as can be inspected properly with the present force. If that ties up the business, well and good—the people will soon see that there are more inspectors." Mr. Jerome adds significantly:

> One or two other episodes in the Building Department recently Mr. Hopper [Building Superintendent] might find difficult to explain, if the Mayor had the power to file written charges against him, which he must answer. There was the attempt to make obligatory a 35-pound pressure [practical men say that this pressure is totally unneeded] flushing arrangement, when only one device on the market met the requirement. There was a similar attempt to put into general use a safety clutch for elevators, when there was only one of that kind on the market. There was the attempt to substitute a certain smoke test in plumbing, when all are about equally good. It might be awkward to explain that friends are interested in certain concerns.

It is hoped that these charges, for they are really nothing else, will be looked into by the committee appointed by Mr. Ahearn, President of Manhattan Borough. It should also be explained why the inspector upon whom a Grand Jury placed part of the responsibility for the Darlington disaster is still on the city's pay-roll, and why several inspectors passed as sound and safe the six buildings which tumbled down of their own weight last week. The danger to life and property from "jerry-building" is increasing every year, and the city's oversight of builders must be cleared of political chicanery and bribery.

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The Hampton Negro Conference

The main idea of the Tuskegee Conference is to get records of and stimulate land-buying, better house-building, and better schools with longer terms; to promote industrial and intellectual efficiency and the owning of property as the essentials of race progress. The keynote of the Hampton Conference for 1904, sounded in the report recently issued, is expressed in the motto, "Deeds, not words." Those in charge of the Hampton Conference became impressed in 1903 with the tendency to complain of evils rather than to do something to remedy them. Reports were made of bad conditions, but effort did not seem easily to follow. An attempt was therefore made to arrange for committees who should not only report upon the facts pertaining to the life of the colored people, but should aim to do something effective towards bettering conditions and remedying evils; the committees dealt with such subjects as economic conditions, education, religion and morals, charities and correction, vital sanitary problems, and civic relations. These committees reported at the Conference of 1904 and made recommendations as to matters which may be divided into two classes: first, acute conditions requiring immediate attention, such as the exporting of colored girls to Northern cities for immoral purposes, the excessive death-rate of colored people from tuberculosis, immoral conditions in the county jails in Virginia; second, all conditions requiring gradual but persistent and powerful influence in order to better conditions, such as better insurance and saving facilities, better Sunday-schools, self-help in education, and the introduction of domestic science and manual training into the elementary schools. The reports are specially concerned with jails and poorhouses, Sunday-schools and social settlements, self-help in education, insurance methods, tuberculosis, legal oppression, considered in their relation to colored people living in the territory of Virginia and the larger cities near the boundary line of that State.

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The Resolutions The resolutions resulting from the reports are of special interest. Upon vital and sanitary problems it was resolved that public sentiment be aroused among the negroes through schools, churches, and by the organization of anti-tuberculosis societies in cities and towns. The Conference recommended the careful reading and distribution of the literature on the prevention of tuberculosis prepared by the Charity Organization Society of New York, and the enforcing of the anti-spitting laws in public buildings, sidewalks, and street-cars, as well as steam-cars and every other form of public conveyance; touching education, the Conference recommended greater interest on the part of the negroes in the education of their children, and earnest attempts to secure eight months of school each year, either by means of the usual public funds or by private supplementing of public funds; also manual and industrial training in the public schools as an integral part of sound education. Touching the matter of insurance, the Conference recommended careful study of the statistics of life and fraternal insurance, and the making of a mortuary table based on the experience of the insurance companies and fraternal societies operated by the colored people. Concerning religion and morals the Conference recommended better teaching in the Sunday-schools and Sunday-school institutes in order to that end, and also that Sunday-schools and churches avail themselves of the methods used in social settlements. Concerning moral protection for the colored people, it was recommended that committees be appointed to act in co-operation with social settlement workers in Northern cities, and with law and order leagues and legal aid societies, in order to the combating of the evil of importing Southern colored girls to Northern cities for immoral purposes, and also to secure for poor but worthy people the protection of their property rights. A valuable suggestion was also made in this connection, that churches and schools be urged to pay more attention to the instruction of the people in the elementary principles of business and commercial law. With regard to charities and correction, the Conference recommended the organization of negro charities in the cities and towns, and earnest co-operation with the white people in every attempt at the reformation of criminals and the improvement of jails and poorhouses; also that an earnest attempt be made to create a public sentiment for better care of the defective classes in the State of Virginia. The reports of the committees upon the subjects are especially valuable, and are characterized by faithful attention and accurate presentation of the facts at issue, scientific discrimination, careful collating of statistics, and sanity and wisdom in the recommendations. It is evident from the reports of the committees and from the utterances made that a great deal of work was done in the way of personal investigation and study in order to bring the reports into accurate conformity with the conditions considered, and in order to suggestions which would be likely to be effective of good results. The reports upon negro insurance, upon negro women and domestic service, upon charities and correction, and also upon the negro death rate, are fine examples of sociological investigation, and indicate a social perspective as well as an attention to concrete facts which promise great improvement in the moral and material conditions of those negroes whom Hampton must directly touch. The Conference of 1905 will discuss savings societies in Virginia, installment dealers and negroes, Sunday-schools in Virginia, city schools for negroes, tuberculosis in Virginia and neighboring cities, negro charities in Virginia, the exportation of colored girls to Northern cities, and reform movements.

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The New Liquor License Law in England The annual licensing sessions in England, called "brewster sessions" because of their relation to the trade of brewers and breweries, are now over for 1905, and from the proceedings it is possible to form some estimate as to how the Licensing Act of 1904 will work. The Act, which aroused so much hostility in Parliament and in the constituencies last year, made radical changes in the Licensing Code. Up to its enactment it was possible for the licensing bench to refuse the renewal of a license simply on the ground that there was no public need for the house for which a license was sought. When a license was so refused, no compensation was paid to the owner of the public-house which was closed. Under the new Act there is no interference with the old powers of the magistrates to refuse the renewal of a license on proof by the police that the house had been badly conducted and had become a danger to good order and a nuisance. The licenses of such houses can still be refused without compensation; but in the case of a well-conducted house, which may be regarded by the magistrates as unnecessary, the renewal of the license cannot be refused without compensation. To facilitate reduction in the number of licensed houses, of which by common agreement there is a redundancy in most of the older English towns, and to establish a compensation fund, it is provided in the Act of 1904 that license-holders within the magisterial area shall each year contribute to a common fund from which compensation shall be paid when the licenses of well-conducted but unnecessary public-houses are refused at brewster sessions.

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A Concrete Example from Manchester Manchester brewster sessions afford a good illustration of how the new Act is working. Manchester, prior to the recent sessions, had 2,965 licensed houses—one for every 184 of its inhabitants. The number has long been held by the magistrates to be altogether out of proportion to the needs of the population, and for years the magistrates have been weeding out all houses of proved bad character. At the recent sessions forty-two houses were closed for these reasons without compensation, and the magistrates announced that they intended to schedule fifty more licenses for suppression under the compensation clauses of the Act of 1904. The assessments on license-holders in Manchester for 1905—which must be paid before October next—will yield about $150,000. This sum will be divided among the fifty license-holders whose houses have been scheduled. The city bench of magistrates has not power to refuse these licenses and award compensation. This power lies with magistrates in quarter sessions for the hundred of the county of Lancashire, in which Manchester is situated. But although in the past magistrates in quarter sessions have not aided magistrates in the boroughs and cities in reducing licenses when appeals have been taken from the local benches to quarter sessions, as compensation to the license-holders will serve to mitigate the loss to the brewery companies and the retailers of drink, the likelihood is that now most benches of quarter session will accept the schedules of licenses to be quashed as sent to them. It is not likely that Manchester will ever have more than about $150,000 a year available for compensation for license-holders, so that the number of licenses to be dropped this year may be taken as the maximum. Still, fifty houses closed in this way, plus forty closed for misconduct, is not a bad showing for one brewster sessions, and, despite some of the indefensible features of the Act of 1904, it should in the course of a few years work a reform in the English licensing system.

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Bishop Gore of Birmingham An occasion for noteworthy utterances, significant of progress in religious fellowship and religious thought, was given at the recent enthronement of Dr. Gore as the first Bishop of Birmingham, England, a new diocese formed by division of the ancient diocese of Worcester, from which Dr. Gore was translated. At a mass-meeting in the Town Hall after the services in the Cathedral the most fraternal sentiments were cordially interchanged between Churchmen and Nonconformists. The Rev. J. H. Jowett, successor to the late Dr. R. W. Dale, whose friend and guest Bishop Gore had been, gave him the greetings of the Nonconformist churches in terms of manly and hearty esteem that were fully reciprocated, not only in the address of Dr. Gore, but in those of the Bishops of London, Manchester, and Carlisle. Dr. Gore's appreciation of Dr. Dale as "a man who seemed to represent ideally the combination of the Christian prophet with the Christian citizen" was matched by Mr. Jowett's appreciation of Dr. Gore's "passion for social reform, and his ardor for securing the highest ideals in the government of the State." As to schemes for the reunion of churches, Bishop Gore said that the Established Church must first attain unity within itself. But he profoundly believed in two lines of union, besides personal friendship, as immediately practicable. One was fellowship in schemes of social and civic progress and righteousness; the other was the fellowship of common study. Referring to the inquiry now going on in different religious bodies into the basis of moral and religious truth on which they all stand, into the origin and meaning of Christianity, Bishop Gore desired, "as a humble scholar," to bring together in such inquiries men of different points of view. "I am quite sure," said he, "that we are in a time of transition, and that the lines both of union and division in the future are not altogether those which have prevailed in the past. It is in this freedom, in the fellowship of a common study of what our religion means, that I see the great forces of reunion in the future." Other men have been thinking thus, but no one in so commanding a position as Bishop Gore has said it so plainly. Among men of sound learning in free communication sectarianism is impossible. An auspicious utterance is this for the inauguration of a new episcopate.

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Coffee on Wheels Last month The Outlook printed a brief account of the friendly service of the Bible Teachers' Training School in supplying hot coffee and luncheon to the men employed on the New York Central Railroad improvements. The attention of The Outlook has now been especially called to the somewhat similar service carried on systematically for several years in New York City by the Church Temperance Society. One of the objects of this Society is the removal of the causes which lead to intemperance, and one of its efforts in this work is the maintenance of two coffee-vans. These vans are specially built one-horse delivery-wagons, provided with insulated cylinders which hold about forty gallons of coffee, ready for drinking, and keep it hot for over twelve hours. One of these is called the Coachmen's Coffee-Van, and follows an English custom. A hostess who is giving a large entertainment may order this van to be on hand to dispense hot coffee and sandwiches to the coachmen who wait outside in the cold to convey her guests home. Another van, during the coldest nights of the year, stands by the loop at the New York Post-Office, where the motormen slacken up to return on the long uptown trip, each receiving before he starts off again, in the face of storm and wind, the welcome hot drink. By special request of the men, the van comes after midnight, the small hours of the morning being the ones they find coldest and weariest. This van is ready also to answer calls from the Fire Department. During all large fires, which keep the firemen on duty many hours, the van stands within the fire lines. Its presence was at first permitted by the Chief with misgivings, but it was found both to supply needed nourishment and to remove the temptation to slip away to a saloon for a draught of stimulant. So useful has this been to the firemen that a year ago, during heavy storms, the Commissioner of Street-Cleaning sought the same aid for the snow-shovelers, shoveling all night in the bitter dark, some frostbitten from the cold and others incapacitating themselves for further labor by indulgence at the nearest bar. Both vans, laden to their utmost with rolls and coffee, made their way from one gang of men to another through the nights of worst weather, and have repeated this service this past winter. The coachmen's van is of course paid for by the hostesses, but the other vans are supported by the receipts from the Society's lunch-wagons. The first lunch-wagon was established for the refreshment of men working at night, for whom no other place of food and drink was available save a saloon. So successful was "The Owl" that eight lunch-wagons are now stationed at points where shelter and food are demanded by night workers. Each represents the gift of a thousand dollars, and one, "The Firefly," at Union Square, has been endowed, and when worn out can be replaced. The Outlook has always been especially interested in constructive temperance work, and believes that lunch-wagons and coffee-vans such as these are an important factor in solving the liquor problem. If there are similar practical efforts made in other cities to promote temperance, we should be glad to be informed of them.

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A Notable Art Exhibition

The Copley Society of Boston a year ago exhibited a wonderful collection of Whistler's paintings, of which The Outlook gave its readers a brief account. This year it has brought together ninety-five examples of the work of the great French "impressionist" Claude Monet, ranging in date from 1875 to 1903. It is not extravagant to say that no other painter has ever equaled Monet in painting atmosphere. It is not, perhaps, strange that most men think of atmosphere as unpaintable, since it is only comparatively recently that artists have attempted to paint it. Perhaps the most striking—we do not say the best—illustration of this phase of art in the Boston collection is "Morning Fog" (1888). There is an impression of water in the foreground and—nothing else? That is the first impression. Vague, undefined forms loom up in the background, veiled, indistinct, indistinguishable. What are they? asks the observer. And he can as little tell as he could tell from the deck of a yacht on the coast of Maine what were the formless forms over against him—cliffs? trees? masts of another ship? or only a darker cloud in the fog? More beautiful illustrations of atmospheric effect, and scarcely less wonderful, are the Thames series—the Bridges and the Parliament Houses (1903). As one looks steadily at one of this series the omnibuses on the bridge gradually appear, much as they would gradually shape themselves through a London fog, visible only as the eye grew accustomed to the atmosphere. Another characteristic of Monet, though less distinctively his, is his enjoyment in mere color. Some of his pictures appear to us wholly unreal—the view of the painter's own garden in the "Serie du Bassin aux Nympheas" (1899) for example; but the color, simply as color, is exquisitely beautiful. It is interesting to trace the historical development of his art. "La Seine à Lavacour" (1880) and "Sunset on the Seine, Winter" (1880) are beautiful pictures; but there is nothing in either to suggest the marvelous mystery in the "Morning Fog" and the Thames series. Students and lovers of Monet's pictures are indebted to him not only for much æsthetic pleasure derived from his paintings themselves, but for the greater pleasure and benefit of being enabled by a patient study of his canvases to see beautiful color effects in the natural landscape that have never been apparent before. It is astonishing how the most commonplace scenes — scraggly trees, weedy fields, swampy puddles, bare and desolate stretches of rock—are transformed into patches of delightful beauty by the color effects of sun and atmosphere which the "Impressionist School," led and inspired by Monet, has taught the observer to seek for and find in nature. For this reason alone art lovers will find it well worth a journey to Boston to see and study this notable collection.

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Jules Verne Perhaps no writer of our day has given more innocent pleasure to a larger number of readers than Jules Verne, who died on Friday of last week at his home in Amiens. M. Verne was wont to say that the inspiration of his literary career had been found in the immortal works of Baron Munchausen; but if his tales were as marvelous in their way as those of Munchausen, they differed radically in that the wonders which Jules Verne built up with such remarkable ingenuity and inventiveness were always consistent, and, for the moment at least, reasonable. He cannot be ranked with the great novelists of French literature, because he had little pretension to style or literary artistry; yet his method of writing was so direct, so clear, and so forcible that it was in itself not inartistic. M. Verne was an adept in using the actual achievements of science and discovery to forecast the possibilities of the future. Those of his stories which deal with ballooning, with submarine vessels, or with rapid traveling have been in some degree realized in actual fact since they were written. Since he wrote "Around the World in Eighty Days," for instance, the journey has been made in much less time; and although his fictitious voyages to the center of the earth and from the earth to the moon may never be realized, the books describing these voyages contain some clever suggestions for future scientists. As a story-teller M. Verne has always been the delight of boys, but his books have been almost equally appreciated by older readers. He was never chosen a member of the French Academy, and the failure of his candidacy was attributed to the fact that members of the Academy held that his books were not really literature or his characters more than puppets.

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Mr. Rockefeller and the American Board

Certain Congregational ministers of Boston and vicinity have passed a resolution protesting against the acceptance by the American Board of the gift of $100,000 proffered to the Board, for its work, by Mr. John D. Rockefeller. The ground of this protest is that "the acceptance of such a gift involves the constituents of the Board in a relation implying honor to the donor, and subjects the Board to the charge of ignoring the moral issues involved," in what the protest describes as "repeated and formidable indictments in specific terms for methods which are morally iniquitous and socially destructive." Similar action was, we believe, proposed in the meeting of the Congregational ministers of New York and vicinity, but after full discussion it was decided that the protest should not be made, although a considerable number of ministers were individually opposed to the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's gift.

In a Church organized like the Presbyterian, the ministers can in their official capacity bring the action of the Board of Missions before the Synod or Assembly for review; but in the Congregational Church the Missionary Society is organically independent. From its action no formal appeal lies. It is, therefore, entirely proper for the ministers, either individually or in groups, to protest against any action which, in their judgment, would be inconsistent with right principles. For this reason we commend the course of the Boston ministers in making their protest. They were quite within their rights in doing so. And the sentiment which animated their protest is praiseworthy. It indicates a great ethical advance over the prevailing sentiment in the churches fifty years ago. It indicates that the Church will not condone a wrong method of making money because it has succeeded; that it will measure men, not by the money which they possess, nor even by their use of it, but by the way in which they have acquired it; that it will measure industry, not by its pecuniary profits, but by the conformity of its methods to ethical standards; and that the silence of the Church cannot be purchased nor its condemnation quieted by gifts.

Nevertheless, the proposed rejection of Mr. Rockefeller's gift rests on no coherent and self-consistent principle which is capable of general application in solving the question under what conditions trustees may properly receive gifts of money for the benevolent work with which they are charged. In our judgment, the refusal of the New York ministers to join in this protest was founded on sound ethical principles. It is not the business of a church, charitable organization, or missionary society to sit in judgment on the character of the contributions to its work. If it were once to enter on this difficult and extra-hazardous undertaking, the reception of money by the church or society might justly be regarded as an indorsement of the methods by which the money had been acquired. But if the church or society declines on principle to take into consideration the character of the donor, the statement that receiving money implies honor to the donor is not tenable. It is not true that to receive from a wrong-doer money made by wrong-doing is to approve or condone the wrong-doing. If any of the ministers who voted for this resolution live in the country, do they refuse to burn the Standard oil? If they buy that oil, they are helping to swell the fortune of John D. Rockefeller. Is it any better to add to his gains than to help him to devote them to charitable uses? Is it any better to take his money in the way of trade than in the way of benevolence? If Mr. Rockefeller should happen into one of their churches some Sunday, and should put a ten-dollar bill in the plate, would the minister insist that the deacons should return to him his contribution? There is no principle of general application which can be stated on which this demand of the Boston ministers can be maintained. And to single out an exceptional man for exceptional treatment is not the best method of bearing testimony against the wrong-doing which we wish to condemn.

Money obtained by fraud ought not to be received from a donor provided it can be returned to its legitimate owner; but this is because it does not really belong to the donor. Money obtained by fraud ought not to be received from a donor under circumstances which imply approval of his methods. For this reason it may well be affirmed that money ought not to be *solicited* by religious organizations from men whose method of acquisition is justly subject to general public condemnation. But the mere reception of money, whether in trade or for benevolence, does not carry with it any such implication. In the case under consideration, the gift from Mr. Rockefeller was not, we are informed, solicited by the American Board. It was given as the result of the personal wishes of a near relative of Mr. Rockefeller, a lady who in private life and as an active member of one of the leading Congregational churches of the country has for many years been profoundly interested in Foreign Missions.

There are other and more effective ways in which the Church can express its condemnation of condemnable methods of money-getting. The Boston ministers might, by resolution, have long since put on record their disapproval of the methods of the Standard Oil Company in its early history, as The Outlook has done many times. The individual ministers might in their pulpits have condemned, as very likely many of them have done, all similar methods of acquisition, and, indeed, the very desire to get something for nothing out of which such methods spring. Every minister can contribute to the public opinion which has demanded the Governmental investigation of the Standard Oil Company, and regulation by the Government of the great corporations so that rebates and similar injustice may be done away with. For it is upon public opinion that Governmental action in America depends, and the Church and the ministry are powerful factors in creating a vigorous and healthful public opinion. Every minister can do much, also, to raise the ethical ideals of business, so that methods which the business world approved or acquiesced in twenty-five years ago it may vigorously condemn to-day. If the Church and the ministry habitually, and with courage and vigor, condemn all questionable methods of money-getting, however and by whomsoever practiced, the effect of their testimony will not be vitiated by the refusal to attempt the impossible task of determining whether and to what degree money offered for benevolent work is tainted by the method in which it is believed to have been acquired. If, on the contrary, the Church and the ministry fail to bear such witness with the courage and the vigor which the conditions of the age demand, they cannot furnish a substitute for the neglected duty by the occasional refusal of money from a multi-millionaire because he has been indicted in specific terms for "methods which are morally iniquitous and socially destructive."

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International Amenities

Political misunderstandings are of old growth. The greatest nations are not exempt from the charge of international ignorance. Down to the middle of the last century the Germans alone enjoyed the reputation of being more interested in the politics of other countries than in their own. It used to be said that the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung" began its daily political review with South America and concluded it with Bavaria. France has perhaps remained longest in her political aloofness, in spite of the rude awakening from her dream of military supremacy in 1870; but the mass of Germans, as well as Frenchmen, believe English self-sufficiency to this day to be proof against any vicissitude of fortune. Yet, while mutual misunderstandings among nations are always with us, there is apparent to-day a more sincere effort to remove them by appeals to reason than ever before. Sovereigns and ministers no longer hold the destinies of nations in the hollow of their hands. No ruler can to-day startle the world as did Napoleon III. on the first of January, 1859, when, turning at the New Year's reception abruptly to the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Hübner, he said: "I regret that my relations with your country are not as good as I might desire"—words that fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky and presaged the coming war. Nor is it likely that any modern successor to Prince Bismarck will employ the rude methods of the Iron Chancellor, who for years kept ready at hand the means of provoking the two wars on which he had set his heart, those of 1866 and 1870.

Count von Bülow has, however, on more than one occasion shown his readiness to imitate his great predecessor in the gentler art of taking the foreign press into his confidence, in order to counteract momentary antagonisms between Germany and other countries. His much-talked-of interview with the English journalist, Mr. Bashford, as to Anglo-German relations, published in the December number of the "Nineteenth Century and After," bore the unmistakable imprint of sincerity, and has had the effect of evoking from leading German papers protestations of good will towards England, in the face of which the recent renewed bickerings of certain journals in London and Berlin appear pointless and puerile. Indeed, so well-informed and influential a German paper as the "Weser Zeitung" goes further than the Chancellor in disposing of the bugbear of a German naval policy aimed at preparing for a war with England. Count von Bülow had spoken of the futility of such a war on the ground of commercial rivalry, and had argued that the defeat of one of the two rivals would not result in the commercial supremacy of the other. "In former centuries," he said, "England was always in a state of rivalry, with only one rival at a time—with Spain, Holland, and France in turn. Everything was then at stake. But nowadays there are a number of Powers that make the same claims as we do, and the Russo-Japanese war shows that an addition may be made to their number." The "Weser Zeitung"—and other leading German papers speak in a similar strain—frankly admits that England can at any time meet any effort on the part of Germany to increase her navy by building three times as many war-vessels. Count von Bülow had tried to allay British sensitiveness as to the language of such writers as the historian Heinrich von Treitschke, who in 1884 said, "The reckoning with England has still to come; it will be the longest and most difficult." The "Weser Zeitung" speaks of such phrases as "sounding brass," which a healthy nature merely laughs at. "Only melancholy Tasso grows morbid over Antonio's gibes."

Equally striking is the effort made by the eminent philosopher, Professor Friedrich Paulsen, in the December "Contemporary Review," to enlighten the British public as to the real sentiments of the German people towards England. He admits that the enthusiasm for English ways and institutions prevalent in Germany in the middle of the last century has largely died out, but he asserts most emphatically that neither among the leaders of thought nor among the masses of Germany is the view entertained that "Germany's way to greatness lies through the downfall of England. To millions of Germans the day that brought a war with England would be felt as the darkest day of their lives." Leaving moral considerations aside, Professor Paulsen speaks of the political necessity which draws the two countries together. England, he argues, needs the support of a great land power in order to retain her influence on Continental affairs, while Germany needs the support of England's sea power in order to develop her commerce. Germany is to him "a branch of the great Germanic Protestant community of nations to which, together with the Scandinavian peoples, the English and the North Americans pre-eminently belong." While, on the whole, the English press has been less warmly responsive to such sentiments than the German, the tenor of the comments of the leading journals on the Chancellor's utterances has been conciliatory and sympathetic.

Even on the other side of the Channel temperate views begin to prevail where irritation might have been expected. Count von Bülow's allusion in a recent speech in the Reichstag to "the state of feeling beyond the Vosges," as manifest in the attacks of the Chauvinist press on Germany, has been ignored by the French Government and minimized by papers of the rank of the "Débats" and the "Temps." The ravings of the yellow journals of Paris about the renewed Prussian lust of conquest have excited as little public notice as the quixotic programme of the ridiculous "Latin-Slavic League," which endeavors to weld all non-German elements (including Denmark and Holland) into an alliance directed not only against England, but even against the United States.

A similar conciliatory spirit has been at work in the liberal press of Germany and Austria with regard to the resumption of the negotiations for the new Austro-German commercial treaty, which had been broken off by the abrupt departure of the German Minister, Count Posadowsky, from Vienna, but are now satisfactorily concluded. It had been pointed out, in Berlin as well as in Vienna, that a tariff war would inevitably endanger the relations between Germany and Austria and threaten the stability of the Triple Alliance itself. Indeed, there has been noticeable of late in the government of the dual empire a disposition to look at internal problems from the larger point of view which takes in the effect of national questions on international obligations. Thus, there is no doubt that the resignation of the late Austrian Premier, Dr. Koerber, was due not only to the utter failure of his "policy of reconciliation" as between Germans and Slavs, but to the need of soothing Italian susceptibilities, sorely tried by the anti-Italian excesses at Innsbruck. The Austrian Government unquestionably heeded the temperate counsel of such organs of public opinion in Italy as the "Nuova Antologia," which reminded the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, that the aspect of the Innsbruck riots was international as well as national, apart from the question of Irredentism.

Thus, there are evident throughout Europe gratifying signs in unexpected quarters of the dawn of an era of greater international forbearance, although we are still far from that intellectual height which, in Goethe's opinion, justifies a cosmopolitan indifference to the narrower claims of patriotism.

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Some Representative Novels

The manufacture of fiction goes on apace, and the volume of the output this season, as indicated by the publishers' lists, shows a rapid development of mechanical force and an unusual introduction of labor-saving devices. In this field, as in every other field of manufacture, invention is steadily increasing the volume of production. Less time is now involved in the turning out of a novel than at any earlier period, because so many mechanical devices have been introduced. The products of this industry are piled high on all the news-stands, are peddled through all the trains, and are distributed throughout the country with extraordinary thoroughness and skill. These wares are flamboyantly advertised, until, by mere iteration, the unwary reader is led to suppose that the goods are what they are represented to be. In many cases they are precisely what they are described to be; for the publisher does not claim that they are in any sense the real thing, that they have any art or solidity, or that they give any sign of life. He simply claims that they are absorbing, engrossing, enthralling, fascinating, and irresistible. For the most part, however, it must be confessed that they are insufferably dull, tedious, uninteresting, and often vulgar. The impress of the machine is on every chapter and the hand of the vulgarian on every page; they bear no more relation to the real work of fiction than does a copy of a yellow journal to a real newspaper.

In this mass of machine-made novels there are a few every season that are hand-made; books which are not manufactured to sell, but which are the result of an inward impulse, embodying a real observation of life and registering a genuine artistic talent. Such books are for the refreshment of the soul, for education in the knowledge of life, for ministry to thought and to the sense of joy of which all the arts are the servants. Among the considerable group of stories of the current season which deserve the attention of the thoughtful reader may be enumerated three or four studies of temperament which are distinctively psychological, without over-emphasis of a method which has been greatly overworked of late years by a few accomplished writers who have subordinated the ends of fiction to its means and have put the psychological in place of the dramatic. A first place among these serious works of fiction must be given to Mrs. Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe" (Harpers); one of those solid, thorough, able, and workmanlike novels in which Mrs. Ward has dealt with some of the most serious matters of experience and has proved her right to claim a first position among the novelists of the day. Among writers of fiction there is no artist of a higher mind or of more exacting ideal than this cultivated and painstaking woman; nor has she given the world any better piece of fiction than this latest story, the central figure of which, as in the case of "Lady Rose's Daughter," is a semi-historical character. Perhaps Lady Kitty's personality is best indicated by saying that in a sense she had no character; she is the embodiment of temperament. Her life consists in a series of impressions, a succession of moods, following one another with almost inconceivable rapidity and each expressive of the woman's spirit at the moment. Fragile, elusive, morally irresponsible, this creature of moods, this victim of temperament, is described with the finest skill, the most delicate sympathy, and the surest moral insight. No one but an artist could have made such a character convincing, and that is precisely what Mrs. Ward has done in this extraordinary study. William Ashe, on the other hand, is the embodiment of character. He does not lack temperament, passion, the power of throwing calculation to the winds, but he has English solidity and force. Of Cliffe, the villain of the story, so to speak, it must be said that he is a woman's bad man—a streak of genius embedded in a mass of cheap caddishness. He ought to have been either better or worse. The story needs condensation in the closing chapters, and suffers from lack of humor.

In an entirely different vein, but pervaded by the same seriousness of invention and stamped with the distinction of high-class workmanship, is Miss Sinclair's "The Divine Fire" (Holt); the study of a man of genius, born a cockney, growing up with the narrowest of associations, inheriting the most Philistine views of life, passing through a period of irregularity and vulgar associations without ever himself being vulgar, and finally throwing off his cockneyism under the inspiration and molding power of a great and noble passion of love; so that his character emerges at the end, through manifold experiences and much débris, as the statue comes from the hand of the sculptor slowly detached from a mass of inert matter. This story has great nobility of spirit; although somewhat too elaborate, it is a novel to be reckoned as one of the real things of the time.

The *motif* of "Constance Trescott" (The Century Company) is an extremely unpleasant one, and in hands less skillful than those of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell the story would be too painful. Taking as his background a Southern community at the close of the war, while memories were still fresh and bitter and the fires of passion still burning under the surface, Dr. Mitchell deals chiefly with three characters: a young Massachusetts lawyer, high-minded, clean-blooded, efficient, and attractive; a passionate, untrained, able man of a certain Southern type, brilliant but lawless; and a New England woman, capable of great self-devotion, but of a narrow temper, ardent, inflexible, jealous. The tragedy of an old struggle which lies behind these three people in the little Southern community culminates in a collision between the two men and the death of the husband; and then the *motif* of the story defines itself as the vengeance of the wife—cool, calculating, tireless, and in the end victorious. The story is a study of character of a very unusual kind, full of insight, experience, and skill. On the other hand, "The Opal" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), published anonymously, is the study of a brilliant girl of fascinating personality, who, like Lady Kitty, is a series of moods but has no depth of character and no real power of temperament. She is not a child of passion and tragedy as was Lady Kitty; her nature is like a mirror which reflects every light and shadow cast upon it; the victim, not of her temperament, but of the will of every person with whom she comes in contact. This book, from the pen of a new writer, shows genuine familiarity with the society which it describes, and is unusually witty and readable.

In "Unleavened Bread" Judge Grant produced the most careful and convincing study of a certain superficially cultivated, emotionally thin, and fundamentally unscrupulous type of woman produced in this country by facilities for popular culture, the ease with which social conditions are changed, and the substitution of nerves for passion. In "The Orchid" (Scribners) Judge Grant has made another cabinet portrait of the same type of woman born further up in the social scale, lacking depth of nature, force of conviction, power of passion; with a certain hard finish sometimes mistaken for culture; an egoist at heart, unresponsive to moral claims, utterly indifferent to others, capable of selling her own child as part of her bargain to secure her release by divorce from the man whom she married for money. A more thoroughgoing study of feminine selfishness and lawlessness is not to be found in American fiction.

In striking contrast with these studies of modern types of thin, nervous femininity is the striking portrait of a woman of great gifts of imagination and passion in Domini, the central figure in "The Garden of Allah" (Stokes). Mr. Hichens has taken a great stride forward in this unusual story—unusual first in its background, for never before, in English at least, have the scenery, the atmosphere, and the loneliness of the desert been brought before the eye and the imagination with such splendid skill, so that the story takes on a kind of epical quality from the breadth and splendor of the background against which it moves; unusual in the second place because the plot, although in a way a very simple one, is not only baffling but is practically novel; unusual in the third place because rarely has a woman of such elementary force of character been depicted with such freedom, such delicacy, and such purity. The book is a study of really noble human passion which has its roots in love, as such passion always must have, and which passes through a great experience into spiritual affection.

Mr. Phillpotts's "The Secret Woman" (Macmillan) is also a study of passion, but of a far different order. It is a story of terrible frankness, dealing without evasion with the elemental forces of the human tragedy, but without morbid interest or curiosity, and binding the penalty to the sin. Like all Mr. Phillpotts's stories, it sketches with beautiful feeling and skill the background of Devonshire. In this, as in all other stories from the same hand, the scenery of that enchanting country is constantly before the eye, and the whole story is a transcription of the life of a little section of Devonshire. The reader passes into the next county and finds himself looking at the sea from the hillsides of Cornwall in Mr. Quiller-Couch's "The Shining Ferry" (Scribners), a novel which does not lack its element of tragedy born of the old attraction of the man and the woman, in which the highest poetry and the deepest tragedy have had their roots since time began; but it abounds in quaint humor; it has the smell of the sea; it contains charming descriptions of children; and that quality of the old Duchy which Mr. Quiller-Couch loves so well and understands so thoroughly penetrates the story from beginning to end.

Among the novels from American hands best worthy of attention must be placed Mrs. L. H. Hammond's "The Master-Word" (Macmillan), a study of the relation of the races in the South, at once frank and idealistic. A woman discovers that her husband is the father of a mulatto child, and at his death, after a terrible struggle with herself, takes the child into her keeping and educates her; not along the lines on which she educates her own daughter, but in order to give her the best chance of free development. The tragedy of the victim of the mixed race is uncompromisingly faced and solved—first, by a clear recognition of the facts in the case, without any evasion from philanthropic motives or sentimental feeling, and then by the application of the Master-Word, the motive of supreme love. The story is unusual in its nobility of spirit and its sanity.

Mrs. Shafer's "Beyond Chance of Change" (Macmillan) presents no problems and involves no tragedy, but is a delightful transcription of life in a little community in the Central West before the fever and rush of recent years set in; full of the peace of landscapes the charm of which most Americans do not yet understand; of the quiet and leisure of the older time; of the native humor, kindliness, and courtesy of the older Americans, with glimpses of childhood which are immensely refreshing and consoling.

Those who have assumed that American humor, while not exhausted, has developed every possible variety of form, have yet to make the acquaintance of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" (The Century Company), a kind of modern Arabian Nights, the story of an original character in the old Southwest, told in a succession of chapters recited in a sandhouse in Memphis to a delightful Irishman, in the company of a group of tramps, the whole suffused with humor and not lacking in pathos, and wholly original.

The list might be somewhat extended, but these stories may be taken as examples of the admirable work now being done in fiction by hand, in contradistinction from the work done by machinery.

Morality, Half and Whole

On the platform of the National Congregational Council in 1904 a speaker of high repute as a statistician affirmed, "Our National vice is stealing"—referring to the well-known facts of political corruption, frenzied finance, and extortionate monopoly. Side by side with such an utterance stand the facts that nearly one-third of the population is in church membership, over one-half of it adherents of churches, and that for forty years the National coinage has been stamped with the religious profession, *In God We Trust.* The glaring anomaly cries aloud for explanation, and for ending. The situation reminds one of Juvenal's account of conditions in the time of the Cæsars:

> "Virtue is complimented and chilled."

Morality, indeed, is in as high general repute as ever, but too commonly it is a partial morality seen in those who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to."

This semi-morality, consisting in correct private habits, and in keeping on the safe side of the civil and criminal law, coupled with the unreal and merely conventional morality that cares little for moral ideals and moral progress, creates the present need of a moral revival for social salvation.

Practical morality may be defined as the art of living together in a communal life. Morality is essentially social, a unifying influence, but not such is the half morality described in Clough's sarcastic version of the Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth Commandments, as observed in trade:

> "Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.
> Thou shalt not steal: an empty feat,
> When it's so lucrative to cheat.
> Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
> Approves all forms of competition."

"Business is business," to be sure, but what is the current conception of business? A widely used text-book on political economy[1] by a Christian man, professor in a New England college, laid it down, some twenty-five years ago, as the accepted doctrine that "the ground on which men trade is self-interest," and went on to say that "no other motive is appropriate." This theory is still too influential in the commercial, industrial, and political world. What Marley's ghost in Dickens's Christmas tale discovered in the unseen world, and came back to tell his skinflint partner, Scrooge, "Mankind was my business, the common welfare was my business," is plain to any one who sees the fact that all legitimate business is simply the supply of services for the satisfaction of other men's needs. There are high-minded men, a small but growing number, who adopt this view, and conduct their business in the spirit of the Golden Rule as a ministry of social benefits. But the anti-social view of business as the pursuit merely of private interests still dominates the general mind. Were a young man at the entrance of a business career to confide to any captain of industry that his choice of an occupation had been motived by a view to the largest benefit that his services could bring to the community—the motive universally required of one who proposes to become a teacher of morality and religion—his steel would be thought too soft for its work. He would be reminded that *that* is philanthropy, but men go into business for what they can get out of it. So it has come to pass, since competition was found to result in the rival mowers mowing off one another's legs, that combination has been substituted, so that producers can now "hold up" consumers—for instance, telephone-users and beef-eaters—fixing price by power to put on what the market will bear. Intake of individual gain, not output of social benefit, is the grand and general desideratum, and moral demands are deemed satisfied if the intake is not of a generally stigmatized kind, as that of the wolf or python. Workmen care for quantity of wages more than quality of work; corporation managers for enlarged dividends more than improved public service; small office-holders for salary more than public interests. Social benefit is indeed inseparable from individual activity, but it figures, so far as thought about, only among incidentals. Only a minority, among whom are medical men, army and navy men, clergymen, and professed philanthropists, exemplify the social spirit of thorough morality as distinct from its half-way substitute.

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[1] "Introduction to Political Economy," by A. L. Perry, page 44, edition of 1877.

Here is the very tap-root of social discord, decay, and danger, the semi-morality of the self-regarding virtues, incapable, apart from the other-regarding virtues, of meeting the demand either of democracy or of religion. Its essential virulence breaks out in the exorbitant practices that have drawn from eminent ethical thinkers the declaration that the most dangerous class is not composed of vulgar criminals, but of socially respectable, unscrupulous exploiters.

Contributory to this paralysis of the social conscience is the current political fallacy that misplaces the social basis on the rights of man. However justifiable in a transient emergency the Declaration of rights with which our National existence began, the kingdom of heaven, the only stable social order, begins with a declaration not of rights but of duties. We are born, not into rights, but into duties, on whose fulfillment all rights are morally conditioned—duty to nourish the social life that nourishes our life, to subordinate private to public interest, to seek first of all the common good in which our own is involved. Whatever legal rights may be claimed by repudiators of this congenital duty are terminable by the power that created them; they are not moral rights at all. As Dr. Gladden has said, and as Wickliffe held, there is no moral right to anything that its possessor uses immorally. Acceptance of the non-ethical doctrine that makes duty a corollary to primary rights, instead of making rights a corollary to primary duty, has debased morality and defiled religion. This, together with the ethical fallacy that the self-regarding virtues *per se* constitute morality, neutralizes the spirit of Christianity, just as cold iron imprisons fiery oxygen in the rust resulting from their combination. And so the Christian conscience is benumbed. Revenue for church and university is drawn from human rookeries prolific in disease and vice. Wares are cheapened by forcing children into the premature labor that stunts body and mind. The charity that mitigates social wrongs is weakly substituted for the justice that should prevent them. "The heresy of Cain" involves the churchman together with the infidel. "I am hoping for war with Spain," said a New York churchman; "it will be a good thing for my Southern railway interests." "I don't mean to attend the Christian Endeavor meetings any more," said a young New York churchwoman; "East Side girls come there, and I can't recognize them on the street."

Thus short and scant in normal humanity is the half-morality of self-interested virtue accounted respectable in society, and permitted to suffice for good standing even in churches. To religionists of this character an ancient parallel is on record in the Old Testament—the heathen colonists in the Holy Land, who "feared Jehovah and served other gods."

"Back to Christ" has become the watchword of the social theology that seeks to get below divisive dogmas to unifying faith. "Back to Christ" must be the watchword of the social morality that is complete enough to undertake what Horace Bushnell declared to be "the great problem—to Christianize the money-power of the world." The world's mistake has not been in desiring free competition, but in choosing the competition that divides men instead of that which unites; competition in getting instead of the competition in giving which Christ inculcates; competition for goods to be unequally apportioned between the weak and the strong, instead of competition for the good will and grateful esteem to be poor in which is shame and sin. Neither has democracy erred in protesting to princes, "We are as good as you;" but it errs in omitting to confess to its lowly servitors, "You are as good as we." And Christ corrects its neglect by his saying that he who would be the greatest must be the servant of all.

It is but a partial preaching of salvation through Christ that fails to emphasize the saving principles which he embodied in these precepts, incarnated in his example, and glorified by his faithfulness to them, even to the Cross. How ineffective is such preaching the attitude of the masses plainly shows. The work of the New Evangelism is to preach the whole Gospel, to utter the ancient call, "Come to Jesus," as a call to his enthusiasm for humanity, to his discipleship in service at the divine altar of human needs. Only thus will the needed revival of religion that many long for put an end to the reproach of the modern Church, that it tolerates a type of Christianity which, being but incompletely moral, is partly anti-Christian.

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A Lenten Meditation

The background of the Lenten season is a desert or wilderness, with two figures only to fill the wide and lonely space—the figure of Christ, and the figure of Satan, the incarnation or personification of evil. Great experiences, such as that through which Christ passed on the way to a clear understanding of his own personality and his mission, come to men only in solitude. No man comes face to face with God or with himself in a tumult. There must always be in all these great experiences a certain detachment, a solitude of the spirit if not of the body; for such experiences involve concentration, the absence of the tide of externalities which sweeps a man out of himself; a dying down of the immense tumult of the world which distracts the mind; the fading out of sight of the vast variety of interests and objects which disperse attention. It is significant that the great religions which have inspired and comforted men have been born in solitude and are associated with lonely places; Christianity, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism are of the desert. The temptation of Christ, the crucial experience of Buddha through which he passed to the discovery of the ultimate truth, the realization of his mission by Mohammed, are associated with solitude and silence.

There has come perhaps no greater change in the religious life of the Christian world than the transition from the old simplicity to the modern complexity of life; from the old concentration of thought and interest to the modern dispersion of thought and interest. To the earliest seekers after God that pursuit was not only supreme in interest and observation, but there was very little to withdraw attention from it, to break in upon the concentration of the spirit. Occupations and interests were few; life ran deeply, but it ran through narrow channels. To-day, for the best men and women, there is an immense range of interests, a vast dispersion of energy, a wide area of sympathies. The religious life can no longer be expressed in meditation alone. A thousand works of necessity and mercy break in upon the calm of the Sabbath day, a thousand calls for help assail the ears and reach the heart of those who are most eager to live in the presence of the Infinite; while to those whose affections have never been fixed on these things all life throbs with vitality expressed in other activities, concentrated in other interests. Whether men will or not, the world of to-day is crowded with significant and important works, and even the best are distracted by the number of objects which claim their interest. It is not so easy to live in the constant thought of the presence of the Infinite to-day as it was a thousand or even three hundred years ago. This does not mean that the world has gone backward, that religion is less potent, or that men are less holy; it does mean that there is a new temptation to forgetfulness, that to all men and women come inevitable distractions, and that it requires a more definite habit of mind and a stronger will to carry the consciousness of God about in the streets of great cities, in the tumult of modern life, than it did in the cities in which Christianity was first preached and the lonely and solitary places in which many of its miracles were wrought at the beginning. The very landscape which is the background of the Lenten season suggests the solitude and isolation in which alone the highest knowledge comes, and suggests also the great perils in the life of the Christian of to-day.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

GENERAL NOGI

A snapshot of General Nogi taken during the great festival of victory after the surrender of Port Arthur. He was watching a rocket in the air when the picture was taken

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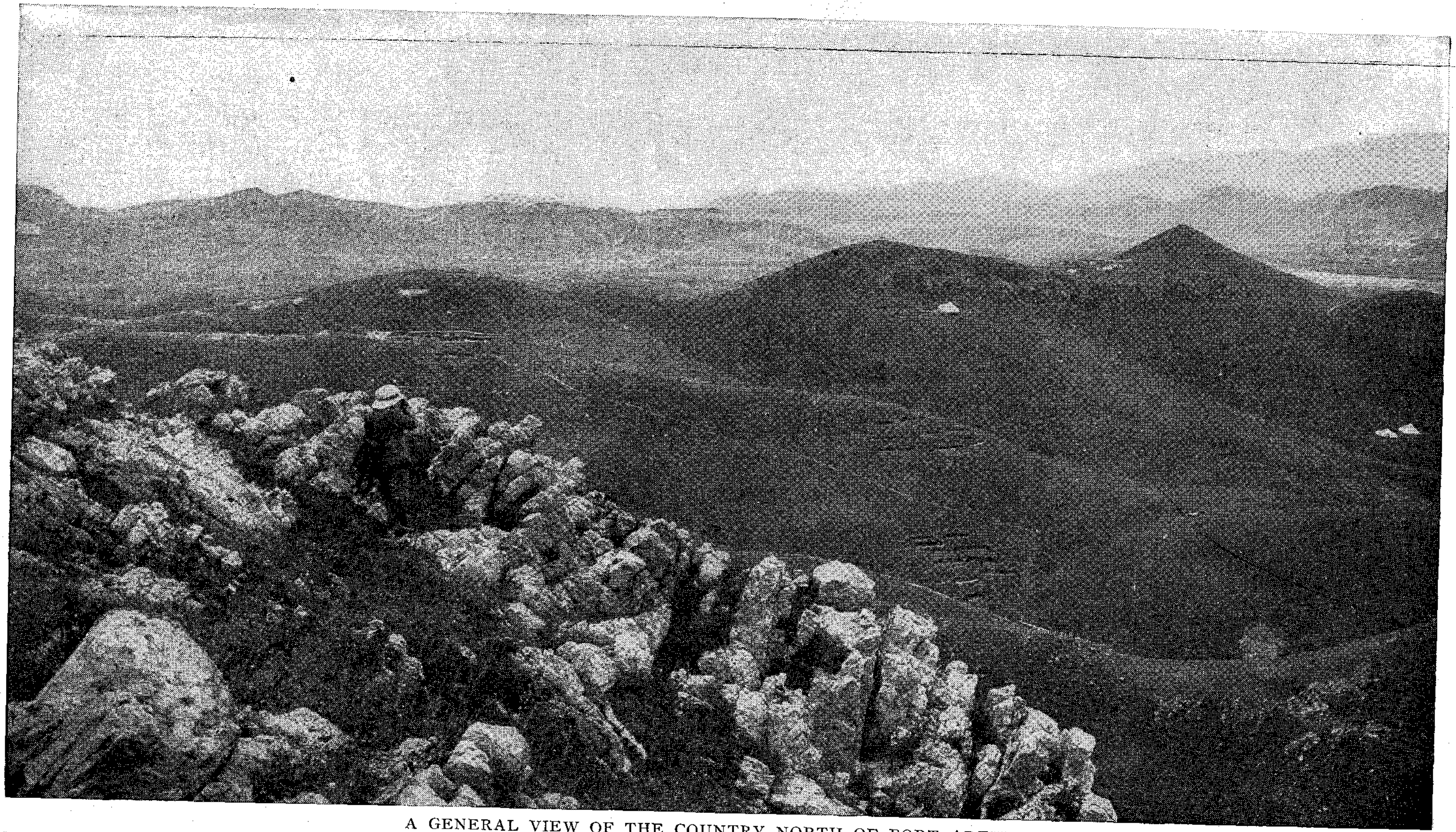
THE PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR, WHICH GEORGE KENNAN IS DESCRIBING IN THE OUTLOOK, HAS BEEN RECORDED BY JAMES RICALTON IN A REMARKABLE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS, SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING OF WHICH ARE HERE REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME. MR. RICALTON AND MR. KENNAN WERE TOGETHER A GREAT PART OF THE TIME FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, AND THESE PICTURES GRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATE MR. KENNAN'S STORY OF THE SIEGE



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY NORTH OF PORT ARTHUR

This picture was taken from Husan Hill, three miles from Port Arthur. The East Kikwan Fort is on the hill at the extreme left of the picture. The hill with two peaks a little further to the right is Bandusan. The other hill still further to the right and in the extreme distance, outlined against the sky, is Golden Hill. Rihlung Fort, the taking of which was the final act in the siege of Port Arthur, is on the darker ridge this side of Golden Hill. The ragged ridge against the sky at the extreme right is Liaotishan. The trenches on the nearer hills were occupied by the Japanese. Some they dug themselves and some were captured from the Russians early in the siege.

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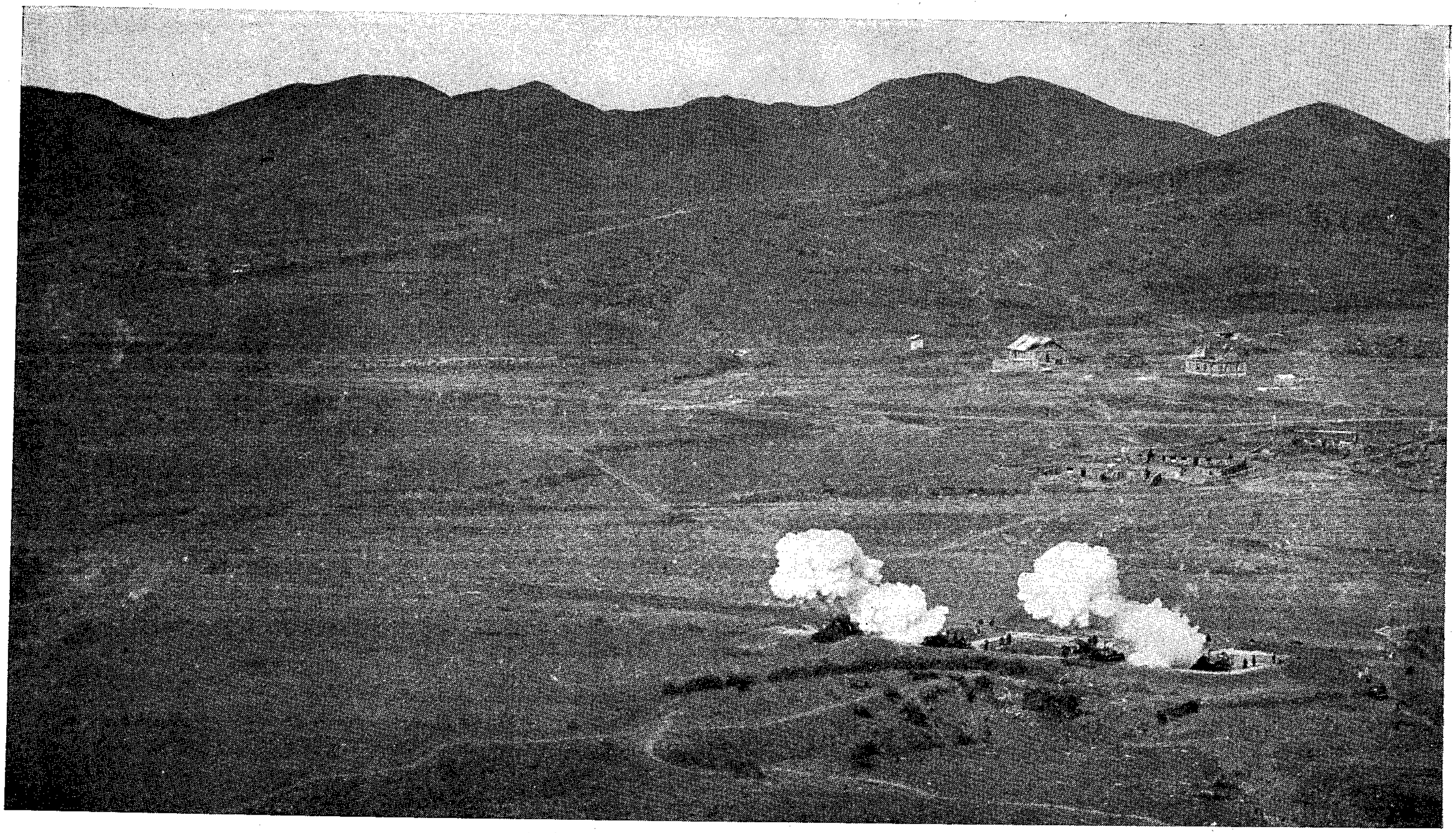

A BATTERY OF ELEVEN-INCH GUNS

These guns are firing 500-pound shells over the mountains into Port Arthur, a distance of about three miles. The two buildings on the right are railway stations burned by the Russians on retreating from Port Arthur

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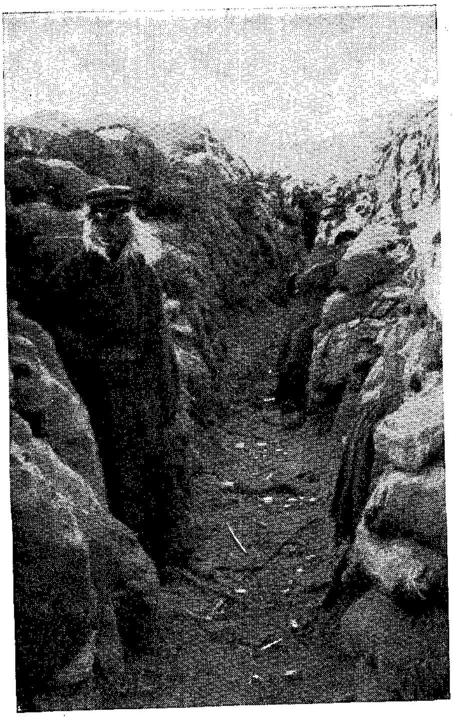

A SIEGE PARALLEL

This trench was within a hundred yards of the Russians at North Fort

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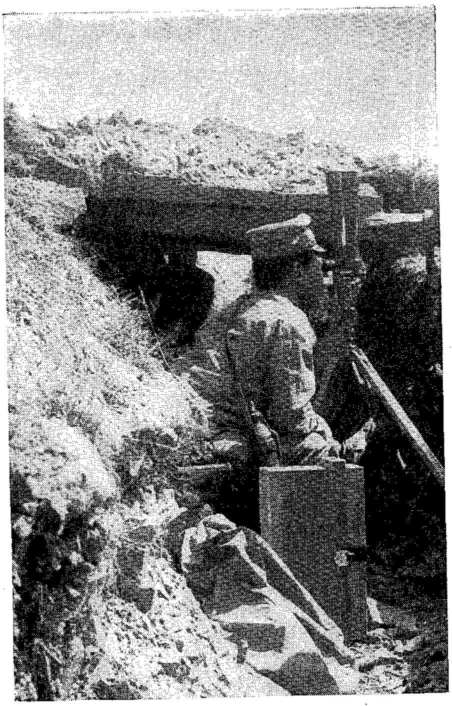

USING THE HYPOSCOPE

This is the glass which Mr. Kennan describes in his article. As he says there, "The glass had been made in this form so as to enable an observer to look through the slit without exposing his head to the rifle fire."

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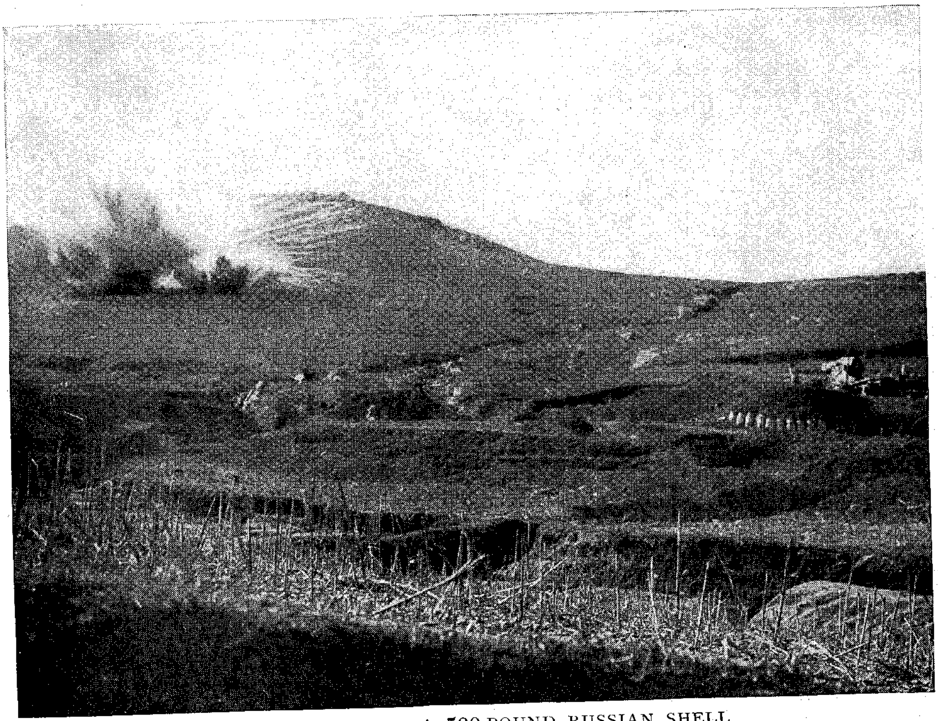

THE BURSTING OF A 500-POUND RUSSIAN SHELL

The gun which is shown in the last picture of this series in the act of firing is seen at the right-hand side. The shell which soon followed the one now bursting struck under the cement emplacement of this gun, and, by tilting it over, put it out of action

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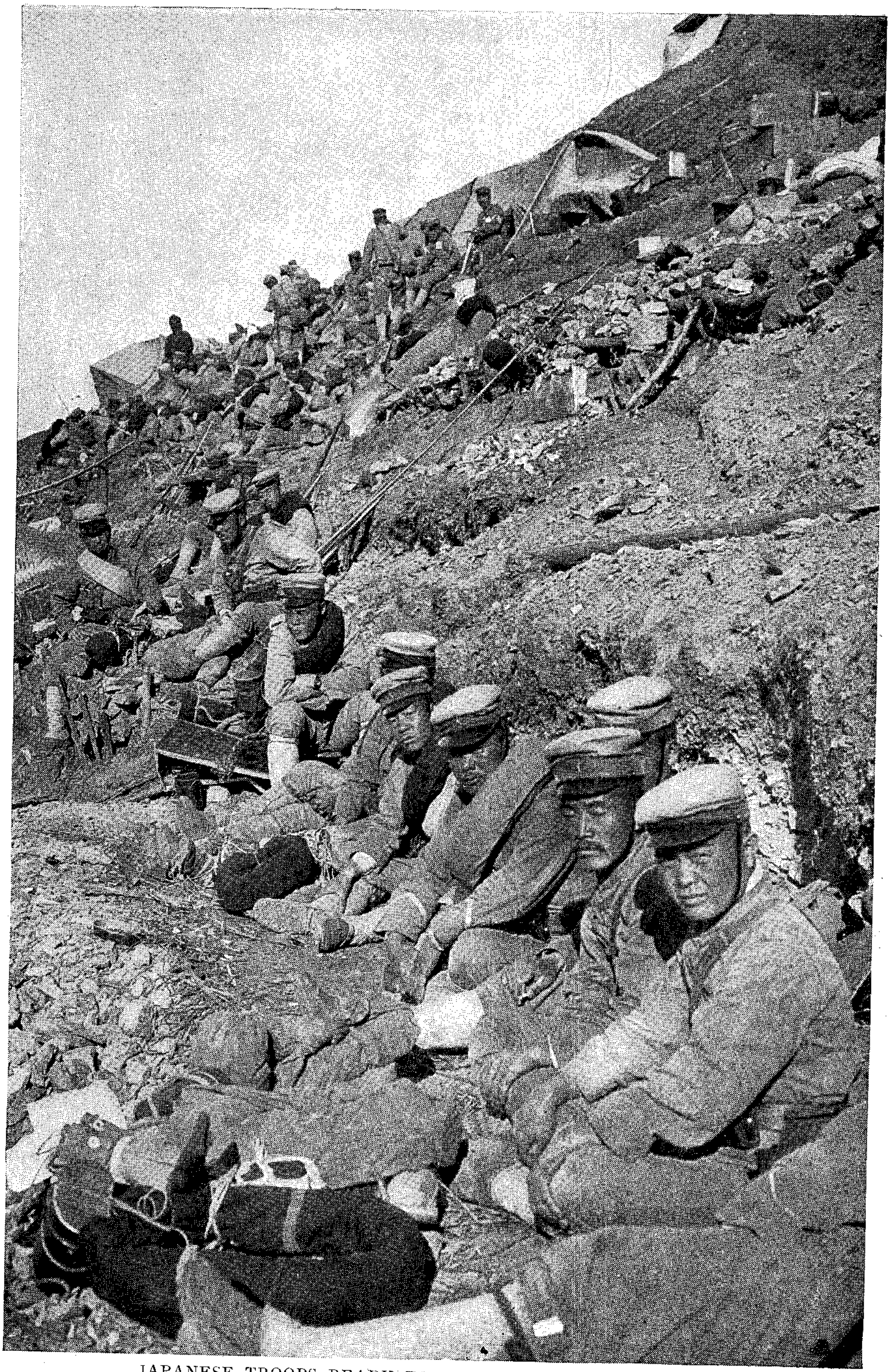

JAPANESE TROOPS READY TO MOVE INTO THE FRONT LINE

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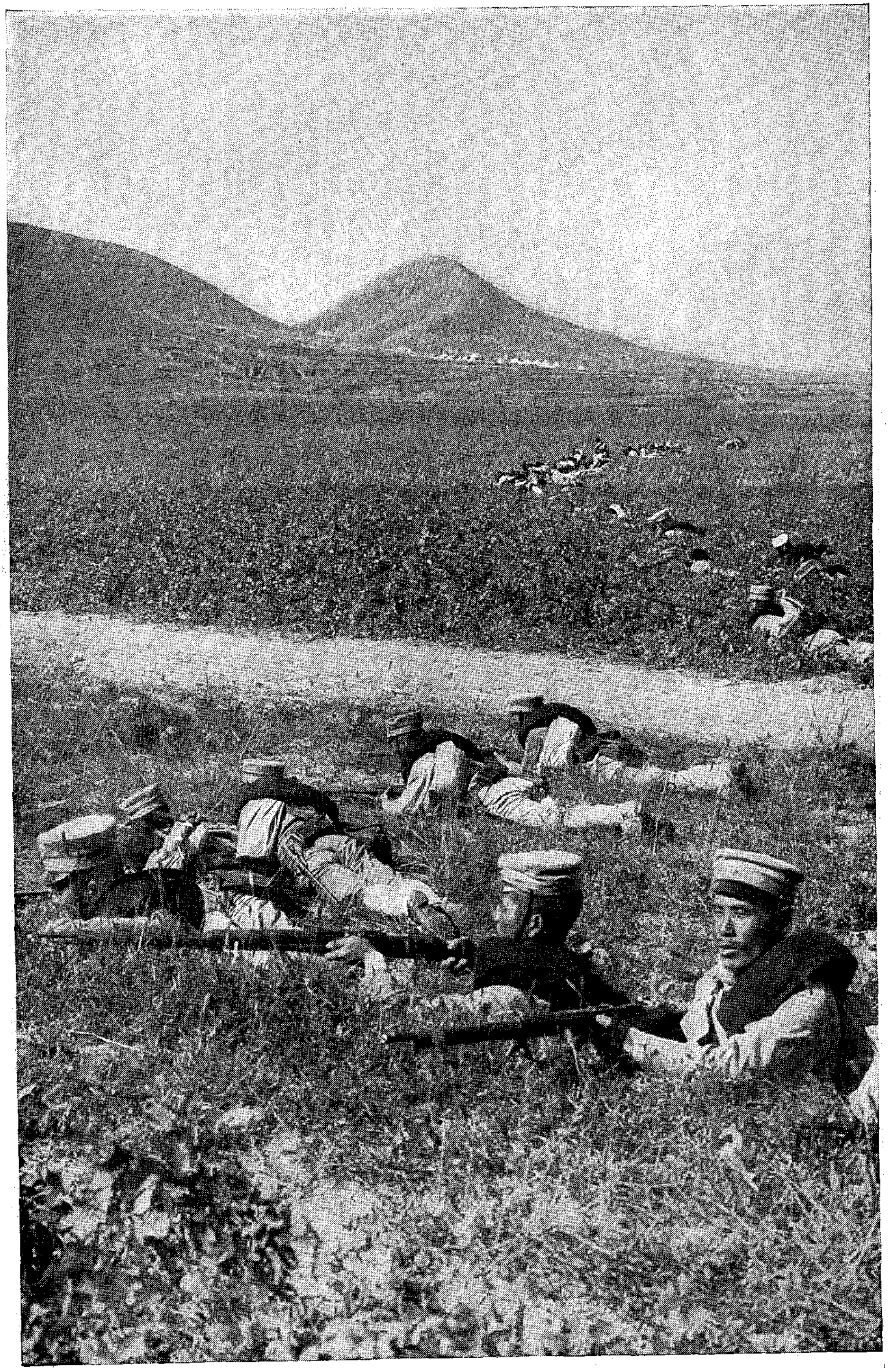

ON THE FIRING LINE

Awaiting the Russian attack

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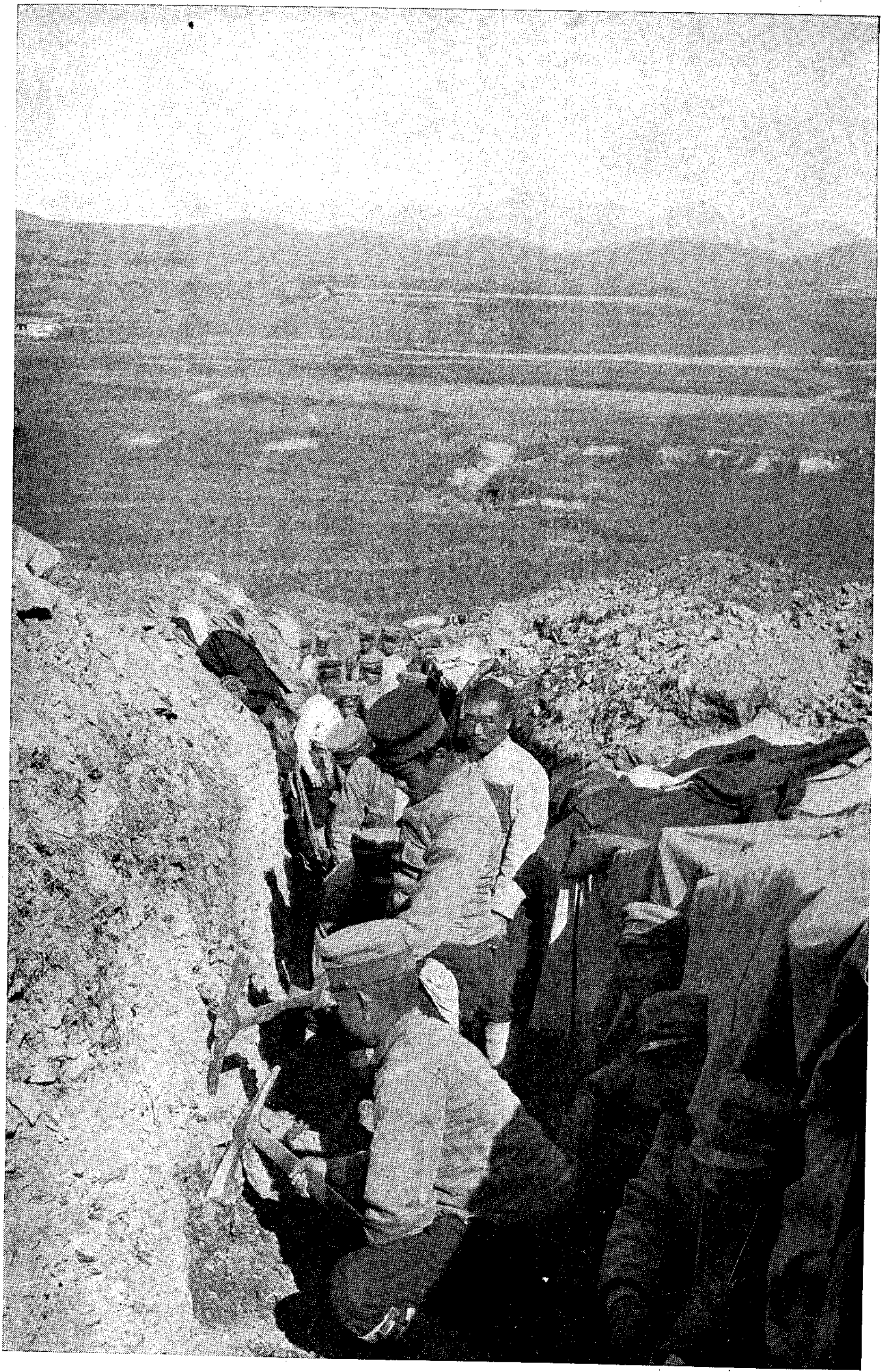

DIGGING SIEGE PARALLELS

Soldiers of the 9th Division at work on one of the tremendous system of trenches by means of which the Japanese dug their way close enough to the Russian forts to effect their capture. This parallel was within 300 yards of the Russian defenders

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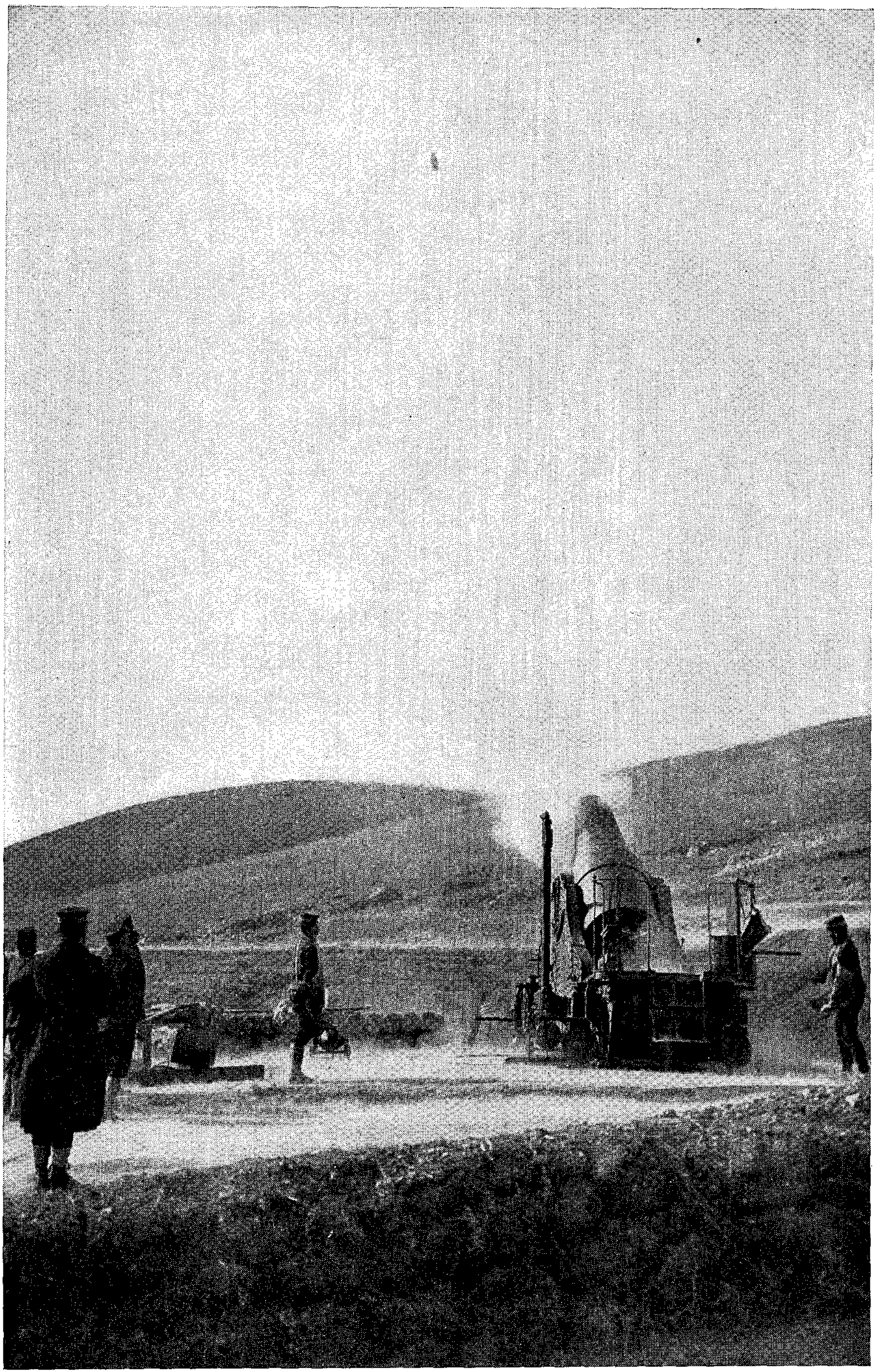

AN ELEVEN-INCH SIEGE GUN

The gun is firing a 500-pound shell a distance of three miles into Port Arthur. In the air may be seen the shell itself, which has just left the gun. The photograph from which this picture is made was one of a pair of stereoscopic photographs made at the same time in a camera with two lenses. As this spot appears on both of the pictures thus made, there is no doubt that it is a veritable picture of the shell.

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THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

III.—With the Besieging Army

THE Manchurian hamlet where the besieging army had its headquarters when we reached the front was locally known to the Chinese population as Liushiatun, or "The Place of Willows." It was situated in a rather extensive undulating valley six miles from Port Arthur and perhaps four miles and a half from the semicircle of permanent forts by which the city was defended on the land side. Although it was concealed from all the enemy's positions by a long line of barren hills, it was well within the reach of high-angle fire, and might have been destroyed by eleven-inch projectiles if the Russian gunners had been able to see it, or if they could have stationed a signal officer on some commanding eminence to direct their aim, as the aim of the Japanese was directed from the Gibraltar of Takushan. Only two or three days before our arrival a big shell burst within seventy-five feet of the commissary bureau and staff mess-room, and at intervals thereafter we saw a number of large projectiles fall within a few hundred yards of General Nogi's house. These, however, were all chance shots, and merely showed what the Russians might have done if they had had an observer on one of the intervening heights to watch the fall of their shells and communicate with the forts by signal flag or telephone.

The valley in which Liushiatun was situated seemed to be the most thickly settled and thoroughly cultivated part of the Kwantung peninsula. From the high hills of the Langshan range, which bound it on the southwest, I afterward counted thirty-five Chinese villages and hamlets, and almost every foot of ground in their vicinity was under careful cultivation. At the time of our arrival the crops had all been harvested and most of the unfenced fields had been plowed, so that the valley itself looked nearly as brown and arid as the hills that surrounded it.

As we expected to move into our Chinese house as soon as the occupants should finish cleaning it, we did not go to the line of the Japanese batteries on the morning after our arrival, but spent our time in walking about headquarters and making visits to our friends Villiers, Barry, and Ricalton, who were quartered upon Chinese families—or, to speak more accurately, were occupying parts of Chinese dwellings—in the neighboring village of Toboshin. Inasmuch as Chinese life in Manchuria was wholly unknown to me, I found entertainment enough at first in watching the queer games of Celestial children in the dusty streets, the hobbling to and fro of small-footed Chinese women with strips of tarnished tin thrust, skewer fashion, through their back hair, the beating out of millet grains with flails on earthen threshing floors, the weighing of firewood with big rusty steelyards, the grinding of corn by blindfolded donkeys who were supposed not to know that they were walking in a circle and never getting anywhere, and the trains of pack-mules or dusty carts which were constantly coming in with loads of hay, crates of chickens, cornstalks, big white roots that looked like Brobdingnagian radishes, and long clumps of succulent green leaves which suggested lettuce, but which proved on examination to be a variety of Chinese cabbage that does not form a head.

In the Japanese part of the village, too, there were many things which, although trivial, perhaps, in themselves, were more or less interesting as illustrations, or at least indications, of Japanese methods and character. About fifty yards west of the shack in which we spent the night, near the edge of the gulch through which ran the feeble brook, there was a medium-sized shed of rough pine boards, which would have been called in the Canadian woods a "half-faced camp," but which was known to the foreigners in Liushiatun as "the commissary." On its southern side it was wide open to the warm Manchurian sunshine, while its rear wall was externally reinforced with earth and cornstalks to keep out the cold winds which sweep down across the Kwantung Peninsula from the north Manchurian plains. In the back part of the shed there were piles of boxed and baled provisions for headquarters use, and between two lines of benches in the front part there was a long wooden table, without a cloth, which served not only as a mess-table for the junior officers of the staff, but as a place of rest and refreshment for any guest or outsider who happened to turn up. In a modest way the commissary was a sort of officers' club, where there was almost always some one to talk to, and where you were sure to be served at once with hot tea in generous cups, sweet English biscuits from imported tins, and possibly Japanese confectionery in the shape of sugared beans or candied nuts. In order to make the place a little more homelike and attractive, the officers or soldiers had laid out, on the perfectly bare strip of ground between the house and the gulch, a small Japanese garden, with a little rock-work, a few dwarf pine-trees brought from some distant hill, and a very creditable temple lantern made out of a fluted Manchurian threshing-roller of gray stone, a few carefully selected rocks, and four incised side-screens whittled out of thin pine boards with a pocket-knife. It was the simplest and plainest Japanese garden that I had ever seen; but the suggestions and associations were all there, and, alien although I was, I could understand and appreciate the feeling of the men who, with such scanty and inadequate means, had contrived to establish a connecting link—a sort of bridge for the imagination—between themselves and their far-distant homes.

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But Japanese soldiers are practical as well as imaginative, and in this garden, which was intended primarily to suggest home and friends, there was an earthen model, or reproduction in high topographical relief, of the hills and forts that formed the eastern sector of the enemy's defensive line. It was made of earth much darker in color than the bare ground on which it stood, and in its modeling it showed not only accurate knowledge but considerable technical skill. Permanent forts and detached batteries were distinctly outlined; rocky peaks and eminences were imitated by means of small stones; while strips of rusty hoop-iron, set on edge, stood for ramparts, parapets, and the old Chinese wall.

I noticed with interest that neither at the commissary mess-table nor elsewhere in the camp was there any drinking, card-playing, or light diversion *pour passer le temps*. The officers who gathered in front of the little Japanese garden when they were off duty seemed to devote most of their leisure to self-improvement; and almost the first time I went there I found one man poring over a military phrase-book in Japanese and Russian; another studying an English translation of a German book on field tactics; while a third—a veterinary surgeon, by the way—was trying to puzzle out Japanese equivalents for a long list of technical words and phrases which he had found in some English work on fortification and had copied into his pocket note-book for translation and study. "What is the meaning of 'a dead angle'?" he inquired of me, as I sat sipping tea and smoking a cigarette at the mess-table. "I haven't the faintest idea," I replied. "I know what the words mean separately, but I have never heard them in combination." Whether or not he eventually found somebody who could explain to him the technical significance of "a dead angle" I don't know; but I presume he did, while I haven't learned the meaning of the phrase yet. I refer to these things not because they have, intrinsically, any great importance, but because they suggest one of the many reasons why Japanese officers are accomplished and successful leaders. They make their profession the business of their lives, and work at it in their hours of leisure as well as when they are on duty. Even veterinary surgeons learn English and study fortification in order to understand and discuss intelligently the methods and operations of a siege. Foreign observers who were at Mukden and Harbin, and in Liaoyang before its capture by the Japanese, report that Russian officers, when off duty, gave themselves up to card-playing, "wine, women, and song." On the Liaotung Peninsula, outside of Port Arthur, nothing of the kind was to be found. Neither in Dalny nor at the front did I ever see convivial drinking, card-playing, or frivolous amusement of any sort; and as for dissolute women, I don't think there was one between Port Arthur and Yinkow. In Dalny, with all its large population of Japanese officers, there was not even so much as a tea-house. It is worth while to note these facts because, in war, as in business, sobriety, self-control, studious habits, and strict attention to duty are among the factors that determine results.

Shortly after luncheon Monday afternoon Lieutenant Oata reported that our quarters in the village of Liukiaton were ready for us; and, leaving our servants to collect the baggage and put it into a Chinese cart, we walked over and took possession of the fairly large but rather cheerless room that had been assigned to us by the headquarters staff. The house of which it formed a part was a long, stone-walled Chinese dwelling of the ordinary type, divided into nearly equal halves by a wide central entry or hall. The courtyard in front of the building was littered with refuse and garbage of all sorts, which the occupants, with Korean indifference to germs and smells, had thrown out of the front door, and which had attracted a flock of English sparrows and immense swarms of Manchurian flies. In the entry stood a large open cask or hogshead of fertilizer, of domestic origin, which was being saved through the fall and winter for use on the fields in the spring, and which diffused through the house an odor that was not at all suggestive of frankincense and myrrh. The half of the house that we were to occupy was about eighteen feet by twenty in extreme dimensions, but more than a third of the floor space was taken up by a wide, flue-heated "kang," or sleeping-platform of dried clay, on one side, and a row of queer old Chinese cupboards with ancient brass trimmings on the other. The slightly arched ceiling was hung with coarse matting; the walls were covered with old copies of the "Peking Gazette;" texts from Confucius on long strips of red firecracker paper were pasted here, there, and everywhere, so that you could not look in any direction without imbibing the form if not the spirit of Chinese ethics; and over the head of the mud divan there was a large mural painting of haloed Oriental saints in particolored garments, sitting on a fierce-looking beast that had evidently come straight out of the Book of Revelation. Two windows admitted light to the apartment through a wooden network of four-inch squares covered with white paper. The floor was of hard-packed earth worn into hollows and basins by the feet of two generations; and at one end of the room there were a table and a high-backed grandfather's chair which were doubtless regarded with pride by their owner as evidences of civilization and prosperity. There was a doorway from our room into the entry, but it had no door, and through the opening came Chinese smells in great variety, blended and unified, however, by the predominant olifactory note of the open cask. The matting-covered "kang," or sleeping-platform, looked to my suspicious and experienced eye like a happy hunting-ground for nocturnal insects; but as the atmosphere of the stone-walled room was cold and raw, I tried to encourage myself with the probability that the fleas, at least, had gone into winter quarters.

As the whole western half of the house was given up to Mr. Curtis and me, we had plenty of room to move about in, and a fairly adequate supply of fertilized air; but the Chinese half of the building was as densely populated as a sweat-shop tenement on the East Side. Marquis d'Adda, the war correspondent of the Milan "Seccolo," declared that in the Chinese half of his house at Toboshin he had "a whole menagerie—a donkey, a cow, three chickens, a pork, several men, and ten women and children." We could not boast of "a whole menagerie," but we had on the other side of our entry, nevertheless, a dog, a cat, two men, three women, and four children in assorted sizes, to say nothing of "a pork," a horse, a mule, and three donkeys out in the front yard; so that we never felt lonely. When the children didn't cry, one of the donkeys might be relied upon to lift up his voice in cheerful assurance of domestic companionship and to scatter saw-filing discords over the whole central part of the peninsula. In short, we had "All the Comforts of Home" in a Chinese adaptation and with a Manchurian stage setting. It might not be worth while to describe so minutely the interior of a Manchurian dwelling if it had no other importance than that given to it by our personal life and experience; but such was not the case. In rooms like ours, and side by side with Chinese families like ours, lived nearly all the officers of General Nogi's staff. Some of the houses occupied by them were a little better than the one assigned to us, and some a little worse; but in their main features they were all alike.

As soon as our servants arrived with the baggage, we spread out our bedding on the "kang;" had the cask in the entry covered with a cloth and a board so as to save the strength of its contents and prevent over-fertilization of the air; tacked a curtain of Japanese oiled paper to the top of the door-frame, as a protection from inquisitive scrutiny, if not from noise and smells; and gradually made ourselves as comfortable as possible in such an environment. Toku could get no wood for a cooking fire, even although he offered to buy it by the pound; but, with the resourcefulness of an old campaigner, he begged, borrowed, or stole an armful of cornstalk-roots—the fuel most used in southern Manchuria—made a fire against the wall of the house outside, and prepared a smoky soup and a cinder-powdered omelet for our evening meal. He and Aoki then retired to a stable in the courtyard, while Mr. Curtis and I wrote up our notes by candle-light, and discussed the question whether a crying baby and three donkeys in the foreground were likely to interfere more with sleep than a battery of 11-inch howitzers in the middle distance. Before we had had time to settle the question, it settled itself; inasmuch as the baby ceased from troubling and the donkeys went to rest, while the big siege howitzers kept at it all night.

Tuesday—which happened to be Mr. Curtis's birthday—dawned clear and sunshiny, and at nine o'clock, after a breakfast of ham and eggs cooked with difficulty over a quick but transitory fire of dry cornstalk-roots, we walked to headquarters, picked up Lieutenant Oata, who had taken up his residence there with a brother officer, and set out for the front. According to Villiers, Barry, and other correspondents who had been on the ground for two months or more, the best place of observation was a steep, rocky eminence known as 229-Meter Hill, which was situated near the center of the Langshan range, and which not only overlooked the valley where the Japanese were carrying on siege operations, but commanded a view of nearly the whole line of Russian forts. Toward this hill, therefore, we directed our steps. Crossing the railway just west of headquarters, we waded a mile and a half through soft, newly plowed ground to the base of the range; followed up a narrow cultivated valley to a maze of deep dry watercourses at its head; and then climbed seven hundred feet, in steep zigzags, to the crest of the hill. The view that opened to the southward, when we gained the summit, was much more varied and extensive than I had been led to expect, inasmuch as it included the ocean, the blockading fleet, a part of Port Arthur, the dark precipitous mountains of Laotishan, and a perfect sea of brown valleys and hills extending from Louisa Bay on one side to the Gibraltar of Takushan on the other.

Directly under us, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was a lower range of bare foothills, along the crest of which the Japanese had thrown up intrenchments of earth and sandbags for the protection of four batteries of five-inch naval guns. Beyond these batteries the eye dropped suddenly into a broad, undulating valley, which was dotted here and there with the remains of Chinese villages, and which extended from the ocean on the southeast to the black, frowning heights of Itzushan and Antzushan on the west. Directly across this valley was the eastern sector of the Russian line of defense—a bare, brown, deeply notched ridge, three or four hundred feet in height, which described a semicircle of nearly five miles from a point on the railroad twenty-five hundred yards north of Port Arthur to a point on the seacoast about as far east of it. At its base this ridge was continuous; but its crest was made notched or undulating by a series of bare hilltops, a quarter of a mile to half a mile apart, every one of which was intrenched or crowned by a permanent fort. Back of this ridge, and forming, virtually, a second line of defense, were the still higher hills of Peyushan, Bodai, and the southeast Keikan, through whose ravines we caught glimpses here and there of the blue encircling ocean. In the middle distance, nearly due south of our position, we could see a part of the new town of Port Arthur, and just beyond it was a large hospital steamer lying at anchor in the western harbor. Flags were flying from the signal staff on the Golden Hill fort, and far away on the misty sea horizon were two of Admiral Togo's cruisers and three or four torpedo-boats.

At first glance I was surprised by the great natural strength of the Russian position and disappointed in its artificial fortification. The long semicircle of hills, with its steep, bare escarpment on the valley side, looked as if it might be held by an army of fifty thousand against twice that number of assailants; but the intrenchments made so little show that I wholly underestimated both their power and their extent. The only forts that seemed to me at all conspicuous were Itzushan, Golden Hill, and a square fort on the extreme left which was known to the Chinese as Laoluitsi and to the Japanese as Rorishi. Three or four of the hilltops on the eastern side of the railway were crowned with what looked like mud-wall inclosures, and on some of them I could make out a few big cannon mounted *en barbette*; but the ground and the intrenchments were so exactly alike in color that the latter made little show, and in some parts of the line I did not notice the forts at all until my attention was called to them by the flashes of their guns. In modern fortification the outer parapet, which seems to rise from the natural slope of the glacis, is the least important part of the whole structure; and yet this mud-colored wall, which blends with foreground and background so as to be almost invisible, is the only part that a distant observer can see. If, therefore, he be not an expert, he is disappointed in the fort's appearance and is likely to misjudge its strength. Of the moat, the caponieres, the subterranean galleries, the bomb-proofs, the counterscarp casemates, and all the other defensive works that go to make up the permanent modern fort, he knows nothing. The most striking and conspicuous feature of the Port Arthur defenses was the old Chinese wall, which ran along the bare hillsides just back of the intrenched semicircle, and which served the Russians as a cover for their line of intercommunication between the forts. It had little defensive strength and was stormed by the Japanese in the unsuccessful assault of August; but it was very useful in concealing the movement of troops and the transportation of guns from one position to another.

Of the positions and operations of the Japanese we could see comparatively little; but that little was in one way surprising and in another disappointing. The surprising things were that their advanced camps in the valley lay open and exposed to the Russian fire at half rifle range, and that they held at least three hills in the very middle of the Russian semicircle, only a few hundred yards from the Chinese wall. How they could occupy camps and hold hills that were dominated by half a dozen Russian artillery positions, and that seemed, from our point of view, to be absolutely unsheltered, I could not possibly imagine; and the mystery was not cleared up until

I went, a few days later, to the center of the Russian line and looked back. The siege operations of the Japanese, on the other hand, were much less impressive than I expected. From what the correspondents had told me with regard to the stupendous nature of the work, I was led to believe that the bottom of the valley, in front of the Russian forts, would be crisscrossed with approaches and parallels; but we could see comparatively few lines of trenches in that part of the field, and no evidences of "stupendous" work anywhere. In this case, however, as in the case of the Russian forts, appearances were deceptive; and when I finally went through the trenches and got up to the moats of the forts, I changed my first opinion of both, and learned that in the operations of a siege, as well as in defensive engineering, concealment and protection are of prime importance. In the art of concealment the Japanese are past-masters.

On the occasion of this—our first—visit to 229-Meter Hill, there seemed to be very little doing. The Japanese, who were preparing for the general bombardment that was to begin on the following day, contented themselves with firing a shot now and then, just to keep the enemy awake, while the Russians replied in the same desultory fashion. The four Japanese batteries just beneath us were absolutely silent, and not more than three or four guns were in action on either side. After studying the field through our glasses for an hour and a half, we retired to the sheltered side of the hill, found a little matting-lined hollow that had evidently been occupied by a Japanese picket as a place of bivouac, and ate our luncheon while we compared notes and discussed the situation. We then decided that we would go down and take a look at the Japanese batteries on the lower line of hills in front. Making our way around the head of a narrow intervening valley, we found a path that led to one of the battery positions, and ten minutes later were guided by a soldier to the half tent, half dugout, of the artillery officer in command of the guns. He received us very cordially, introduced us to a number of other officers, and finally took us to a curious, dark, subterranean place which at first glance suggested a small cellar or powder-magazine. When we entered it from the brilliant sunshine, I could see nothing except a long, narrow slit, or bar of light, on the side opposite the door; but as my eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkness, I found that we were in a sort of cave, five feet square and six feet high, with walls and roof of massive timbers. The slit, through which came all the light we had, proved to be a rectangular tunnel four feet in horizontal width and as many inches in height, cut through several feet of earth in such a way as to make a long, narrow window, opening on the valley and the line of Russian forts. "This is our bomb-proof observation-room," said the young artillery officer, as he pushed a wooden stool toward me with his foot. "From here we study the Russian position, and watch the fall of our projectiles. If you'll take a seat on the stool under the slit and look through the glass, you'll be able to get a very near view of the enemy's forts." The "glass" to which he referred was a curious binocular of German make, which looked like two very long and narrow "Z's" of black tubing, set side by side and mounted on a pivot. The upper arms of the "Z's," which contained the object-glasses, were on a level with the slit; but the lower arms, holding the eye-pieces, were eighteen inches below it, the course of the light-rays being changed from horizontal to perpendicular and from perpendicular to horizontal again by reflecting prisms. The glass had been made in this form so as to enable an observer to look through the slit without exposing his head to rifle fire. The object-glasses were provided with hairlines, like those of a theodolite, and as the glass turned freely on a pivot, it was possible, by means of a graduated arc, to determine with accuracy the bearing of anything that came within the field of vision. A large number of miniature crosses, made out of very slender pieces of wood, were stuck up here and there all over the broad earthen sill of the window-slit. Upon inquiring what they were for, I learned that they were to mark the positions of Russian guns. When one placed one's eye behind what looked like a toothpick set up in the earth at the inner edge of the slit, and sighted across the sill, each cross exactly covered a Russian fort, intrenchment, earthwork, or gun-emplacement; and by this means every point where the flash or smoke of a cannon had been seen could be found again when necessary. This, apparently, was a contrivance of the Japanese artillery officers; and a very useful device it was, for the reason that many of the distant Russian gun-positions were so inconspicuous, or had been so concealed, that I could not discover them even with the aid of a powerful glass.

After we had drunk tea in the bomb-proof and looked at several beautiful maps and topographical drawings of the Russian position, the artillery officer in command of the battery said, "We are going to open fire at three o'clock; perhaps you would like to wait and see the guns in action." "Certainly!" we replied. "Nothing could interest us more." Half an hour later he took us down to the battery, introduced us to the lieutenant in command of the firing party, and then, bidding us good-by, returned to his bomb-proof observation-chamber to watch the fall of the projectiles. The battery consisted, originally, of six 5-inch (or 4.7-inch) naval guns, mounted on massive wheeled carriages and protected by a seven-foot earthen embankment, or parapet; but on the day of our arrival at headquarters a 6-inch Russian shell exploded in the upper part of the embankment, dismounting one of the guns and killing or wounding every member of its crew, so that at the time of our visit the number of effective guns had been reduced to five.

A few moments before three o'clock, a non-commissioned officer, equipped with a field-glass and a megaphone, climbed up a trench in a high pinnacle of the hill, about fifty yards west of the battery, and took a position in a deep earthen crow's-nest on the summit, where he was well protected, and where, at the same time, he had an extensive view. It was his duty to watch the fall of every shell and report to the commanding officer of the firing party by megaphone. The parapet was so high that the gunners could not see over it, and their aim, consequently, was virtually controlled by the observer in the crow's-nest. Promptly at three o'clock the battery opened fire, and with an outrush of smoke and a sharp, ear-spliting "bang!" the first shell went hurtling across the valley toward a Russian intrenchment near the Chinese wall. After an interval of sixteen or seventeen seconds, which seemed to me fully as long as a minute, the man in the crow's-nest shouted through his megaphone, "Fifty feet to the right and a hundred yards beyond!" The next gun was then adjusted so as to correct this error; the lieutenant blew a short blast on a shrill whistle; and, with another tremendous "bang!" and another outrush of smoke, a second shell followed the first.

I was so much interested in the bringing of ammunition, in the loading and working of the guns, and in the cries of the megaphone man from the crow's-nest, that the possibility of a Russian reply to this fire never once occurred to me; and when, a few minutes later, a shell came hurtling over the battery at a height of only fifteen or twenty feet, I had barely presence of mind enough to duck my head! The enemy got the range with surprising quickness and accuracy; and as shell after shell plunged into the hillside just below our embankment, or flew overhead and exploded in the narrow valley behind us, I felt as if I should like to change places with the officer in the bomb-proof observation-cellar. As the Russian guns were fired at a high angle, the shells, when they reached our side of the valley, were rapidly falling; so that the parapet did not afford adequate protection to a man standing thirty feet behind it. Reasoning this out, with considerable mental agility, and noticing that most of the projectiles went over the center of the position, I walked to the right of the battery and moved closer in to the parapet, just behind the last gun. I had hardly made this change of base when a shell plunged into the hillside at that end of the position, not more than twenty feet away, and threw dirt all over me. Fortunately, it did not burst. A few minutes later another struck near Mr. Curtis, on the eastern side of the battery, and that, too, failed to explode. The next three or four went overhead and gave us a short respite.

To an inexperienced person there is something peculiarly disconcerting and terrifying in shell fire. It is not particularly dangerous—in fact, in a general engagement, it is six or seven times less dangerous than rifle fire—but the swelling crescendo of the approaching missile, the impossibility of seeing or avoiding it, and the destructive effect of the final explosion make an impression upon the imagination that is out of all proportion to the real peril. It is somewhat like standing in a four-track railway tunnel and listening to the crescendo roar of an unlighted locomotive approaching at a speed of a hundred miles an hour. You cannot see it; you don't know on which track it is; and you are conscious that if you try to avoid it by running this way or that, you may throw yourself directly in front of it. You therefore await the result with a feeling of blended helplessness and terror.

If the whirl of a 6-inch shell is perfectly true, it makes a hurtling sound like that produced by the blended wing-beats of a hundred migrating ducks as they pass close over your head. If, however, the rotation of the shell is not true, or if its bearing happens to be a little ragged when it leaves the gun, it makes a noise like the tearing of strong silk. Inasmuch, however, as you can begin to hear this noise a quarter of a mile away, it has the effect of silk that is being torn by an invisible spirit of the air as he approaches you at a speed of six hundred feet a second. It is this swift crescendo of sound that is most trying to the nerves. In the last twelve hundred feet it becomes so loud that you think you must be able to see the projectile that causes it; but the sky is empty, and the first thing that meets the eye is a spraying fountain of dirt, or a geyser of earth and stones with a heart of volcanic fire at the point where the infernal missile strikes. To me the Russian shells always seemed to say, "Here I Come, Here I Come, *Here I Come*, HERE I COME, BANG!!!" and just before the final "BANG!!!" I was always prepared for sudden death.

After we had been under fire behind the naval gun battery for twenty minutes or half an hour, I suggested to Mr. Curtis that the voice of one of our donkeys praising Confucius in the courtyard of our Chinese house at Liukiaton would be a much pleasanter sound than the ripping of silken canopies overhead by invisible Russian shells, and that if he had seen all that he wanted to see of this artillery duel, I was ready to go home. Before we could get under shelter we had to follow a path which, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, was so exposed that I saw thirty shells fall on or near it the very next afternoon. In order to get across this danger zone as quickly as possible, I determined to run. I had seen Japanese soldiers running across a precisely similar place in the valley behind us, and I didn't pretend to be any more courageous than veterans of the Third Army. As we left the shelter of the parapet Mr. Curtis was in advance; but, hearing the hurtle of an approaching shell, he started, apparently, to come back. Just as he was in the act of turning, the projectile struck on the path and threw up a spray of earth and stones only a few feet ahead of him, and with the shock of the surprise he lost his balance and fell. If the shell had burst, I should have thought that a fragment of it had struck him; but as there was no explosion, I concluded that he had fallen accidentally. He scrambled to his feet and we rushed down the path, Lieutenant Oata following at as rapid a walk as he thought entirely consistent with his dignity as a Japanese officer.

When we finally got under the shelter of a hill a short distance east of the battery, Mr. Curtis turned to me and said, "This is about the liveliest birthday I've ever had." "Yes," I replied, "and if that last shell had happened to explode, your birthday would probably have been your deathday. This is a case where we owe our safety to the carelessness, corruption, or inefficiency of the Russian officers who supplied Port Arthur with a lot of defective ammunition. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. By rights we both ought to be on our way to a hospital in stretchers."

FOUR DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS

ROBERT S. McCORMICK

Formerly Ambassador to Russia and now appointed Ambassador to France

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GEORGE V. L. MEYER

Formerly Ambassador to Italy and now appointed Ambassador to Russia

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DAVID J. HILL

Formerly Minister to Switzerland and now appointed Minister to the Netherlands

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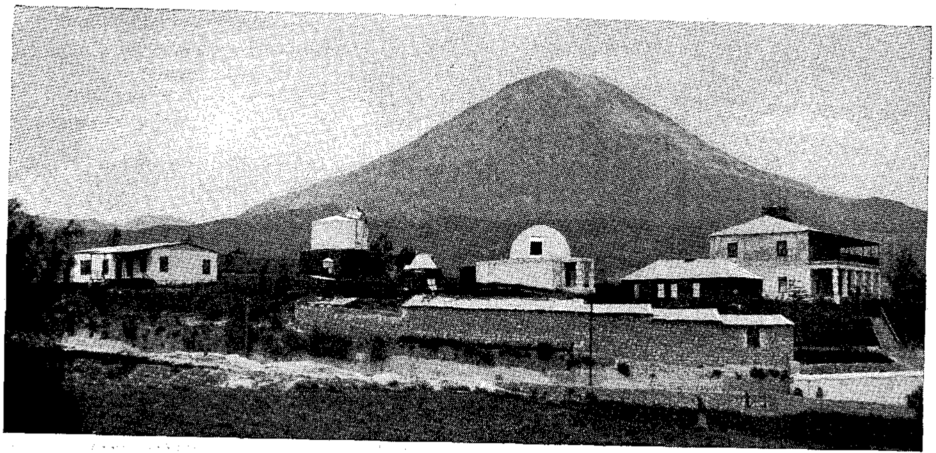
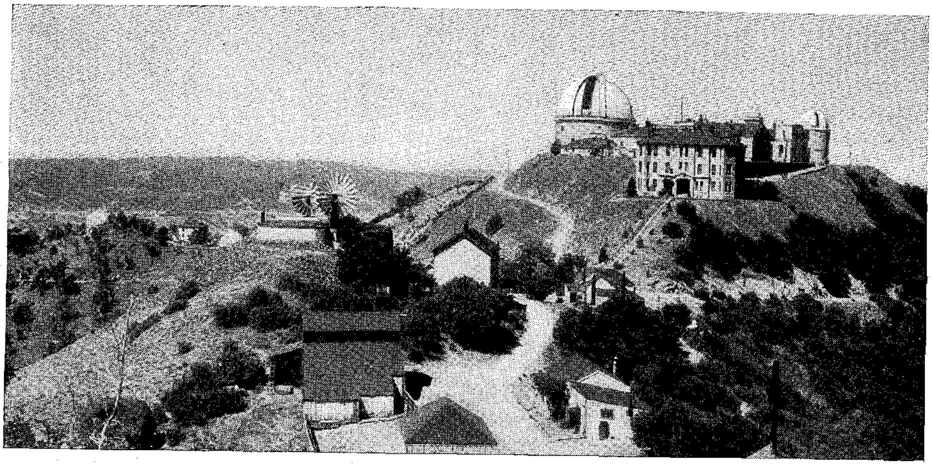
HENRY WHITE

Formerly Secretary of the Embassy at London and now appointed Ambassador to Italy



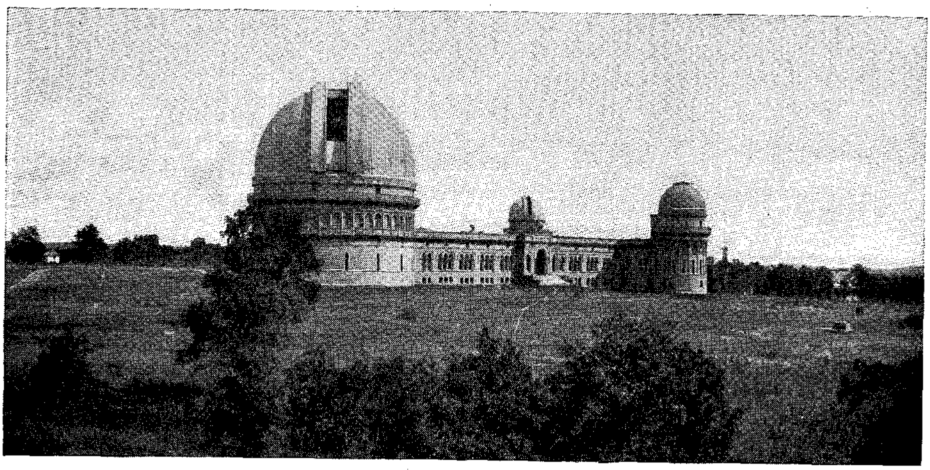
HARVARD STATION AT AREQUIPA

Here there are four telescopes, including the great Bruce photographic instrument with which Saturn's ninth satellite was discovered. The peak of El Misti, behind, is 15,000 feet high, and a meteorological station has been established on its summit.



THE LICK OBSERVATORY

This observatory is situated on Mount Hamilton, near San José, California, 4,200 feet above sea level. Its two most powerful instruments are the great refractor of 36 inches aperture, and the Crossley reflector used for photography.



THE YERKES OBSERVATORY

Situated at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, but belonging to the Chicago University. Its great refractor is 40 inches in aperture, and the tube is 65 feet long. This is the most powerful telescope, at present in operation, in the world.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By Garrett P. Serviss

THE triumphs of astronomical photography have lately followed so close upon one another's heels that it is not easy to keep track of them. Three new satellites have within a short time been added to the known number of members of our solar system, by the aid of photography; while discoveries of new stars, variable stars, double stars too close to be separated with telescopes, star clouds and black gaps and lanes in the Milky Way, nebulæ of wonderful forms entangled in star-clusters, and great spiral and vortical nebulæ, some resembling whirlpools and some spinning pinwheels, are continually being announced.

Photography has so revolutionized the methods of astronomical observation that Herschel, Arago, and Bond, returning to their observatories, would be amazed to see, in place of the traditional gray-haired astronomer gazing through his mighty telescope to find new wonders in the heavens, a roomful of young women bending over little plates of glass and, with microscopes and delicate measuring instruments, intently studying minute black specks to discover new stars and satellites among them. For the finer work of the astronomer the eye has been superseded by the sensitized photographic plate, and the modern method consists, not in gazing into the heavens at night, but in letting the heavens picture themselves on photographs which can be studied at leisure in the full light of day.

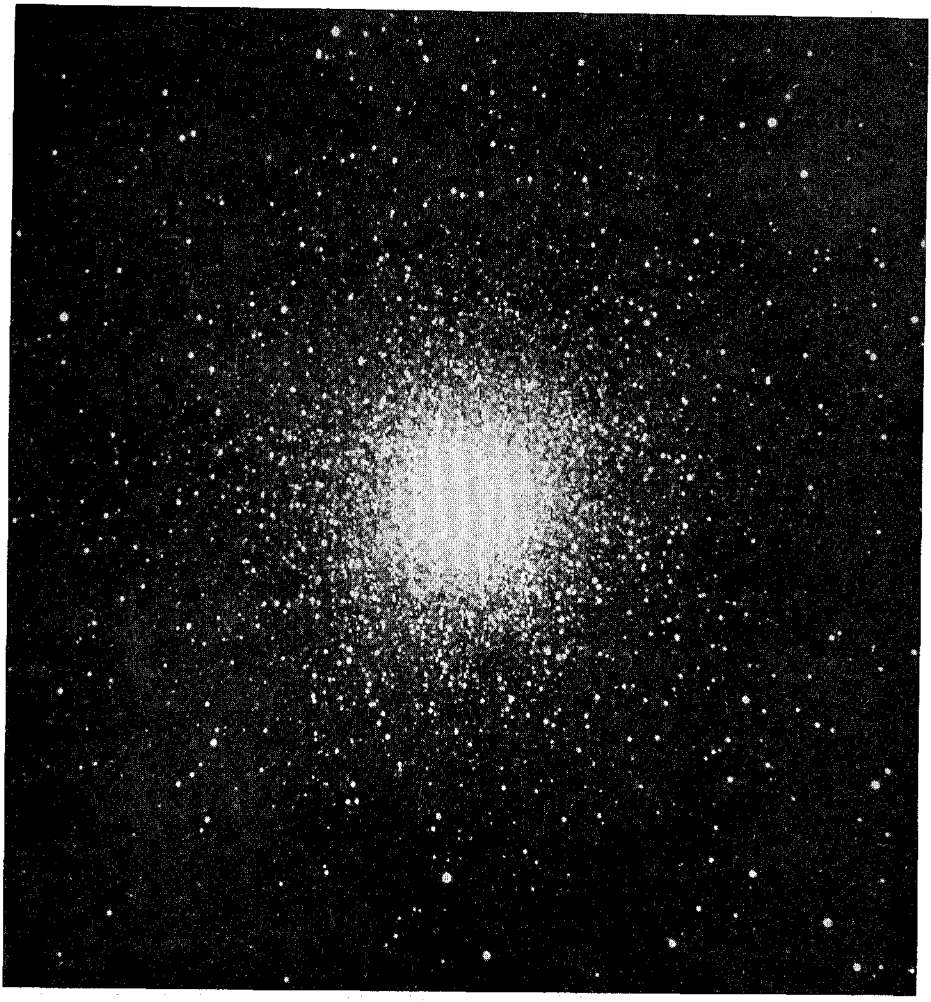
The photographic plate placed in the focus of a telescope has proved itself far superior to the human retina in the power to penetrate celestial space and to reveal the infinite variety of phenomena existing there. Its superiority depends principally upon three things:

First, it can "see" by kinds of radiation which make no impression upon the eye. The heavenly bodies pour forth rays that are not light, as our eyes understand light, but which are capable of making visible impressions on a chemically prepared surface. Thus objects and strange shapes of things in the sky, of whose existence we should never have dreamed if we had been limited to the visual use of telescopes, are rendered visible in photographs.

Second, the photographic plate can *accumulate* the impressions made by the light-waves impinging upon it, and pile up their effects until, though insensible at first, they become at length unmistakable and even conspicuous. The power of the eye to see reaches its limit in about one-tenth of a second. During that brief interval the image on the retina may strengthen, but it can go no further. There can be no accumulation of the effect, and if the eye is strained in the attempt to see more, its power weakens, the vision becomes blurred, and the final impression is less distinct than the first. The retina is simply like a mirror which reflects just the light that strikes it, but retains nothing, and the moment the light is withdrawn becomes as blank as before.

Third, as may be inferred from what has been said above, the photographic plate makes a permanent and original record. What one man's eye alone sees can be shown to another only through the intervention of the hand, imperfectly representing by a drawing the object of vision. But the photograph makes its record on the spot, without error and subject to no idiosyncrasy. You cannot draw a star or a cluster of stars; no artist could truly represent a great nebula; the complicated landscapes of the moon defy all attempts at delineation—but the photographic plate pictures all these things exactly as they are, although sometimes with the addition of details that entirely escape the eye, either because of the excessive faintness of the objects or because non-visible radiations streaming from them are translated by the sensitive chemicals into visible shapes.

From the fact that the astronomical photograph is a permanent record it results that a picture of a part of the sky may be taken on one side of the earth, and a new star or new planet contained in it may be discovered on the other side when the plate is sent there for examination. Important astronomical discoveries may also lie dormant for months on the photographic negatives. This has been shown repeatedly in the history of the Harvard Observatory negatives. This observatory has its headquarters and its corps of trained inspectors and investigators at Cambridge, near Boston, while its most powerful photographic telescope is in the southern hemisphere, at Arequipa, Peru. The plates exposed at Arequipa are developed, and then, without particular examination, except in special cases, are carefully packed up and forwarded to Cam-

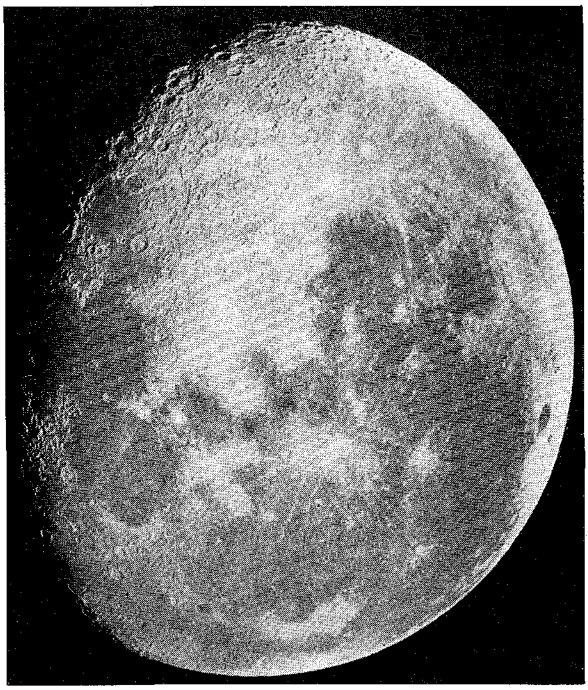


GREAT CLUSTER IN HERCULES

Photographed by the Crossley reflector; exposure two hours. This assemblage, composed, it is believed, of 12,000 or 15,000 stars, can just be discerned as a faint speck by the naked eye if one knows exactly where to look. A telescope shows the stars, but only a photograph serves to fix their relative positions with accuracy.

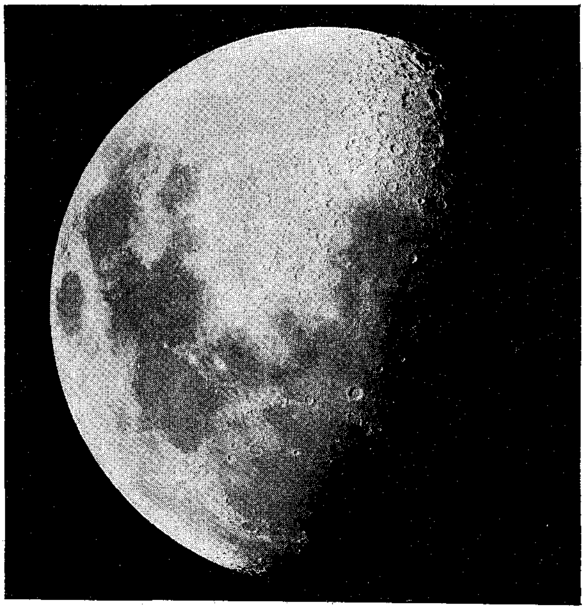
bridge, where, as fast as it can be done thoroughly, they are minutely inspected for anything new or remarkable that they may contain. But even if nothing new is found upon them at the time, it by no means follows that something new, and possibly startlingly new, may not be there. They are labeled and laid away for reference, because after a while they will be succeeded by new plates representing the same parts of the heavens at a later date, and a comparison of the new plates with the older ones may reveal at once some remarkable change taking place among the stars.

Thus these plates may be likened to the volumes of a great library, or to the files of a daily newspaper. They are truly historical in their nature. They contain a self-written history of the starry heavens, such as it would have been utterly impossible to procure, and as could hardly have been dreamed of, a quarter of a century ago, when astronomers had to depend upon eye observations. A real and trustworthy history of the stars became practicable only after the development of astronomical photography. This was recognized nearly twenty years ago, when an astronomical congress assembled in Paris and determined that a photographic chart of the entire heavens should be made. Fourteen observatories in various parts of the world afterward took part in the making of this chart, which consists of a great number of plates, each covering a small space of the sky. But the plan of the Harvard astronomers is different, since their method is to pho-



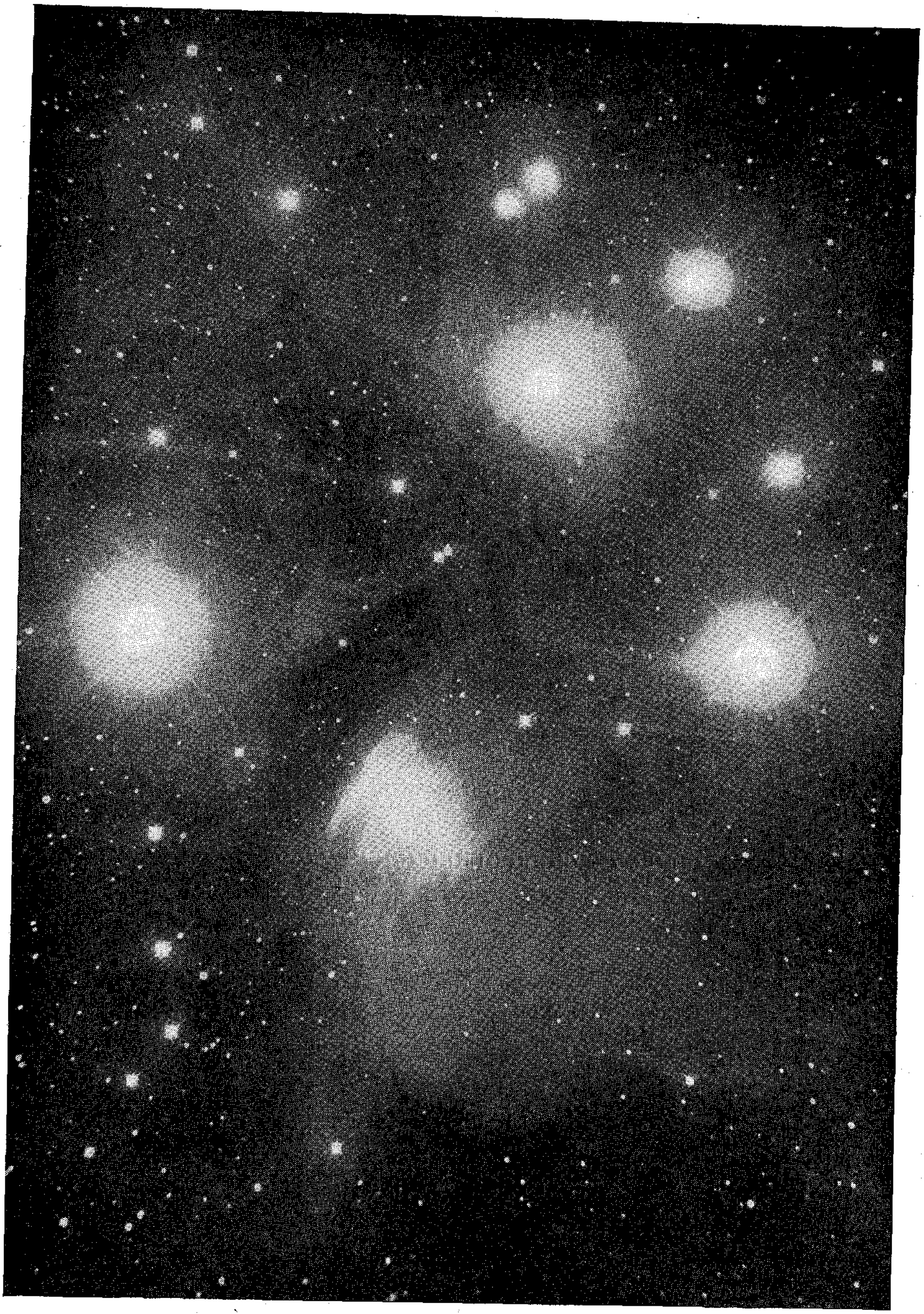
THE MOON, SEVENTEEN DAYS OLD

One of Professor Ritchey's splendid lunar photographs made with the 40-inch Yerkes telescope. The splotch with irregular radiations below the center is the crater mountain "Copernicus;" the white oval near the top (south) with long radiating streaks surrounding it is the great crater "Tycho." Near the bottom (north) in the midst of a relatively light region may be seen the small dark oval plain of "Plato."



THE MOON, EIGHT DAYS OLD

Also one of Professor Ritchey's photographs. "Copernicus" here shows as a perfect circle near the right-hand edge, below the center. To its left the mountain range of the "Apennines" runs off to the edge of the dark oval *Mare Serenitatis* (Sea of Serenity). The largest of the great irregular mountain-bordered plains near the top is "Clavius." Below "Clavius" appears "Tycho," another circular crater, 50 miles across.



NEBULÆ IN THE PLEIADES

The naked eye sees six or seven small stars in a cluster; the telescope shows hundreds of stars in the same space; and the photographic plate reveals, together with the stars, a complex mass of nebulosity, densest about the principal stars. The latter are obscured in the picture through the effects of over-exposure.

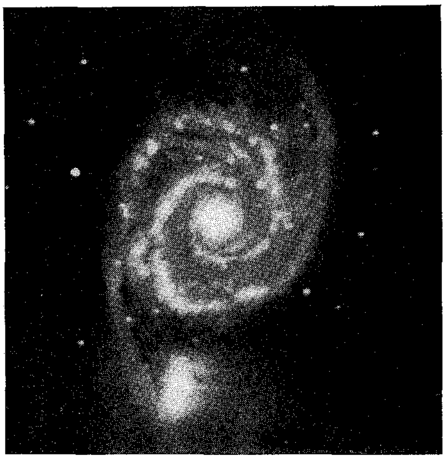
tograph the same parts of the sky again and again as rapidly as possible. The great chart is like a history written once for all, which may occasionally be revised and brought up to date; the Harvard charts are like periodical documents, keeping the history close up to date all the while.

A striking instance of the value of

these records of celestial history was furnished when the amazing new star of 1901 suddenly blazed out in the constellation Perseus. When the stranger was first noticed in the heavens on February 22, it was already as bright as the second magnitude, and was swiftly increasing, so that a few nights later it was the most brilliant star in the northern sky. The question arose, "When did it first become visible, and was there any faint star at that point in the sky before the outburst occurred?" A consultation of the Harvard negatives, and of others which had been made of that quarter of the heavens, furnished an answer. These negatives showed that on February 19, only three nights before the new star was first noticed glaring red among the well-known stars in Perseus, there had been nothing at that point which even the photographic eye could detect.

Reference has already been made to the discovery of three new satellites in the solar system by means of photography. The first of these is the ninth satellite of Saturn, which has been named Phœbe, and which was discovered by Professor William H. Pickering on plates made with the Bruce photographic telescope at the Arequipa station. Professor Pickering's discovery was first announced in March, 1899. He had an idea that Saturn might possess additional satellites besides the eight already known, and he caused negatives to be taken for the purpose of testing the correctness of his assumption. A careful search among the faint specks on the plates, each representing the image of a star, resulted in the detection of a minute object near Saturn which manifestly could not be a star, because negatives taken on successive dates showed that it was in motion. Further study revealed the fact that it was revolving about Saturn—in other words, it was the sought-for satellite.

But the images of the new satellite on the photographic plates were very faint, and a final satisfactory verification of the discovery was not obtained until last summer, when, many additional photographs having been made at Arequipa, Phœbe was more distinctly recognized on them, and her line of motion was made out with so much certainty that it became possible to calculate the elements of the orbit. Then the surprising discovery was made that the new satellite travels in a direction contrary to that pursued by all the rest of Saturn's attendants; they all have a "direct" revolution, corresponding with that of the planet's rotation on its axis, viz., from west to east. But Phœbe, which is situated at a far greater distance from Saturn than any of the others—nearly eight

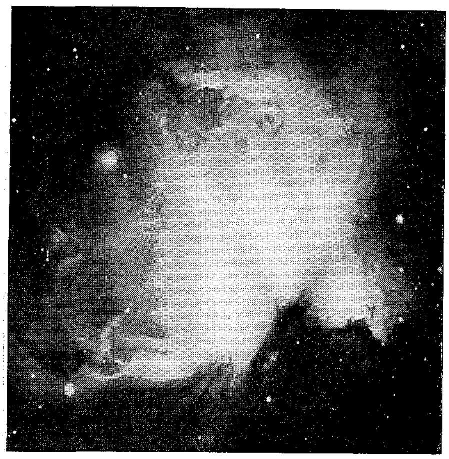


A "WHIRLPOOL" NEBULA

This astonishing object, utterly invisible to the naked eye, and revealing but a suggestion of its spiral shape to the most powerful telescopes, is in the constellation *Canes Venatici.* The photograph was made by the Crossley reflector with four hours' exposure.

"STAR CLOUD" IN THE MILKY WAY

This is one of Professor Barnard's wonderful Galactic photographs. It shows a rich region in the little constellation *Scutum Sobieskii.* The reader will notice the remarkable distribution of starry and comparatively blank spaces and the dark lanes.

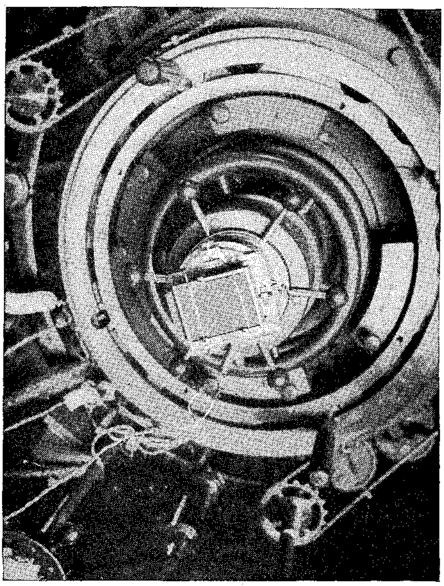


GREAT NEBULA IN ORION

The largest nebula visible from the Northern Hemisphere. It is in the middle of Orion's "sword," and can be faintly seen with the naked eye. A good opera-glass shows it as a hazy-looking star. Photograph by the Crossley reflector; exposure 40 minutes.

million miles—revolves from east to west. For this reason it has been suggested that Phœbe was originally a comet which has been made a captive by falling within the sphere of Saturn's attraction, but Professor Pickering is disposed to think that there is another explanation of her peculiar revolution.

The next satellite to be discovered quite recently by photographic aid is the sixth satellite of Jupiter, the finding of which was announced last January by Professor Perrine, of the Lick Observatory. The discovery was made with the Crossley reflecting telescope, which, as a photographic instrument, is fully the equal of the Bruce telescope at Arequipa.

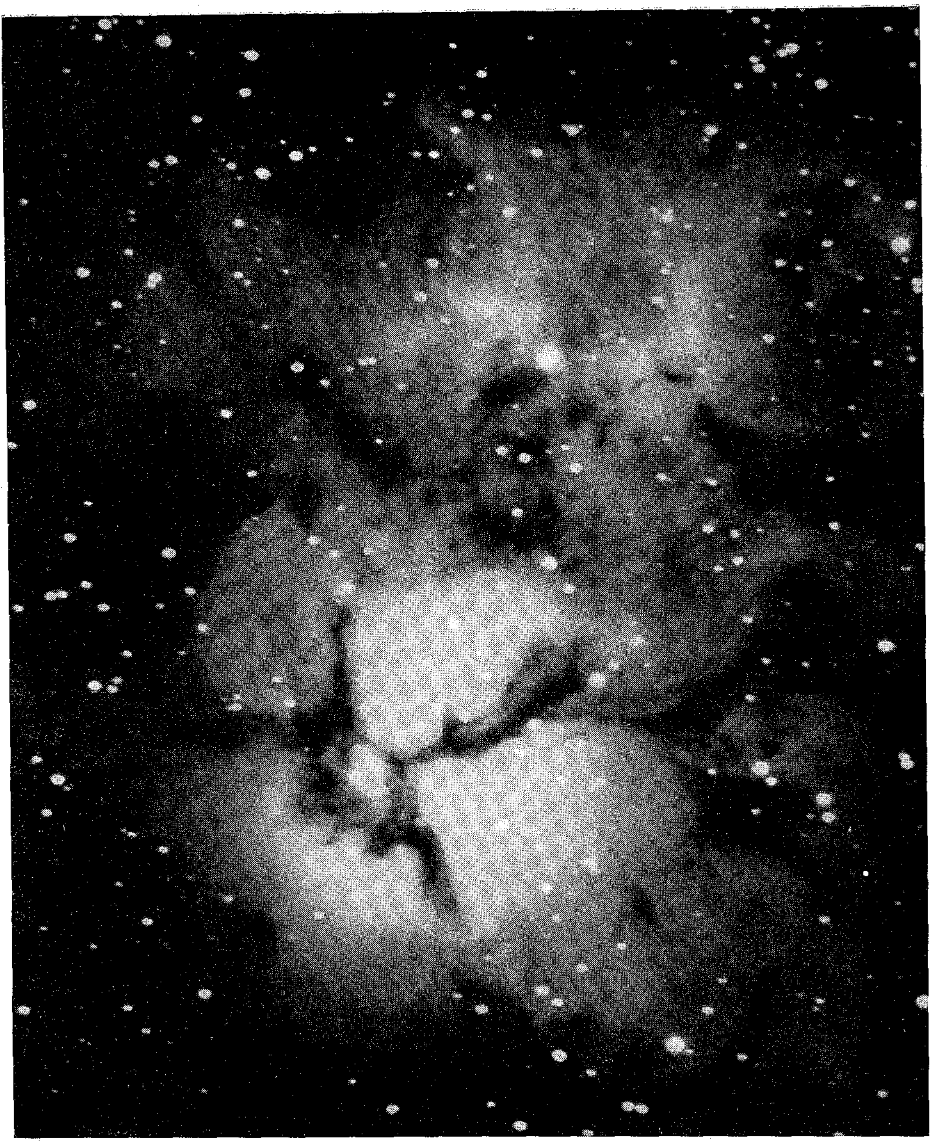


MAKING AN ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPH

The plate-holder is seen clamped to the eye end of the 40-inch Yerkes telescope. To shut out the non-photographic rays and thus sharpen the image Professor Ritchey employs a yellowish-tinted screen.

The third discovery of the same kind is still more recent. It is that of a seventh satellite of Jupiter. This discovery was also made by Professor Perrine at the Lick Observatory with the aid of the Crossley telescope, the image of the new satellite appearing on photographs taken since January 2. The announcement of the discovery was not made until February 27, for astronomers are exceedingly cautious in such things.

The finding of new stars and satellites is, however, but a small part of the work now conducted by photographic means. For a number of years past photography has enjoyed a monopoly in the discovery of minor planets, or asteroids. The larger bodies of this kind having all been detected before astronomical photography was developed, and the remaining members of the group being of extremely small magnitude, the work is particularly suited to the peculiar power of accumulating faint impressions which the photographic plate possesses. This power also enables the astronomer to measure the very singular changes of light which a few of the minor planets undergo. The most notable instance of such changes is furnished by the asteroid Eros. Photographs of this strange little world, which perhaps does not exceed twenty miles in diameter, show that at certain times it reflects more than twice as much light as at other times. The variation in the size of its images on the plates gives the evidence of these changes, which could not be so readily measured by simple eye observations, and from these changes has been deduced the somewhat startling conclusion that Eros is not a round or globular planet, but possesses some extraordinary form, perhaps approximating to that of a dumb-bell! As it turns over and over while revolving about the sun, it presents now a larger and now a smaller area to the



THE TRIFID NEBULA

Thus called on account of its division by great clefts into three principal parts. It is in the constellation Sagittarius. Made with the Crossley reflector; exposure three hours. This marvelous object is not visible to the naked eye, although a star cluster in its neighborhood is.

sunbeams; and although it is so far away that we cannot actually see its shape, the effects of the variations in the extent of its illuminated surface are detected by the changes in the size of its photographic image.

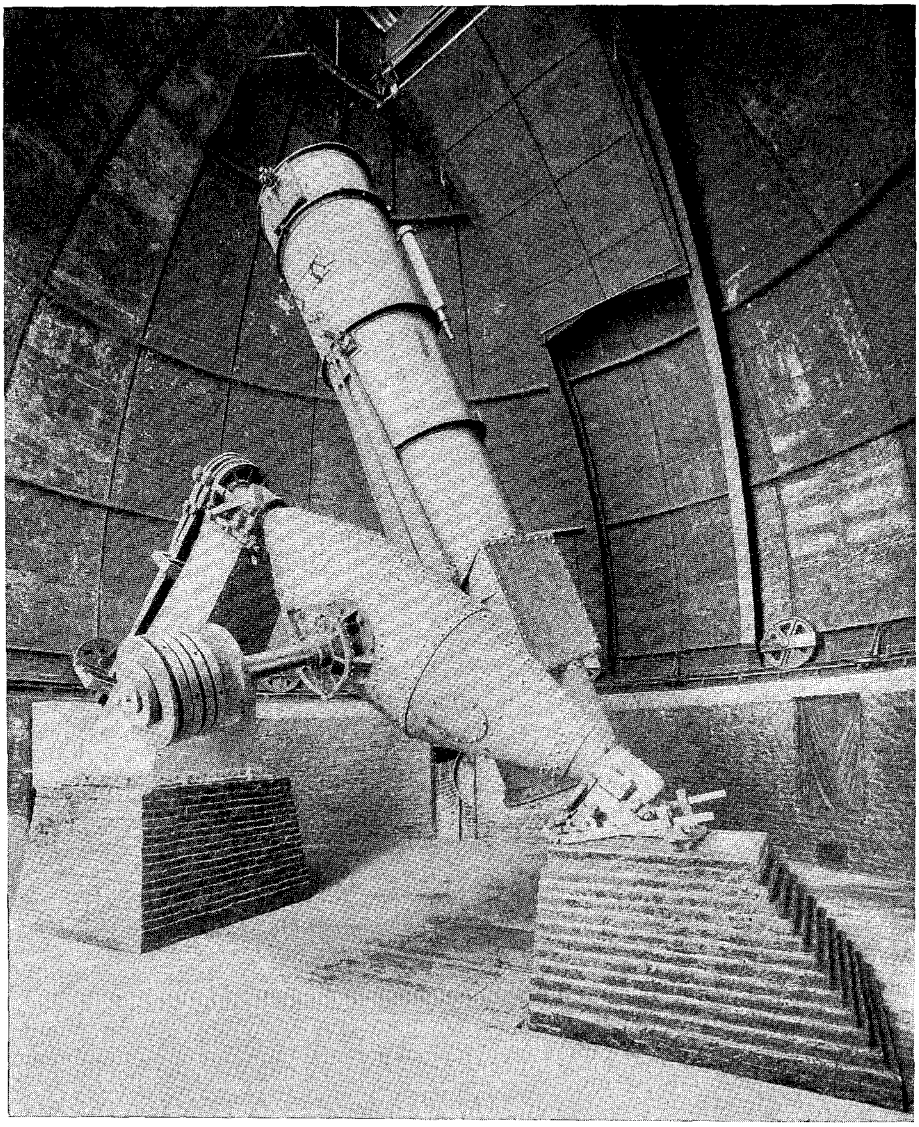
A marvelous application of astronomical photography is that which Professor Hale, of the Yerkes Observatory, has effected with the aid of an instrument called the spectroheliograph, which, when attached to a telescope that is directed at the sun, enables the astronomer to *select the kind of light that he wishes to employ, while shutting out other kinds.* For instance, with this instrument the face of the sun may be photographed, not as it actually appears to the eye, but as it would appear if the only light it shone by were that given off from the clouds of calcium vapor in its atmospheric shell. Similarly, it may be photographed solely by hydrogen light. In this way a curious analysis of the structure of the solar atmosphere becomes possible, and it is shown that the sun is enveloped in many strata of incandescent gases and vapors, lying at various levels. A photograph taken at one level with one kind of light presents a very different appearance from a photograph taken at another level with another kind of light. It is believed that herein may lie the clue to a fundamental discovery concerning the nature and mechanism of the sun; and Professor Hale, with a corps of assistants and a spectroheliograph of gigantic dimensions, is at present stationed on Mount Wilson, in California, for the purpose of carrying this method of investigation to the farthest attainable limit. Some of these photographs of the sun by selected light make it appear fantastically unlike the brilliant orb of day with which ordinary mortals are acquainted.

Far more spectacular than the photographic star charts, and even than the remarkable solar pictures just mentioned, are the photographs that have been made within a few years past of the moon and of the nebulæ. Photographs of such objects as the Hercules and the Centaurus star clusters are also very striking and beautiful, especially when copied in the form of a transparency and then thrown greatly magnified upon a screen by a magic lantern.

The moon, on account of the sharpness of its features and the relatively great area that it exposes to the camera, is an admirable subject for photography. The negatives will bear considerable enlargement, and the details of the immense crateriform mountains, the rugged "Alpine" and "Apennine" ranges, and the delicately modeled and shaded surfaces of the vast plains, like the Mare Imbrium and the Mare Serenitatis, come out with pleasing distinctness, while the startling contrasts of light and shadow where towering lines of cliffs and lofty peaks run along the border of an ancient "sea bed" appear as realistic as if the observer were viewing the scene with a powerful telescope. The photographic eye, however, is not exactly like the human eye, even when surveying so comparatively near-by and visually clear an object as the moon, and some of the lunar landscapes show shadings and other details in the photographs which are hardly, if at all, to be seen by direct observation.

The finest lunar photographs have been made at the Paris observatory, the Lick observatory, the Yerkes observatory by Mr. Ritchey, and by Professor William H. Pickering at a station selected for the purpose in Jamaica. Professor Pickering's photographs, taken on a comprehensive plan, have been combined to form a complete photographic chart of the moon, and it is upon certain features revealed by these photographs that he bases his conclusion that there is yet volcanic activity as well as some form of vegetation surviving on our apparently dead satellite. The pictures also show the small areas which Professor Pickering thinks indicate the presence of snow or hoar-frost on the moon.

The photographs of nebulæ are the most extraordinary of all, on account of the impressive forms, the curious complication of details, the delicate texture, and the evidences of internal motion which they exhibit. A magnificent series of nebular photographs was taken with the Crossley reflector at Mount Hamilton (the Lick observatory) by the late Professor Keeler shortly before his death. "Whirlpool" and spiral nebulæ were known to exist before the days of photography, for Lord Rosse's and other giant telescopes had revealed a few of them, but the immense number of these singular objects and the significance of their forms were not fully appreciated until after the publication of Professor Keeler's photographs. These nebulæ literally swarm in some parts of the sky, but without the aid of photography we should probably have remained in ignorance of the fact. Their discovery has been a blow to the extension of Laplace's nebular hypothesis as a universally applicable explanation of the origin of revolving systems of suns and planets. The spiral lines shown by these nebulæ are not in accord with the practically circular rings of nebulous matter assumed to have existed in the solar system during an early stage of its forma-



THE CROSSLEY REFLECTOR

The great telescope at the Lick Observatory, used for photographing the heavens

tion, and by the breaking up of which the planets are supposed to have been formed. While this may have been the process of creation in our system and in many other systems, the photographs of spiral nebulæ seem to prove that it is not universal.

Isaac Roberts in England was the first to obtain a photograph revealing the elliptical form of the great nebula in the constellation Andromeda, and he also photographed many of the spiral nebulæ. His picture of the Andromeda nebula fairly caused a sensation. Drawings of it, made with the aid of great telescopes, had shown the existence of mysterious dark rifts, the nature of which remained obscure until Mr. Roberts's photograph suddenly disclosed the significant and extremely interesting fact that they are the comparatively empty spaces between enormous elliptical rings which are arranged one within another, surrounding an immense central condensation. The forms exhibited by this nebula can be reconciled without difficulty with the

Laplace hypothesis, while those of the spiral nebulæ cannot.

The great Orion nebula is also a most imposing object in the photographs; but most singular of all is the wonderfully complex nebulous mass which appears to be entangled with the stars of the Pleiades. Here, intermingled with the stars, there are straight lines, curved lines, spirals, and knots of nebulous matter, parts of which resemble handfuls of fine silvery flax combed out and streaming in a wind.

Yet another great branch of astronomical photography pertains to the Milky Way. Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes observatory, has been the leader in this direction, and his photographs of vast star clouds, seamed with dark rifts and occasionally showing inexplicable black holes, in which not the faintest star is to be seen, are among the most astonishing as well as the most beautiful phenomena that the photographic eye of astronomy has yet brought to the attention of the human mind.

* * *

April

By Joel Benton

April—maid of many faces—
Comes with all her wayward graces,—
Tears and smiles, and hoydenish laughter,
And chameleon tricks thereafter.

Decked with hyacinthine curls,
She—the rompiest of girls—
Sprinkles snow-drops in the green,
Where Arctic snow is plainly seen.

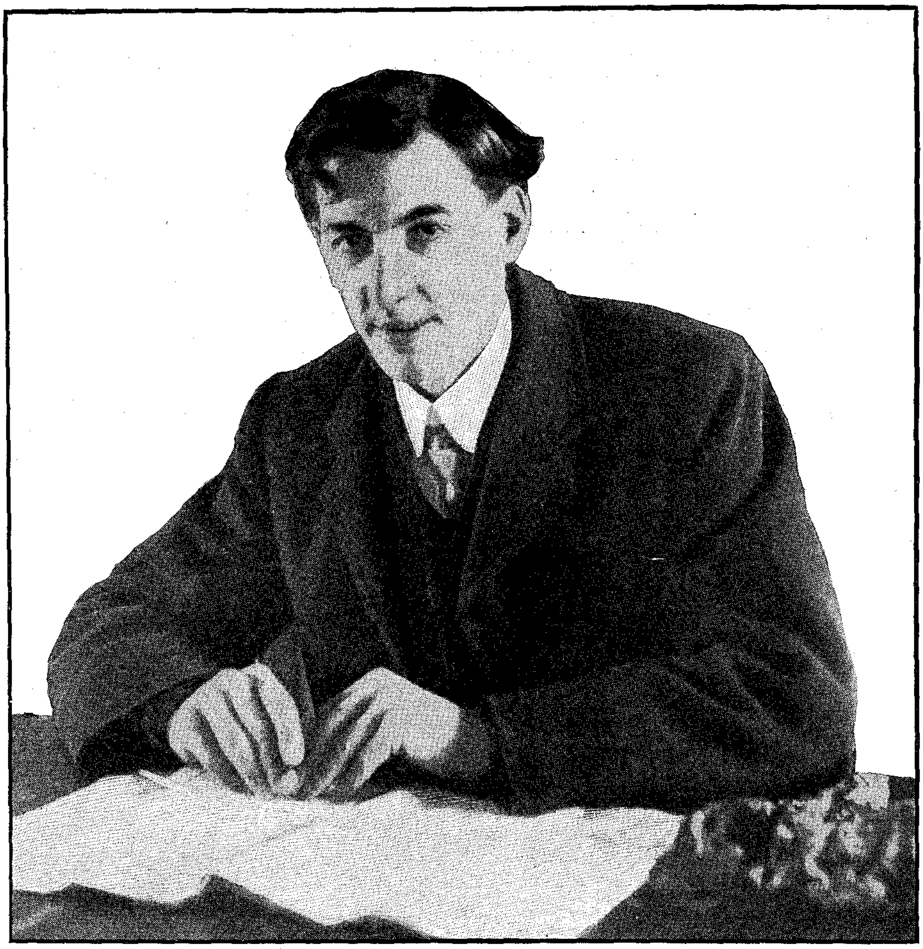
Crocuses and daffodils,
Whilst the rivulet's channel fills,
Salute the floesome-patched blue sky,
Swayed by each breeze that loiters by.

The vagrant South-wind, spiced with miles
Of fragrance from far coral isles,
Repeats its wooing, soft control
Of meadow, hillside, ledge, and knoll—

Sheds nurturing balm and nectar sweet
Where moss and woodside blossoms meet;
And to the swift-enleafing trees
Murmurs its lisping melodies.

Once more the bluebird's gurgling throat
Brings back its old-time jubilant note;
While over all the fields, like rain,
Falls the song-sparrow's matchless strain.

The wonder of the leaf of grass
Thrills us again, and shall not pass;
While Life, new-born in copse and dell,
Still flaunts its unsolved miracle!



Evan Roberts, the Welsh Revivalist

By E. Douglas Sheilds

SIX months ago the world had not heard of Evan Roberts. Now in all thinking circles he stands out as one of the most striking personalities of the time. Of the thousands of people of many nationalities who are flocking to Wales to see what this revival is like that every one is talking of, not one would feel that he had seen it unless he had seen Evan Roberts, the central figure on whom its white light is focused, and who seems to be at once its cause and its result.

We find ourselves in the presence of a tall, fair, gracefully built young man, who looks younger than his twenty-six years, and who fails to impress us as possessing any qualities, intellectual or otherwise, above the average. Except for a smile of some charm, and an air of purity about his person, he might easily pass without notice of any kind. Evan Roberts is the son of a sturdy and independent couple who may be taken as types of the Welsh mining class in Wales. His father is a collier of sterling character, not noted for any specially marked traits; and in this case, as in so many others, it is to the mother that may be traced some of the religious simplicity and zeal that are so marked in the son. Until the summer of 1904 no one would have dreamed that there was hidden in the tall, fair young collier, somewhat studious and also musical, the leader of a great religious movement, and, what is more, the initiator of a new form of revival, and one of rare spiritual beauty. As every one knows, there are revivals and revivals.

It was very natural and very ordinary that the son of a Welsh collier should wish to be a minister; and education in Wales has for long been so well organized that this was not difficult to accomplish. Religious teaching is on the same thorough and comprehensive lines as the secular. Each scholar in the Sunday-schools—and it is rarely the case that a child does not go to Sunday-school—passes through a carefully arranged course of Bible teaching, which culminates in classes for adults often dealing with questions connected with the higher criticism, and attended by almost the whole congregation.

Upon this substratum of education and the emotional tendency of the people build up prosperous times and the indulgence in gambling, drinking, intemperance, and other evils which so often accompany them, and one will readily grasp the condition of Wales even as late as six months ago. Church services had also degenerated, and had become little more than an opportunity for eloquence on the part of the preachers, three of whom would deliver sermons during one service, the main result being lively discussions among the people as to which had most distinguished himself. Very often such services met in the open air, when the bare, severe Welsh hills would resound with the singing.

The impulse towards God—this might be expressed in various ways, but underlying them all would be this most simple one—which was moving the subconsciousness of the whole Welsh nation had shown itself very strongly in a certain church in Cardiganshire in the spring of 1904. The minister had been praying in a special manner for a revival both in his own heart and among the young of his church. At a Christian Endeavor meeting a young girl who had been passing through a period of struggle and doubt made public and joyful announcement of her love for Jesus. It was then that the "revival," as such, began. A party of these Endeavorers, fired with zeal and joy in their newly gained power, went from place to place speaking to their fellows. They came to the village in which Evan Roberts was staying, and it was at one of their meetings that he had the vision to go to his own village.

As told by himself, his spiritual history may be summarized as follows: For years he had thought himself a Christian, was a member of a church, and a worker in the Sunday-school. But it was not until about eighteen months ago that he really became a Christian. He devoted much time to prayer, and used to take his Bible down into the mine with him and snatch a moment now and then to read. At that time he spent so much time in his room praying that his landlady thought he was mad and asked him to leave. What distressed him most was the thought that the Church seemed a failure and Christianity a failure also. Like most souls that have come into close communion with the unseen, he prayed fasting in the small hours of the night and in the early morning. It was on one such occasion that he awoke from sleep to find himself, as he says, "in the very presence of the Almighty God. For the space of four hours I was privileged to speak with him as a man speaks face to face with a friend. At five o'clock it seemed to me as if I again returned to earth. This continued for every morning for four months. Always I enjoyed four hours of that wonderful communion."

After leaving the Loughor, the scene of these visions, and going to college to be trained for the ministry, they ceased, and Evan Roberts was plunged in darkness. But at last they returned, and when God visited him again, He told him he must go and speak to the people in his own village. But he did not go; he felt that he could not go to his own people. This story he has told in perfect simplicity, both in public and in private. But, in reply to the sympathetic questions of Mr. W. T. Stead, whose pamphlet on the Welsh Revival is being widely sold in England and America, he added that He who appeared to him was not Jesus Christ, but the personal God and the Holy Spirit. The young prophet had a natural aversion to going to his own country, and remained away, but was ill at ease. One Sunday during the service a vision kept appearing before him—a vision in which he saw the school-room in his own village, and sitting in rows his old companions and all the young people, and he himself addressing them. A voice said, "Go and speak to these people." For a long time he resisted, until at last he could resist no longer, and said, "I will go." And instantly the vision departed. His next step was to go to his tutor and ask him if the vision was of God or the devil. With enviable directness he answered that the devil does not put good thoughts into the mind; and on further consultation he quite agreed that the young student should leave college and obey this vision. So Evan Roberts went home, and everything happened just as he had seen. At first the young people were not inclined to listen; but, as he says, he went on, and at last the power of the Spirit came down, and six came out for Jesus. But he prayed for six more, and they all prayed together, and gradually one by one they came out, but no more. And the young people saw that his prayer had been answered.

This took place last November. Since then the fiery cross has sped. In every town, in every village, souls were waiting and ready to carry it on, until now almost the whole of Wales is bathed in a "light not of this world." A revival which did not result in changed lives would arouse obviously deserved scorn. Those scoffers who would fain have belittled the reality of the Welsh revival are given abundant proofs of its reality. Miners formerly engrossed in their round of work and evil excitements hold prayer-meetings during meal-times, the dark cavernous vaults echo to the singing of hymns, and many employ substitutes and pay them so that they may leave work and attend meetings in the village. Debts of such long standing that neither debtor nor creditor expected them ever to be paid have been settled voluntarily either in full or in installments. A man in London who had just received such payment from a debtor in Wales said that for the first time in his life he believed in Christianity. Publicans in many Welsh villages are beginning to grow alarmed, as the decrease in their takings spells disaster to them. As they grow gloomy the tradesmen grow cheerful, and trade has never been in better condition. It is now no uncommon thing for a magistrate to receive a pair of white gloves—which celebrates the absence of any cases to try. One result of the change in the miners is that the ponies working underground cannot understand the directions given them. A new vocabulary has to be learned by them as well as the reformed men. Football and other sports which absorbed the minds of the youth have been abandoned by many. In some villages it has been necessary to cancel long-standing events, as the teams had ceased to exist. The revival soon reached the colleges, and some professors had to protest against the desertion of classes for the holding of prayer-meetings by the young men.

For a people who at their festivals will contentedly listen to eighteen sermons in two days—three at each of the three services in two days—prayer-meetings lasting for six and eight hours will be nothing very unusual. The wonder of these services does not lie in their length. Indeed, it is almost impossible to describe, and far more difficult to account for, the wonderful meetings. It is there that one sees Evan Roberts the Revivalist. But perhaps one might not see him even though he were there. A prominent lay preacher, one who had previously qualified both as a physician and as a lawyer, but had finally devoted himself to religious work, went to Wales to spy out the land. Two hours before the hour appointed for the service to begin, he and another visitor who had cast in his lot with him made their way to the church and found it full, and the service in full swing. Going round to the back entrance, they succeeded, with some difficulty, in finding standing room on the platform. When next they thought of time, they found to their astonishment that they had been standing for three hours. But nothing had been seen of Evan Roberts, who was announced to be present. Afraid that he had stayed away, as he sometimes does when the Spirit bids him do so, one of them stooped down and said to a young man seated near them: "Evan Roberts was to be here; do you know if he has arrived?" "I am Evan Roberts," was the answer. And then, seeing the look of astonishment on the man's face, he added, half smiling: "You see, they do not need me." Another instance tells more plainly still of his perfectly natural and sincere diffidence, how he deprecates any importance being attached to his presence at a meeting. In perfect sincerity he disclaims any share in the work that is going on. "It is the Spirit of God," he says. And when one looks at the young man, unlearned as far as books are concerned, with no striking intellectual gifts, and hears his simple, direct talk about God, and his sometimes naïve but always strong pleadings with his hearers, one feels that it is even as he says. There is nothing in him to account for his influence. He is a channel for the Spirit of God. At the beginning of one meeting at which he had promised to be present, he put the following questions to the people, being answered as if with one voice:

"You all believe in God, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You believe in Christ's promises?"

"Yes."

Then he opened his Bible and read, "Lo, I am with you alway," and asked, "Then you believe that he is here?"

Once more the answer came, "Yes."

"Then," he said, quietly and naturally, as he closed the book, "I am not needed here," and left the hall. And he was quite right, he was not needed. The same marvelous spirit was present which welds the people into one—so that it seems as if individuals had merged into that mysterious union which is foretold of the future—and the meeting proceeded as successfully as if he had been there. The Welsh, as a nation of singers, have found their best expression during this revival in hymns. And these are sung by the whole people without books, sometimes a refrain repeated, if one of the singers is moved to begin it, and sometimes one-half singing in Welsh and the others in English.

The ordered disorder of the meetings is amazing. Just as the revival owes nothing to organization, advertisement, programme-making, so the services are left to the guiding power that is so evidently present. The order of service has been ignored. Ministers and choirs, the preaching and the singing, formerly of so much importance, have been set aside. Everything is left to the guidance of—of? Those who go to see come away, and in answer to the question, "What is it?" can only answer, "No one can tell." One only knows that "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit"—words that have been seen oftener of late in English journals than for many years past.

Let us take an ordinary service at which Evan Roberts is present. The meetings generally begin before the time announced. Crowds gather early. Singing has brought them into that electrical frame of mind upon which a sufficiently powerful and pure force can play as upon a celestial harmonium. As the singing ceases and the young preacher stands up to speak, and an expectant hush falls upon the room, an old, weak, quavering voice is heard away up in the gallery beginning the verse of a new hymn. There are sounds of people trying to hush the old woman whose soul is singing a more perfect song than her frail body, but the young leader raises his hand and stills them. As soon as the verse is ended, he begins to put the questions that look almost absurdly simple when written down, but which, like most simple things, go deep down into the wells of human life.

"Will every member of a Christian church stand up?"

Many stand, and a voice from the gallery calls out that some have stood who are not members. "Come, friends, for once have the courage to show your side. You will be welcome to come over to our side once you are truly ashamed of your own. Not till then.

"Will all those who love the Lord Jesus stand up?

"Now for the question which Christ put to Peter. It is now put to each one of you separately: Do you love Jesus more than these?—more than all things?"

The question startles, and there is a pause, a moment's hesitation, and then the congregation is on its feet and bursts into the hymn, "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

It turns out that when he asks if all have risen, some have not. "One has gone out"—is called out.

"Bring him back, Lord, bring him back!" prays a young fellow of nineteen near the door. "Don't let Thy judgment fall upon him. He has felt the Spirit moving—he said so—but he is fleeing. Bring him back."

"He will come back, friend," the missioner assures us, "he will come back; the fact that he has run away is a proof that he will come back."

The next question is one that gives relief—

"All those who want to love the Lord Jesus, will they stand up?"

There is now not a single seat occupied. Members, non-members, skeptics, scoffers—all, all are on their feet, and the silence that supervenes is oppressive. Feelings find relief in a hymn of praise, and the people are reminded by Evan Roberts that in that hymn they are addressing God himself, and that if they cannot sing with all their hearts they had better be silent—in which he is a pleasing contrast to some revivalists whose main object seems to be to encourage the people to sing and make a loud noise as if their God had gone hunting.

On one occasion Evan Roberts, after some leading questions, said, "There are two men here who have quarreled and who have not become reconciled to each other. They must be reconciled; the meeting cannot go on while they are in that spirit." No one knows how the speaker learned the secrets of the two men, but they got up and went out, and the meeting proceeded. Swayed by the power they are all obeying, an old man pours out his soul in prayer. He is passing through the deepest and most tragic struggle of the human mind. In the wonderful Welsh language his voice rises and falls in a kind of chant as he prays to be released from the bondage of sin and wrestles with God. The whole gathering is praying, and his words are punctuated by exclamations. Suddenly in the storm there rises the voice of a young woman, whether one of the "Singing Sisters" who have played so great a part in the revival, or one of the villagers, it is not possible to tell. The sound of her sweet young voice accompanies the prayer of the rugged miner, and the people evidently regard it as natural—and beautiful and wonderfully moving it certainly is. A prayer from some one not very well heard is interrupted by a hymn raised in another part of the room. For an instant there is hesitation, but the hymn conquers and the prayer is drowned in the volume of sound. A wife gives a prayer of thanks for the conversion of her husband in answer to her prayers. And then from far up in the gallery a boy's voice is raised and a hush falls upon the people. As he prays for his father, with the evident feeling that he and God are together and alone, a wave of emotion passes over the people and one knows that there are few dry eyes in the gathering. Perhaps it is this intercessory prayer that is the chief force in these meetings. No sooner has a man or woman seen light than he prays that those of his friends who are still in darkness may see it also. A mother praying for her son was interrupted by the son himself, who called out in desperation, "I'm here; I could not hold out any longer." A minister was praying for his son who had refused to come to the meetings, when he was told, "He's here," and, looking up and seeing him in the gallery, he broke into tears. Once or twice when crowds have gathered at the doors the people inside will catch up a hymn being sung outside, and the walls do not seem to separate their spirits. And at times even in one hall or church three or more people will be praying aloud simultaneously, without in the slightest disturbing the decorum of the meeting. Occasionally it is said those pray in Welsh who have hitherto known only English.

All through these meetings Evan Roberts is either in evidence or not, as the people seem to need him.

Shunning publicity, he at times refuses to go to places where elaborately organized meetings have been much advertised. After agreeing to go to Cardiff, the feeling that there was more machinery than spirit in the "mission" arranged for came to him, and he found he could not go there.

He tells the people frankly that they must pray for the presence of the Holy Spirit—that they do not need him. Although nearly forty thousand souls have now been saved, and although the sound of his name has reached the ends of the earth, the following incident shows that Evan Roberts is the humble servant of the Spirit still:

With one of his helpers he was on his way to another village to hold a service. On the road they stopped and entered a cottage, in which the old man and his daughter gave them refreshment, and they set out once more on their journey. Suddenly, however, Evan Roberts stopped and said, "The Spirit has something for me to do. I can't go on. I must turn back." Returning to the cottage, he said to the man, "Are you converted?" The man said he was not. "But you would like to be?" "Yes." "Then let us pray that you may be."

After some time of prayer in which they all joined, the old man exclaimed, "Oh, it's all right, it's all right; I see the light," and the missioner and his friend went on their way.

Evan Roberts has as yet refused to visit any of the large towns; and his promise to go to Liverpool is qualified by the restriction that he goes only to the Welsh churches. One of the remarkable features of the revival, and one which it is impossible to over-emphasize, is the absence of outward assistance by advertisement. On arriving at a Welsh village which has been figuring largely in the papers as the center of the revival, one finds life going on as usual and no outward signs of a revival at all. Indeed, it is difficult to get on the track of it, and learn exactly what meetings are going to be held. But once one has come under its influence, and been present at one of the meetings, one's experience is that it would be impossible to exaggerate its importance or its mystery.

And now we come back to our starting-point. It has been announced that Evan Roberts will go to Glasgow, and that he has been invited to visit America and speak to the Christian Endeavorers. What likelihood would there be of his success outside his own country? Has he been seized upon as the great personality of the revival simply because the public must have a personality? or, granted that he has great spiritual power, is it the psychic condition of the Welsh that has allowed him to exercise it as he has? That this is largely the case may be safely assumed. There is no doubt that the people were in a highly sensitive state. Many besides Evan Roberts have been seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Thus, a party of young men going along a road saw before them, rising above the hedge, a figure radiating light and transfixed by a shaft coming down from the sky. They knelt on the ground in the middle of the road and prayed, not in fear, but in the full conviction that they were in the presence of a heavenly visitant. These phenomena, whether regarded merely as arising from heated and imaginative minds or as realities seen by souls of what Professor James calls exalted sensibility, make it specially interesting to speculate as to the result should Evan Roberts seek to influence others than his countrymen.

The revival itself is spreading throughout England, and it seems probable that we shall shortly have an "English revival." But it will of necessity be very different from the one in Wales. It is doubtful if the English as a people are sufficiently sensitive to receive the spiritual influence that flows from or accompanies Evan Roberts. They might see in him merely a half-educated young student of saintly appearance and quaint ways of putting things. Whether this will be put to the test remains to be seen. But in the meantime Evan Roberts remains as one of the greatest influences in Great Britain to-day, and withal one of the most humble and self-effacing men in the country.

London, England.

THE AWAKENING OF THE TREES

BY
J. HORACE McFARLAND
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR
DECORATIONS BY F. C. GORDON

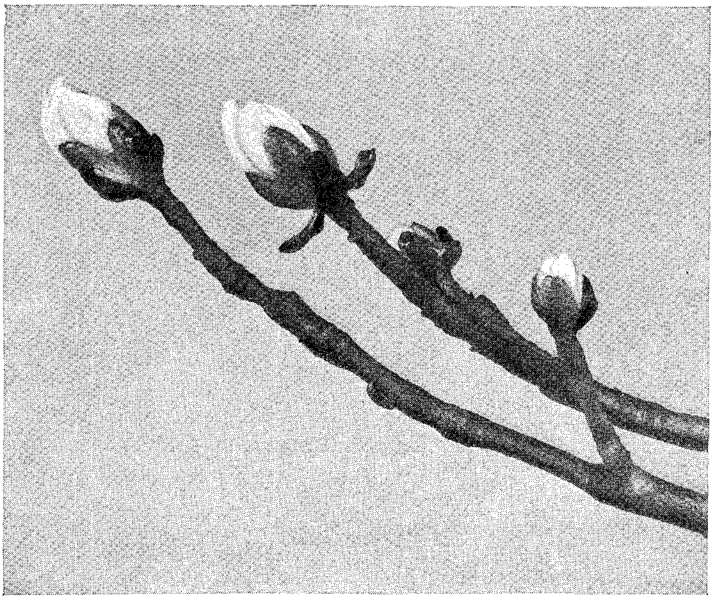
ALL winter the bare limbs and twigs of the trees about the streets, in the parks, along the roads, sway and swing, responding elastically to the stress of the winds. Sometimes incased in ice, and glittering thus in a painful weight of crystal armor, they present to us a hint of fairyland. The tracery of the branches, so cunningly framed for symmetry, elegance, and strength, is reflected on the snow, never so strikingly as when the brilliant winter moon makes apparent the individuality of each. Maple then stands separated from elm, oak from tulip, and ash from sycamore, by the outlines alone, save as closer attention shows us great differences in the bark.

But spring approaches, and if one cares to continue the study that even a dawning love for trees has made more than casual in the winter, the swelling buds give ample and fascinating opportunity.

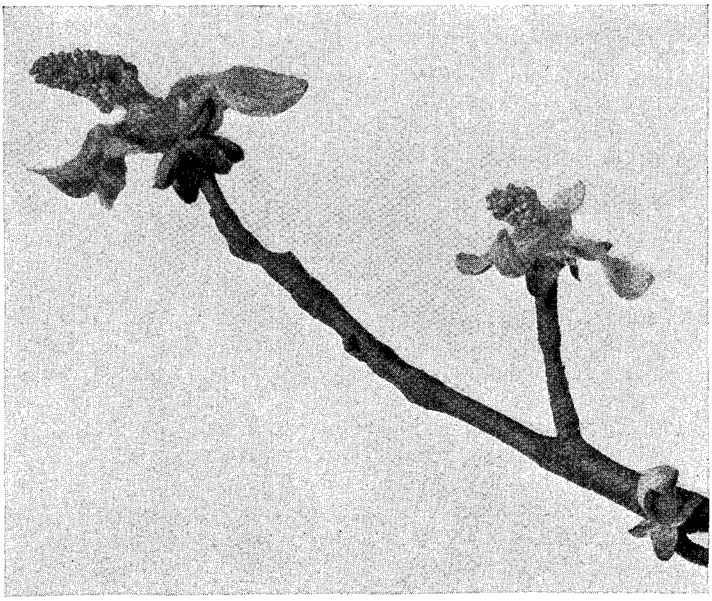
Even in late February changes have been going on above our heads, and the commonest of our maples—the silver or white maple—may have almost fully accomplished its annual braving of snow and sleet with its sturdy yet delicate red and yellow brushes of flowers. So "quick on the trigger" is this herald of spring that scarce have the buds been noted to be swelling than the flowers are out and over.

But there are several of the commonest of our street trees that take the process of breaking into bloom and leaf much more deliberately, so that we may observe a change from day to day, and take much pleasure and some profit in that observation. The more aristocratic Norway maple follows slowly its vigorous sister. The buds, in winter somewhat pointed at the end, become rounded there, and at the same time stretch longer, and the protecting scales of grayish brown spread a little. A few more hours of the kindly April sun, and a little feather-duster emergence is seen from the tip of each full-stretched bud. A warm rain, a gentle spring zephyr, and, presto! the delicate green and yellow star-flowers are born! The bloom is accomplished; the tender leaves begin to unfold; the protecting bud scales, their work over, fall to the ground.

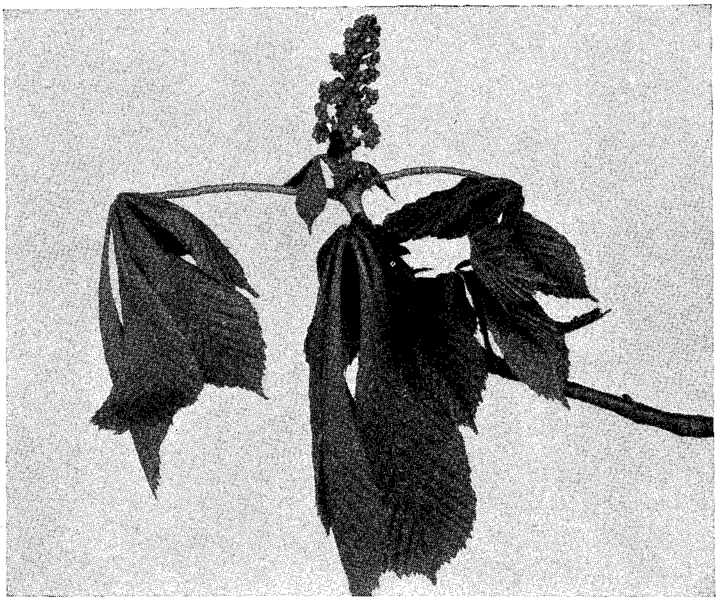
Yet more striking is the springing of the buds of the far too common Carolina poplar, overplanted upon our streets, to the temporary pleasure of the nurseryman, and for the work of the vandals who either pretend to "trim," or who chop paths for overhead wires. But, all the worthiness of the tree aside, we may fully enjoy its coming to life, and watch the daily gain above our heads. Dull of color, but slim and acutely pointed in form through the winter, each bud wears closely its protecting wrapper,



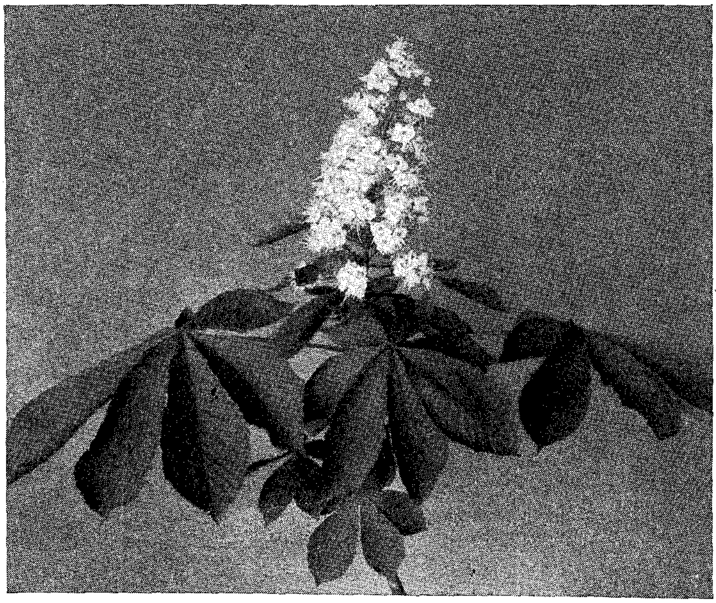
THE SWELLING FLOWER BUDS OF THE HORSE-CHESTNUT



AS THE LITTLE GRAPE-LIKE CLUSTERS APPEAR



THE LEAVES COMING TO THE UMBRELLA STAGE



A PANICLE OF GORGEOUS FLOWERS

an efficient safeguarding of the potential flowers and leaves that are inside. From the rising sap within and from the warming sun without come the spring impulse. Note well these sharp-pointed buds from day to day. They are pushing out a little, and as they push and swell, see how they begin to shine with a sticky varnish, quite waterproof, serving elastically to cover any openings that might happen in the breaking winter envelope.

But observe, if you please, that not all these buds were shaped alike, and that not all of them are now swelling. The slimmest and sharpest seem waiting, while the fatter, dull-pointed sisters are shining and stretching, until one warm day the elastic scales can stretch no more. Open they come, to permit the outflow of a great mass of dark red bodies, bearing a remote resemblance to little ears of corn, unduly conical.

We fly to the tree book to get a name for that which has appeared. "Catkins," or "aments," they are, says the botany, and we recognize the analogy to the pussy-willow's familiar spring burst. As they grow, however, we wonder, with reason, whether there is not a mistake, somehow; for these creeping, crawly red things seem more like caterpillars than "catkins."

Soon the sun and wind have developed and loosened the golden pollen grains, and the flowers—for that is what these red catkins are made of, after all—are fertilized, and the great reproductive purpose of all this overhead happening is for the present completed. If there comes no sharp rain to scatter the catkins like a plague of muddy worms upon the sidewalk or the ground, the perfecting of the work of fertilizing leaves them flaccid against the twigs that bear them. Flaccid they are, and no longer urgent with curves, but with a dying grace of color, the flowers turning toward brighter crimson as they stretch apart and show the golden, pollen-dusted stems. Indeed, just as they drop and are finished, these poplar blossoms become almost beautiful, instead of merely interesting.

But will you note, please, that, while all this has been going on, the end bud on each little twiglet, the sharpest one, has remained closed and apparently unmoved? There was, a while ago, a shower of sticky scales, as the protection of the blooms was wind-shaken away from the bursting blossoms, but that meant apparently nothing to these reluctant terminals. Indeed, a rain may wash away every vestige of the bloom, and leave the tree, a day or two ago covered with its crown of red and yellow, absolutely bare of any suspicion of spring—it has seemingly again assumed its winter somnolence.

Not many days pass, if the sun is warm, until these same end buds wake up, and then there is a cunning unfolding of the heart-shaped leaves that have been packed away, in miniature, in a smaller incasement than mere magician ever devised. Soon the tree is softly green with its foliage, new, glossy, bright, and hung upon stems that vibrate to the breathing of the faintest zephyr. The Carolina poplar is at its summer business.

There is another tree, a worthy and welcome one too, that is found on many of our American streets, although it is European in origin, and is also a favorite on the Continent and in England. The horse-chestnut, so called because its nuts or fruits are large, although it does not even belong to the same botanical family or "order" as our American sweet chestnut, wears all winter a coating of weather-protective gum on its buds. The botany says its "winter buds are resinous," and when we see what these winter buds contain, and what glory of bloom these sticky sheaths must protect from the snow and sleet and bitter cold, we do not wonder at nature's adequate defense, but admire the ingenuity and completeness of it.

The warm days of late April and early May cause a relaxing of the bud sheaths which have been swelling and becoming more glossy for many days. As they open, there seems to come into view a compact mass of greenish-white cottony hairs. The sap impulse soon shows us, however, that we have been looking at the outside of a cluster of probably four wrapped-up leaves, which have been thus safely keeping against harm a neat little arrangement that looks something like an upright cluster of miniature grapes.

Rapidly, now, comes the expansion; the central cluster stretches up, while the leaves open out into most elegant little umbrellas, each with five or seven segments, held stiffly at the true umbrella-rib angle for a few choice hours, that he who has eyes to see may have one of the great pleasures of the spring. Not long do they wait on the slothful or the unseeing, for there is work to do, sap to transpirate, and air food to elaborate for that swelling center cluster, soon to become a "panicle" of gorgeous flowers.

I have not missed the umbrella stage in the unfolding of the horse-chestnut's activities for some years, and I hope not to miss it while I have eyes to see this subtle pose of a beautiful tree-life. It is a pleasure worth more than the little effort required; but, to be sure of it, one must be on the watch—the tree will not wait!

It will be noted, by those who observe closely, that the leaves are woolly in opening, that they fall back from the center flower cluster as they take on smoother texture and turn to delicate green, and that, as they separate into the characteristic leaflets, these rise to make the umbrellas, keeping on until the broad, outspread compound leaves are fully formed and at work.

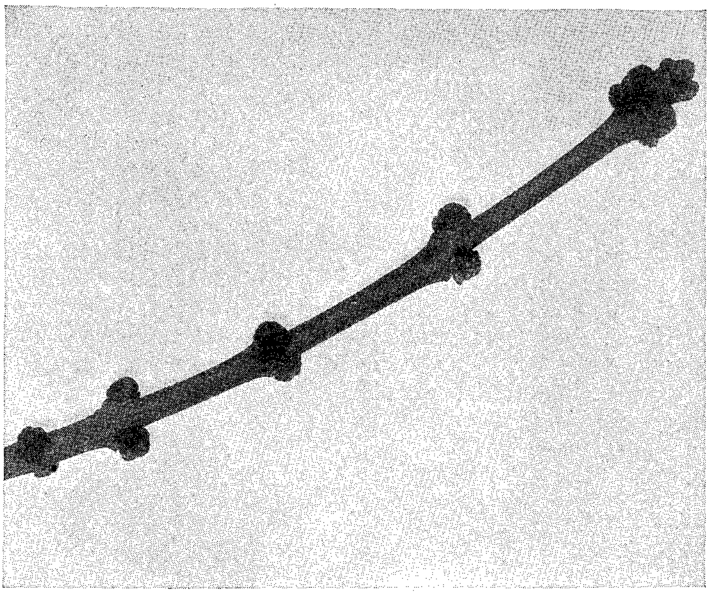
Meanwhile that central panicle is no longer grape-like. The "grapes" have burst, each into a flower which the botany weakly describes as "white, tinged with red," while my pen as weakly fails in any attempt adequately to present its cream, pink, primrose, and carmine make-up, or to define its really extraordinary form. If one or two on a cluster were shown in the window of a Fifth Avenue florist's shop, Milady Fashion might exclaim, "What a beautiful orchid!" As there are millions of the flowers in thousands of the gorgeous clusters, we simply pass on under the canopy, mildly interested in the street-boy's trite statement that the "hoss-chestnut is a-blowin'!"

More than ten years I unseeingly saw another common tree do its spring marvels over my careless head, until a moving of my desk to a new second-floor room right by the heart of a thrifty young white ash let me into its curious performances. It had been regular in its duties, but, like most of the trees which do not bear edible fruit or conspicuous flowers, its deep interest had escaped the eye of one attracted probably a little more than the average man to these great growths. I like to think of it thus: that I have just gotten *up* to the trees, to my own everlasting good! God has had them here for us, ever since Eden days, but we have groveled and not raised our eyes. Now some are turning a little heavenward, to take in more of this old, new knowledge that has been waiting all these years for our careless eyes and our half-closed minds. And we are finding many things beyond leaves and flowers.

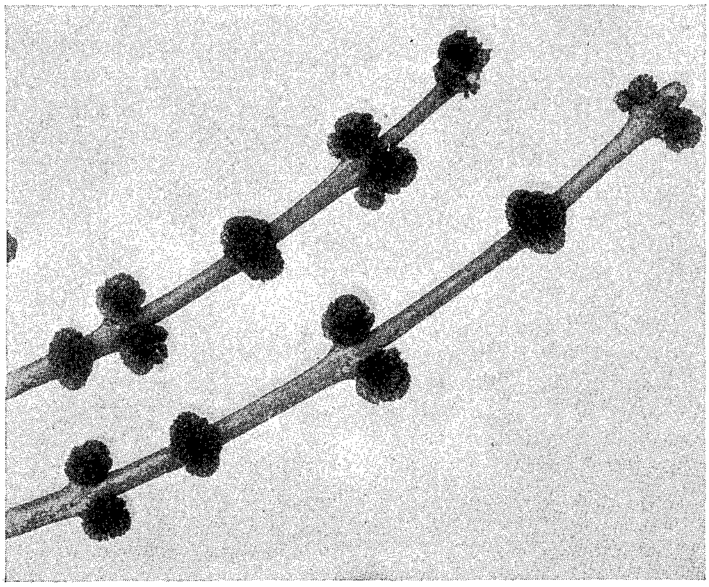
But this American white ash seemed to hold solid its little round dark buds long after the maples had announced the presence of spring. When the time was fully ripe, these buds actually darkened themselves—nay, they turned black as they swelled. Directly the slim, light-colored branchlets were set with little roundish black tufts, exactly opposite each other—not "alternate," as the botany puts it when the buds do not come in pairs. Each morning there seemed something more to see in those black tufts, until after a few days there was a hint of deepest blood-purple in the blackness and a glint of gold in the heart of the flower clusters, as I now knew them to be. Again, the terminal bud on each twig had held itself in reserve, but not so much so as with the poplar, for by the time these little panicles had opened their hearts to the cloud of self-supplied pollen the twig-end was bursting with its ready leaves.

Soon the panicles grew out in a gush of delicate stems, each set with a cloud of potential seeds, for the fruit or "key" of the white ash forms in a hurry, and stays long ripening, while the compound leaves grow and flourish. The whole operation is most curious, though by no means showy, and it gives one an interesting fortnight, while a common tree is doing what seems to be a rarely uncommon thing.

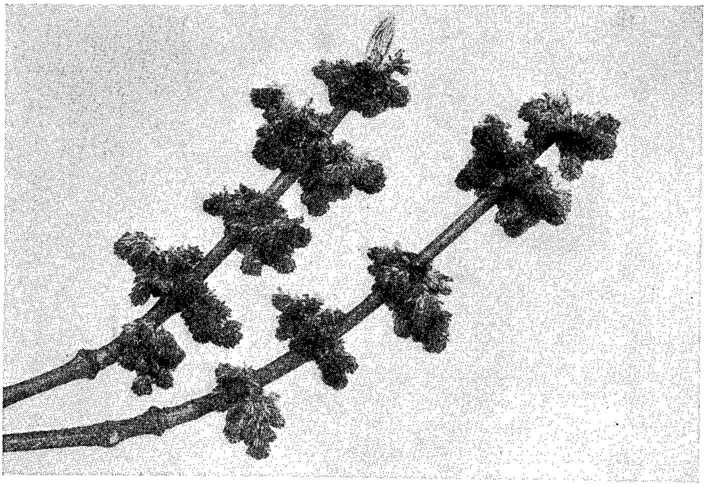
I have mentioned but a few of the transformations that go on each spring over our heads. There is a great glory



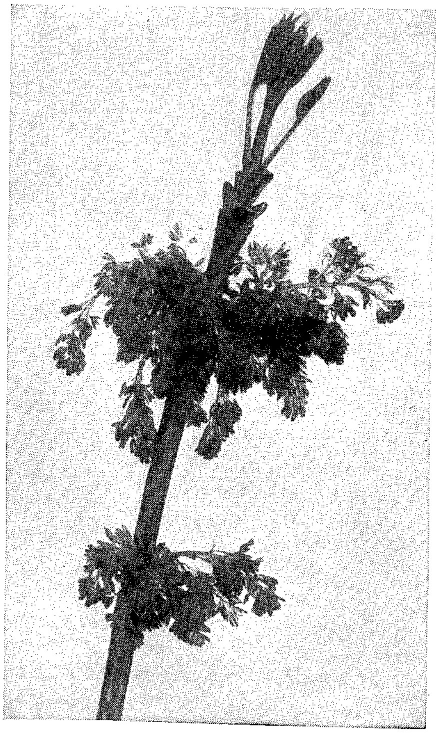
THE LITTLE ROUND DARK BUDS
OF THE WHITE ASH



LITTLE ROUNDISH BLACK TUFTS, EXACTLY
OPPOSITE EACH OTHER



THE LITTLE PANICLES HAVE OPENED THEIR HEARTS



DELICATE STEMS, SET WITH A CLOUD OF POTENTIAL LEAVES of the oaks, as they pass, by a transition marked with extreme delicacy of tint in outbreaking leaf and dainty bloom, from the ruggedness of winter to the leafy strength of summer. There is another glory of the apples and cherries and plums and peaches, but that is familiar to all, as is also to many the opening of the redbud and the dogwood. Few see the hickories set their catkins into the nuts we love, while the far later processes of the chestnut's fertilization are completed in the sight of all.

A rare thing to see is the awakening and the bloom of the pines and the spruces. It may be accomplished in the parks of our cities, sometimes; but not many persist until they see these attractive brown cones start in an odd little cluster, looking nothing at all like a flower. The other charm of the evergreen conifers, when they are well started into the season's active growth, and there is a Christmas candle on every branch, is more easily enjoyed. The hues of green, yellow, and even blue disclosed at this time by these somber and uniform trees are surprisingly fine to see.

Of the awakening of the spice-bush, with its aromatic little primrose flowers; of the service-berry's maltese crosses of white, contrasting with the purple-black of the papaw; of the vast family of thorns, with buds and flowers that defy classification; of the sly incoming of the weeping willow's bloom on drooping wands above our heads; of all these, less common, and less easily seen therefore, I do not speak. It is the happenings about our city homes and in our city parks, unsuspected for the most part, that I would mention, feeling sure that the interest thus awakened will not easily be checked or satisfied.

Have I said anything that will turn some keen Outlook eyes to the tree buds this spring? I hope so, and I commend to all the tree people a consideration of winter buds while winter holds, sure that a spring fascination will follow. Cut a few twigs from any near-by tree, place them in a wide-mouthed bottle filled with water, let the sun shine through a window upon the combination, and there will soon be "something doing" to prove that spring is close by.

May I add words of warning? There is no surer way of preventing the good things of the awakening time of the trees than to leave them undefended against the ignorance, the cupidity, or the real viciousness of the so-called "trimmer," whose ministrations are nearly one hundred per cent. abominable, or of the electric lineman, who knows nothing more than his orders to clear the path for his wires and poles—the latter themselves poor perverted trees! Consider a moment. A wire line of any kind may be erected in a few weeks anywhere, and wires may be safely and properly buried in modern conduits in a short time; but who of us by taking thought can create again in years the tree beauty that has been unthinkingly destroyed for a so-called "improvement"? Fools are we, and blind as well, until we set the seal of legal protection on every tree yet left us, heal and repair those already ravaged (and wonders have been done in this work), and make it impossible for the electric "utilities" of any kind, in any place, to chop and hew and slash regardlessly at the trees sent by God for the healing of the nations. Just as blind and foolish are we when we yield to the appeal of the ignorant vandal who poses as a tree-trimmer, leaving as evidences of his "skill" denuded branches and nearly headless trunks.

VICENZA

A MONUMENT TO AN ARCHITECT

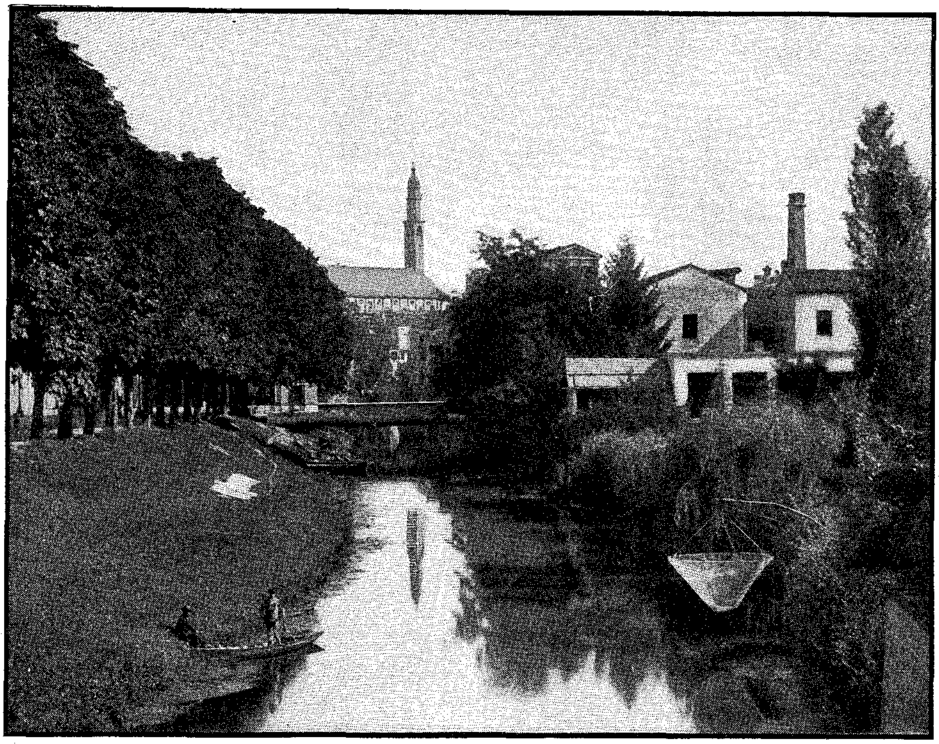
BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

A PARTICULARLY pleasant country for cycling or motoring trips is this North Italy; a particularly pleasant province of North Italy is Venetia, half mountain, half plain; a particularly pleasant town of Venetia is Vicenza.

Having alighted from wheel or car, dusty, thirsty, tired, travel-stained, we sit before our cooling *sorbetto* or ice in this courtyard of the Albergo di Roma, and gaze contentedly about us at the fine palaces on every hand. We are even moved to remark, "You have some good architecture in your town," to the smilingly attentive master of ceremonies at the inn. The face of that dignitary immediately becomes solemn. "*Signori*," he replies, in correction, "*è stupendo!*"

And, in its way, it is stupendous. The head waiter is right. The subject demands respect. It also commands admiration.

The lover of architecture may well arrive in Vicenza, as we have, by carriage road rather than by railway. Villages, villas, bridges, arches, monuments, along the road prepare us for the sights peculiar to Vicenza, commemorating the distinctive work of one man. As we bowl over the highways coming south from the mountains, between the overshadowing plane-trees, we discern on the left some low-lying hills. Crowning them is a church with its tall campanile and a lonely-looking villa. The latter is the Villa Capra, often called the Rotonda Palladiana. With its Ionic colonnades, it has for three centuries and more been, in part or in whole, a model for applications of classic forms to residential and other use. On the right, just before reaching the town, we pass a cemetery. Behind its walls is the tomb of the architect who was responsible for the villa and, some say, for the church on those low-lying Monti Borici. His name was Andrea Palladio. In Vicenza Palladio was



THE APPROACH TO VICENZA

born. In Vicenza Palladio died (1580), ten years after Sansovino, and sixteen years after Michelangelo. In Vicenza Palladio worked most of his life. In Vicenza he left the architectural incorporation of most of his plans.

Vicenza is full of monuments designed by him. He made it a renowned architectural center. It is true that one must visit Venice to enjoy his churches—Il Redentore, San Francesco della Vigna, above all, the beautiful San Giorgio Maggiore, and where will one now obtain as fine a view of the city as from its campanile? But it is to palatial architecture that we generally apply the adjective Palladian, and Palladio's palaces were reared here in Vicenza.

Crossing the little river into the town, we see directly before us two of the architect's well-known works. On our right stands the Olympic Theater, constructed on the plan of a Greek theater as reported by Vitruvius in the first century, the Latin writer of the earliest existing manual of architecture. The orchestra is five feet under the floor of the pit and also under the level of the stage flooring. The stage itself is built in perspective, representing the palaces on one side of a piazza, or square, with streets opening behind it. Perhaps more than any other modern structure the building realizes what the Greeks meant in this particular construction; it was appropriately dedicated by a representation of the Œdipus of Sophocles. Goethe even called this Olympic Theater "indescribably beautiful," and it is indeed an interesting sight on entering the town.

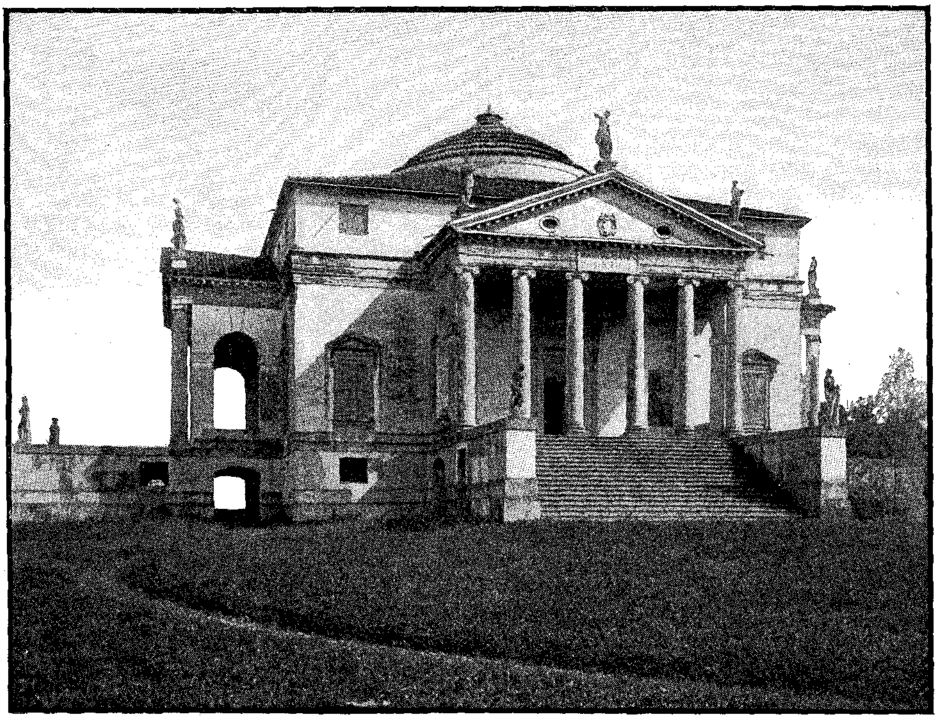
We turn and examine what seems the yet more important Museo Civico, or Municipal Museum of Art, containing Vicenza's fine picture gallery. In its general form the long building reminds one somewhat of the Pitti Palace in Florence, but it is far from being heavy and fortress-like as is that rough-hewn, rusticated edifice. Though in its way the style of the Museo Civico is equally severe, it carries us away from mediæval Florence; it carries us away even from Roman remains themselves to their inception in the more refined Greek civilization. This is a palace pure and simple. Its white marble outline, its porticoes and colonnades and the gleaming statues on its roof, cut clear and white against the blue sky. All seems somehow a part of the snowy mountains from which we have just come.

We pass into the Corso, the main street of Vicenza, and almost the first house we see is Palladio's own residence. The plain façade over the admirable doorway was once covered with frescoes. Here lived the last great architect of the age of the Renaissance. His residence was in an important city, giving to him plenty of opportunity for professional work and social intercourse; yet he was only a stone's throw from the wide, restful country beyond where he might daily recreate his energies.

And now we view a rather bewildering array of palaces. Vicenza must have been a rich town. It would seem as if half its families lived in palaces of their own, and only "the other half" in the flats and apartments with which the vast majority of dwellers in European cities must now content themselves. Many of these palaces were the work of Palladio himself—the Barbarano, the Capitanio, the Colleoni, the Giulio-Porto, the Valmarano, for instance. Other noteworthy residences were built by Palladio's pupils, Scamozzi in particular.

Among his palaces a peculiarly artistic structure is the Tiene, now the Banca Popolare, or People's Bank. The proportions of this building have always appealed to architects. Its exterior has, fortunately, been well preserved, for, though that exterior is of stucco, the material was lastingly laid upon the brickwork in seemingly perfect imitation of cut stone. Like many other of Palladio's palaces, the lower story is rusticated, the faces of the stone projecting from the sunken joints. The upper stories have pilasters.

From the Banca Popolare it is not far to the noble Loggia Bernarda. The open colonnade constituting the first floor, together with the second floor, is comprised in the height of the order, thus giving marked scale to that feature and great dignity to the entire composition. Indeed, a single great order practically covers the whole building, as at



THE VILLA CAPRA

St. Peter's in Rome and in some well-known public edifices in the United States. The Loggia faces the Piazza de' Signori, that central square common to all Italian towns, and with a feature common to most Venetian towns in its two columns, one surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark.

Across the square stands the Palazzo della Ragione, an even more popular, as it is certainly a more grandiose, palace. About a mediæval basilica and adjoining a slender tall tower, Palladio ranged two ranks of superposed, open arches, built of beautiful stone, one rank being Doric, the other Ionic, in style; one major order of engaged columns and one minor, the former of course being used to support the latter in the two-storied arcade. No single proportion of detail or ornament in this building varies from some Roman precedent, but there is nothing in Roman architecture like the whole.

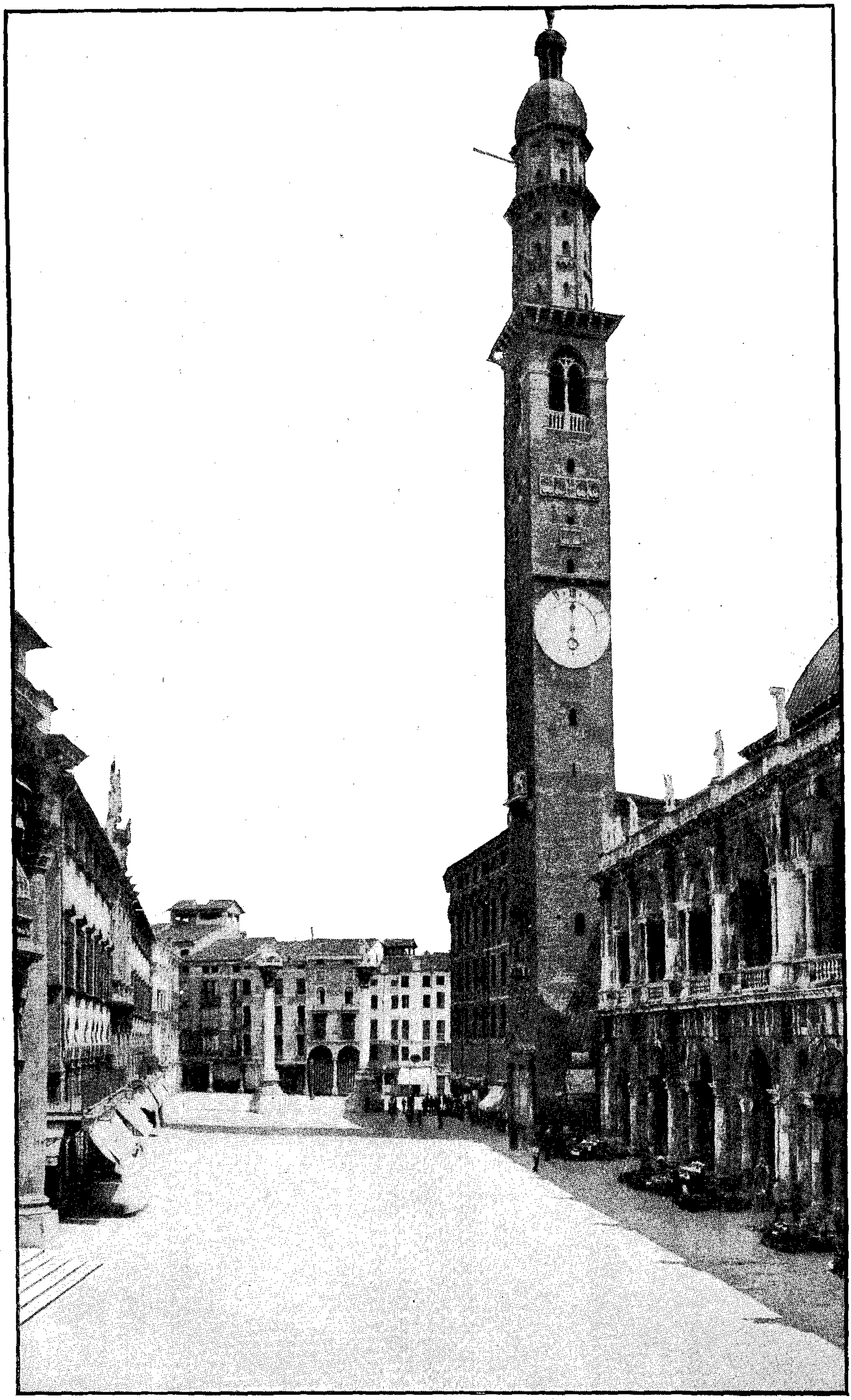
Appropriately enough, then, in the square close by, Gajassi's statue of the creator of this style was erected. The figure of Palladio looks upon the Palazzo della Ragione and seems to say to us that it represents what he tried to do in architecture. He certainly produced in this building an unequaled combination of Roman strength and Renaissance fancy. This particular combination has ever since necessarily been called "the Palladian motive."

When Palladio began to work, he had to be either with or against the main tendency of Renaissance art. Just as Renaissance society had become unmanly and unbridled in morals, so the freedom which had been the just boast of earlier artists (a freedom reaching its highest pitch in the Certosa at Pavia) was now beginning to show itself in unvirile, ungraceful, and unmeaning architecture. In composition, proportion, and ornament architectural ideas were no longer robust, nor were they longer being kept within proper bounds. If this was true throughout Italy, it was especially true throughout the length and breadth of the Veneto. From Verona to the Austrian frontier, from the Dolomites to the Po, architecture was becoming—and, alas! was destined again to become—offensively luxuriant. Detail, even if lovely in itself, was by its superabundance destroying the effect of the whole.

Against this lack of concentrated vigor, against this degeneracy of quality into quantity, Palladio protested with a protest which has now, we believe, overcome baroque and rococo reactions. Palladio's protest was the logical result of his personal longing for simplicity and severity, reinforced by years of study in Rome, where he closely examined the classic models. He became convinced that, to be really influential down the ages, the Renaissance, then showing signs of decadence, must return to the early ideals laid down by the Greeks and Romans.

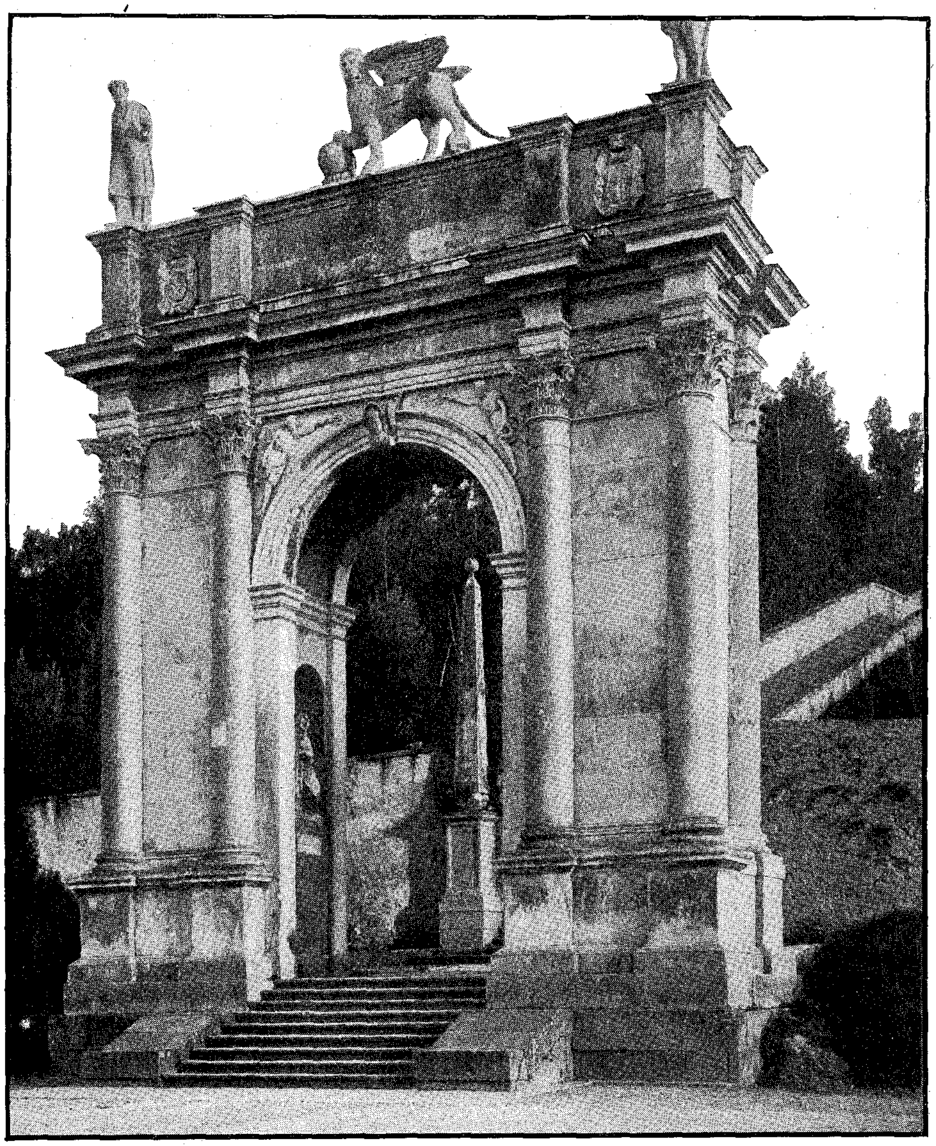
It is true that Alberti's "De Re Ædificatoria" shows that the earlier Renaissance architects were guided by ancient authors, Vitruvius in particular. But who so minutely studied Vitruvius, who so thoroughly assimilated the Greeks and Romans, as did Palladio? At times he even leaned backward in his scrupulous and punctilious purism. For he clearly saw that to attain a purity and harmony hitherto unattained, architects must return to simpler and severer forms. To the warm-blooded Italians, and to some colder-blooded Northerns too, Palladio's realization of this end meant to them an unwelcome introduction of a formal and frigid style alongside the exuberant works of the earlier Renaissance. Yet, though at times apparently incorporating scholasticism rather than spontaneity, Palladio was thoroughly Venetian. Veronese in painting or Sansovino in sculpture and architecture had hardly a more developed instinct for pure decoration. This instinct, indeed, seems native with all Venetians. One observes it not only among artists; one observes it quite as much in the boats, dress, postures, movements of the gondoliers along the canals of Venice; among the housewives of that city, who hang out shawls, rugs, and carpets over their balconies on a feast-day; or even in the display of fruit and vegetables and in the arrangement of trellises and vines in front of the humblest country shops and inns throughout Venetia.

If Palladio's first point was harmony of composition, and his second perfection



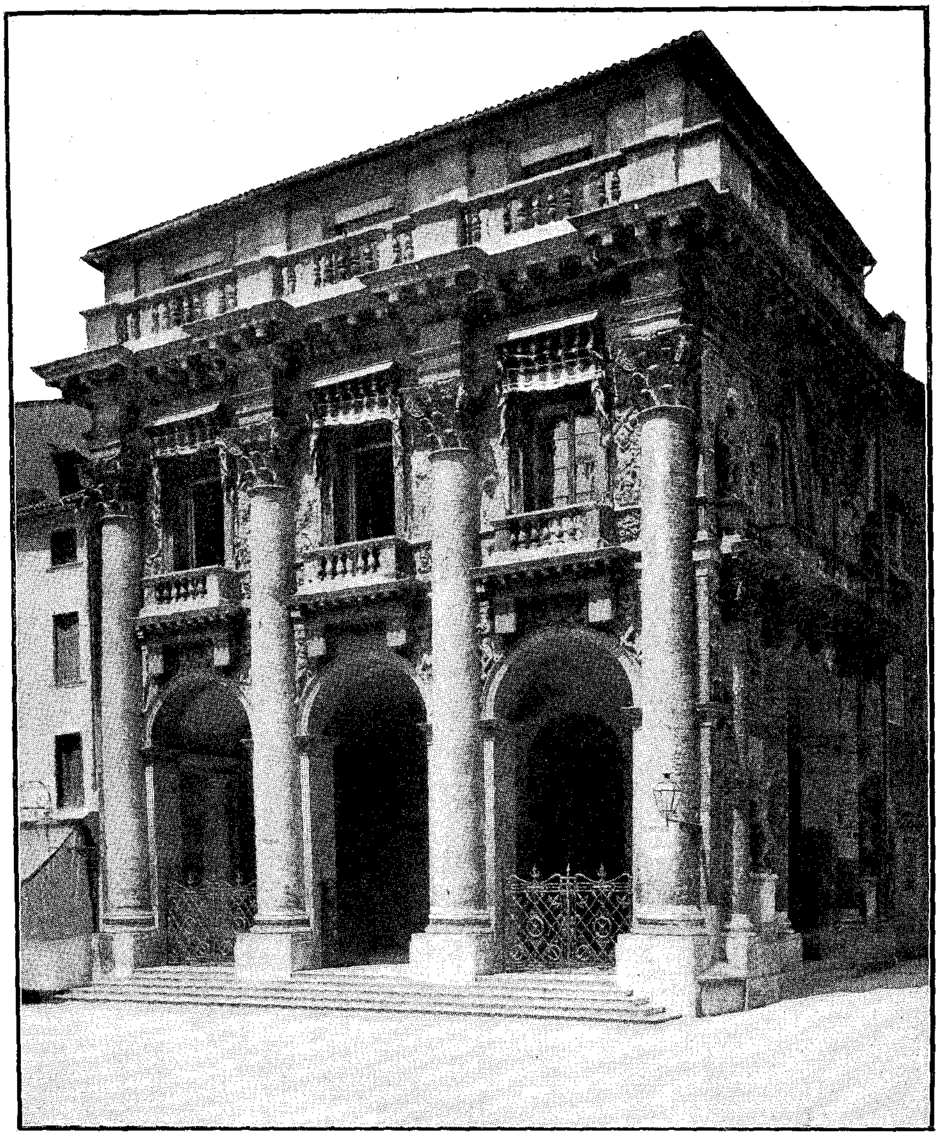
THE PIAZZA DE' SIGNORI

To the right the Palazzo della Ragione with the tall tower; in front the Venetian columns, one of which bears the Lion of St. Mark's; at the left the Municipio



PALLADIO'S ARCH OF TRIUMPH

of proportion, he was as insistent on the third, the necessity for decoration. But he was just as insistent that his proportions should not be spoiled by excessive or inappropriate decoration. Whatever decoration there was should count, every bit of it, in the harmonious but chaste effect of the building as a whole. Despite his own occasional lapses into pedantry, and his pupils' more frequent lapses, we cannot look upon these Vicentine palaces without being conscious of the ample realization of Palladio's aim. Would that in America and Germany we had more such structures as these, giving to us, not only fewer unlovely lines, but fewer pastry-cook decorations! The older buildings at home—the Capitol at Washington, the City Hall in New York, the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston—together with such new buildings as the Public Library in Boston, the Appellate Court, and the University and Metropolitan Clubs in New York, are evidences, first, that American architects have been achieving as admirable



THE LOGGIA BERNARDA

results as have any architects during the past hundred years, and, secondly, that the best Americans have always realized the value of "the simple life" in architecture. This "simple life" is, as well, of necessity, an extremely elegant and impressive art-expression.

Palladio's efforts fell on fruitful soil. His style found acceptance as authoritative and, in general, satisfying, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe. More than this, it has so remained throughout the ages. With all its defects, even that acute and severe critic, the late John Addington Symonds, was compelled to admit that this kind of architecture, so anxiously refined by Palladio, will hardly ever cease to be employed.

Palladio's influence on succeeding architects was especially evident in England, where distinguished men such as Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and their successors even to the present time have followed Palladian models. The immense palace of Whitehall, of which the banqueting hall, now the

Chapel Royal, alone remains, was planned by Inigo Jones in the Palladian style for Charles I.

The following age seemed even more affected by Palladio than had the preceding. In one of his epistles to Lord Burlington, who had published many of Palladio's drawings, Pope was moved to write as follows:

"You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings were once things of use;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rule
Fill half the land with imitating fools,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of your beauty many blunders make,
Load some old church with a theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate?

. . . .

Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door?"

Despite these quips, a native of the Veneto did henceforth dominate English architecture, and the proudest title worn by Inigo Jones was to be known as "the English Palladio." Inigo was energetic in causing to be published in England an edition with notes of Palladio's great work, "I quattro libri dell' architettura." Four years before his death Palladio had brought out this work in a folio amply illustrated by woodcuts. The "Four Books of Architecture" were translated ultimately into every European language, as they might well have been, for the principles there laid down could easily be assimilated everywhere. If Palladio's achievements in stucco, brick, stone, and marble came to be regarded by many as the most permanently influential work of the sixteenth century in architecture, the following two centuries acknowledged no more authoritative expression than his principles of classic art as prescribed in these volumes.

Palladio's erudition was manifest in several directions. For instance, he was a keen student of classical literature, and published noteworthy comments on the works of Polybius and Cæsar, illustrated by his own drawings. His learning and culture attracted the consideration of many art patrons and artists of his time. Pope Paul III. sent for him to report on the state of St. Peter's. Thirty miles to the west of us, at Verona, Sammicheli was observant of his rising rival; forty miles to the east of us, at Venice, Sansovino recommended the Republic to accept Palladio as his successor in the position of State Architect. Hence, when Henry III. of France passed through Venice, the Republic commissioned Palladio to decorate the city. His project for the Rialto Bridge at Venice, illustrated in his "Quattro Libri," was preferred to any, though extraordinarily eminent architects of the time competed for the design. Only owing to the lack of means was another's plan finally selected.

Sansovino's strength had been devoted quite as much to sculpture as to architecture, and the abler and more forceful if less graceful and fanciful Palladio became the last great standard-bearer of Italian art in the latter domain. The age of the Renaissance, which had restored Italian artists and literati to a sense of their own worth, was not to vanish without having the touch of a minutely thoroughgoing student of the antique—no merely servile imitator of old forms, but one who used them to create new forms; not ephemeral, but permanent. Brunelleschi and Bramante, those giants in architecture who had startlingly and splendidly inaugurated the Renaissance, may have been more daring and original, and more typical of their age as a new birth. Compared with the work of these men, Palladio's has seemed to some a work rather of calculated reason than of inspiration. But if the achievements of Brunelleschi and Bramante meant a rebirth, certainly Palladio's meant at least a reawakening.

Palladian architecture shows us that an impression of restful calm, but also a higher dramatic impression, is produced by simplicity rather than by complexity. Stiff, but surely dignified; inelastic, but surely elegant; possibly unimaginative, if you will, but surely reflecting the wisdom of the ages and nobly recreating it, Palladian architecture stood then and stands now rarely for any affectation of grandeur. A peculiar stateliness crowns its happy harmony and balance both of proportion and decoration.

Spring in Town

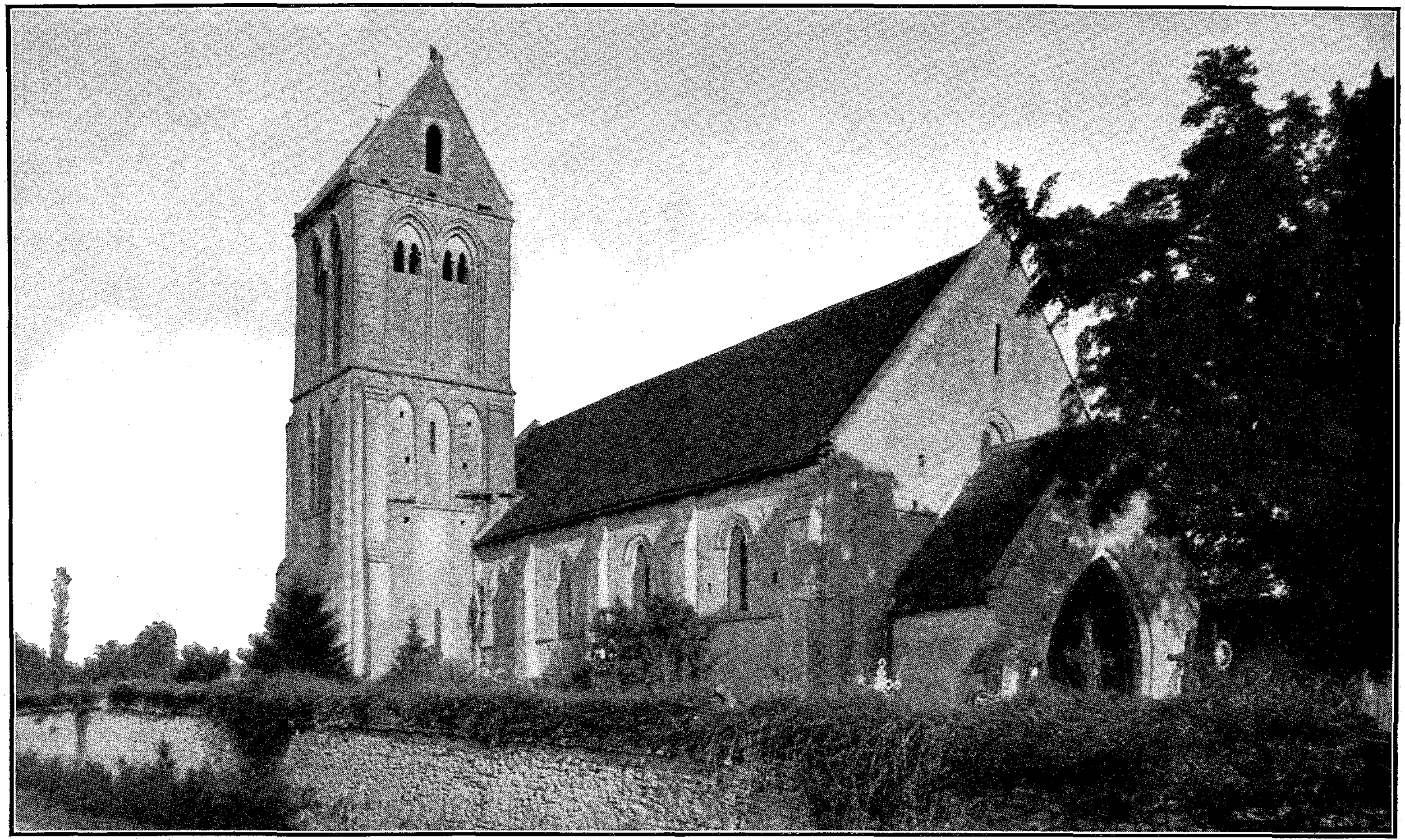
By Edith Child

The countryside lies buried deep
  Beneath bleak Winter's pall;
Spring has not roused it from its sleep
  With the first thrush's call:
Yet here we catch on every street
  The flutter of her gown,
And spy the imprint of her feet,
For Spring has come to town.

The daffodils in splendor flare
  Against the smoke-grimed walls;
Along the benches in the square
  The sun-warmed loafer sprawls.
The peg-top and the hoop are here,
  The circus and the clown,—
Ah, by such signs 'tis passing clear
  That Spring has come to town!

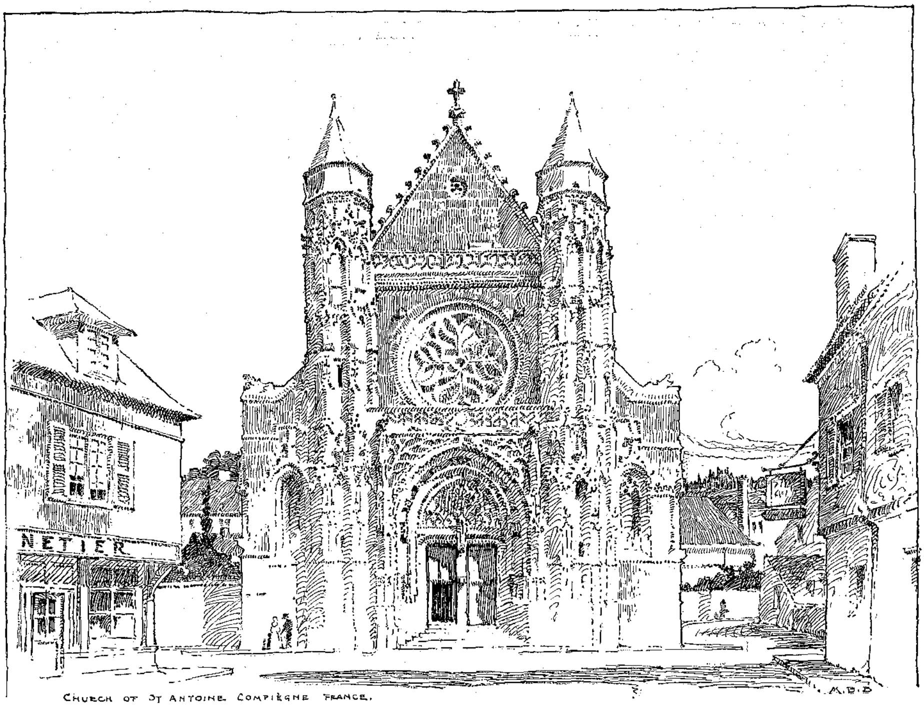
And see—a goddess in her walk,
  Sweet Phyllis draweth nigh!
Like windflower swaying on its stalk
  When April breezes sigh.
Her cheeks like blossoms, softly pink,
  The sun's warm gold, her crown;
Who, seeing her, could fail to think
  That Spring has come to town?

Ah, Phyllis, 'neath the solemn shell
  Convention bids us wear
Instincts of primal passion swell
  To bid us do and dare.
'Tis time to love,—and Love is best,
  Despite the cynic's frown;
Then let us mate, and let us nest,
  For Spring has come to town!



CHURCH AT POTIGNY, FRANCE

An exquisite little structure whose quality of quiet reserve is a pointed lesson to us



CHURCH OF ST ANTOINE COMPIÈGNE FRANCE.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE[1]

BY MAURICE B. BISCOE

A REMARKABLE feature of contemporary American architecture is the scarcity of well-designed churches, although in other directions progress has been most encouraging. Most of our recent architecture is not unworthy of an earnest and intelligent people, and compares favorably with that of other nations. The newer government buildings are nearly all dignified and stately expressions of lawful authority, in marked contrast with the inferior structures of the middle of the last century; college and university buildings begin to show the imprint of the tradition and progress of academic life; public libraries wear, in a surprisingly large number of cases, a modest, cultured, and scholarly air; and our homes are steadily growing in homelikeness, simplicity, and refinement.

In the midst of this advance in artistic perception and architectural expression, church design seems, except in notable individual cases, to have been slow to feel the effect of professional thought and endeavor, and the increase of public interest in architectural matters. A careful observer of the architectural development of the cities and towns in his vicinity must be impressed with the fact that either the architects of most of the churches are men of less ability than those who design our secular buildings, or that the latter show a lukewarm interest in the problem or an inadequate appreciation of its spirit when they turn to ecclesiastical work. These churches usually are elaborate or ostentatious, or they are picturesque and pretty. In either case they possess the qualities least to be sought after. Instead, we should have dignity, solemnity, and reverence always; in the little church simplicity even to bareness rather than prettiness, and in the great church such a grand and worthy structure as will bear, if necessary, the utmost richness of ornamentation without becoming pretentious or showy.

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[1] This article will be followed by two others in which Mr. Biscoe will consider other aspects of the same general subject.—THE EDITORS.

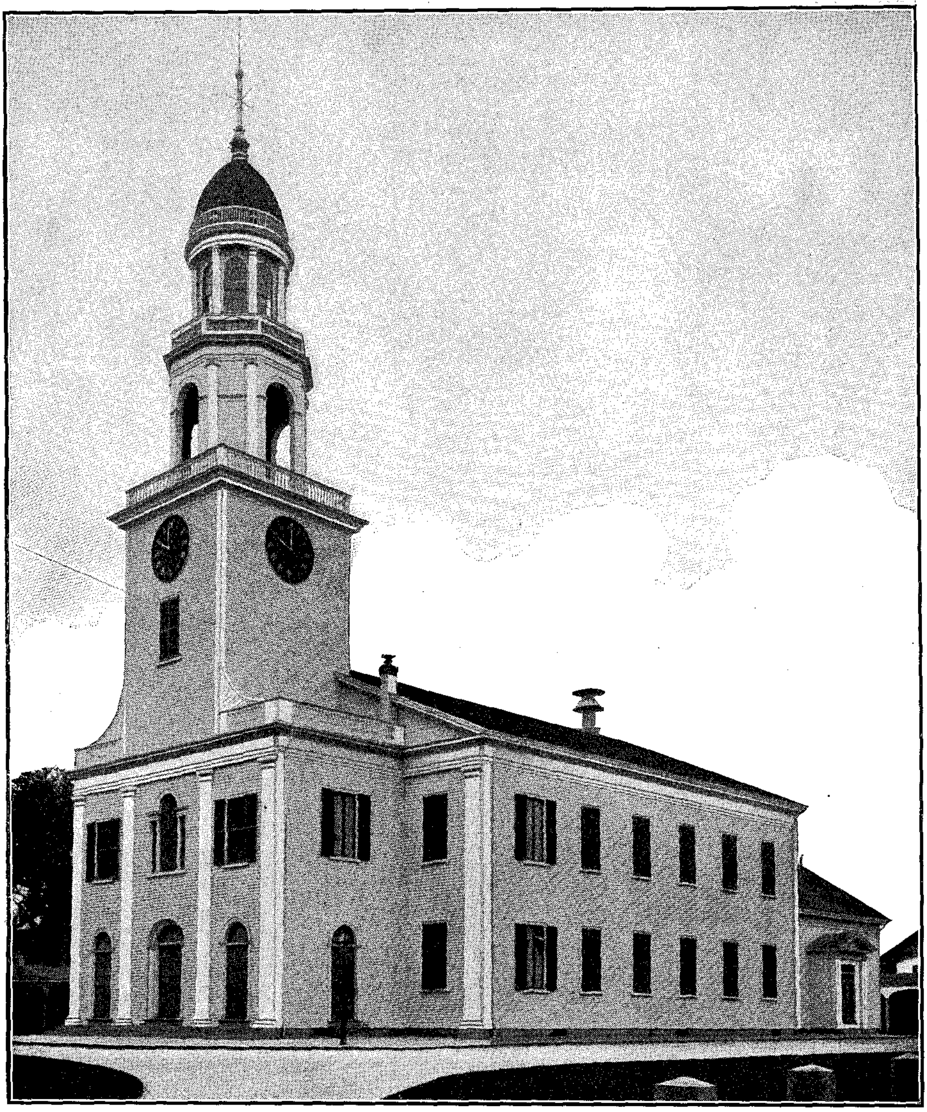
There is, however, one field in which progress has been made. The Episcopal Church, with its service so similar in architectural requirements to that of the Middle Ages, has a wealth of noble precedent to aid in the design of its buildings, and a small group of architects has arisen who, aided by the growing appreciation among Episcopalians of the spirit of mediæval English work and its application to the needs of to-day, are producing buildings worthy in every way of respectful study, and in many cases of unqualified admiration. The chapel at Groton School is such a structure.

A much more difficult problem presents itself in the architecture of non-liturgical churches. The simple service of these churches has existed but a comparatively short time, and architectural form as a product of special conditions and requirements is of slow growth. These denominations have, indeed, as models all the wonderful ecclesiastical buildings of mediæval times and the Renaissance, and these constitute a precious inheritance. They must form the very soul of our church architecture as far as it is the expression of the universal Church, but, it is hardly necessary to say, are of little value for guidance in the solution of the special problems of the non-liturgical churches of to-day. Capable of more direct application to present needs is the church of Colonial New England, the Puritan meeting-house, which in many ways is an excellent model. These interesting buildings were, however, conceived in a narrow and ascetic spirit and usually executed in the inferior medium of wooden construction, and, although they express with force the ideals of their day and some of those of ours, and should have great effect upon our building, a church studied direct from them will lack many of the characteristics of Christianity which appeal most strongly to the present generation.

Upon whatever precedents we rest or in whatever style we work, however, there are a few fundamental qualities which are essential in any church architecture, and the purpose of this article is briefly to illustrate some of these qualities.

What, then, shall we demand in our church buildings that they may be worthy of their high purpose?

In the first place, there must be dignity and solemnity in arrangement and character. There must be nothing trivial, mean, or merely pretty. Picturesqueness, which perhaps might be sought in designing a summer home, a cottage, or a golf club house, should never be striven after in a church. Purposeless towers and turrets, odd projecting gables without meaning, spreading buttresses with no load to carry but their own, are to be shunned, as are decorations without religious feeling, or such undignified arrangements as corner pulpits or theater-like auditoriums. All must be simple, symmetrical, straightforward, and church-like. The exterior must be such that there is no danger of mistaking the character of the building. There are churches in our country towns whose only badge of ecclesiastical character is a tower; otherwise they could hardly be distinguished from the public library or even the fire-engine house; and yet a tower is but an incident to a true church, where religious feeling should permeate everything—plan, masses, and details. The interior also should be solemn, reverent, religious. One who enters should be moved to an attitude of worship and the thinking of solemn thoughts by the sense of peace and rest from the turmoil of the outside world. Convenience of arrangement is important and a good view of the minister desirable; proper lighting should be provided, and acoustics must not be neglected; but with each of these things must be considered its effect on the architecture of the structure. The famous Lower Church of St. Francis at Assisi is very dark, its acoustics rather poor, and the seats uncomfortably straight, but all who have heard a mass celebrated there will agree, even though

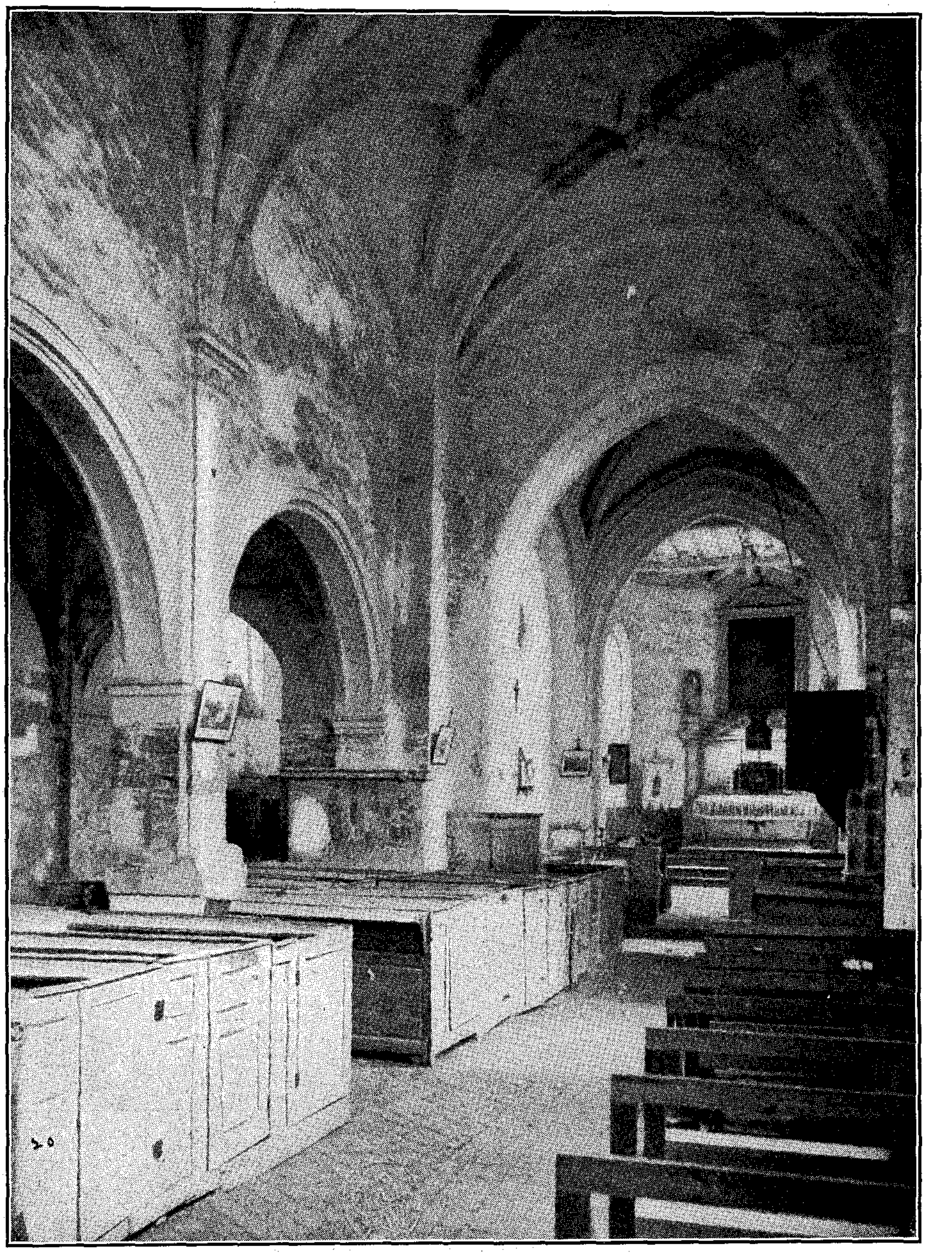


CHURCH AT DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

A typical New England meeting-house. Though admirable for its simplicity, directness of design, and self-respecting reserve, its extreme severity of line and its general aspect of bareness seem to express an asceticism little in accord with the modern conception of Christianity. The transitory character of its wooden construction, too, deprives it of a certain monumental character which it might otherwise have had.

they heard little and could catch but an occasional glimpse of the celebrant, that few hours of their lives have been spent under circumstances of more overwhelming religious influence. One does not have to turn Romanist to appreciate the power over men for good or ill of architecture and her sister arts when in the service of the church.

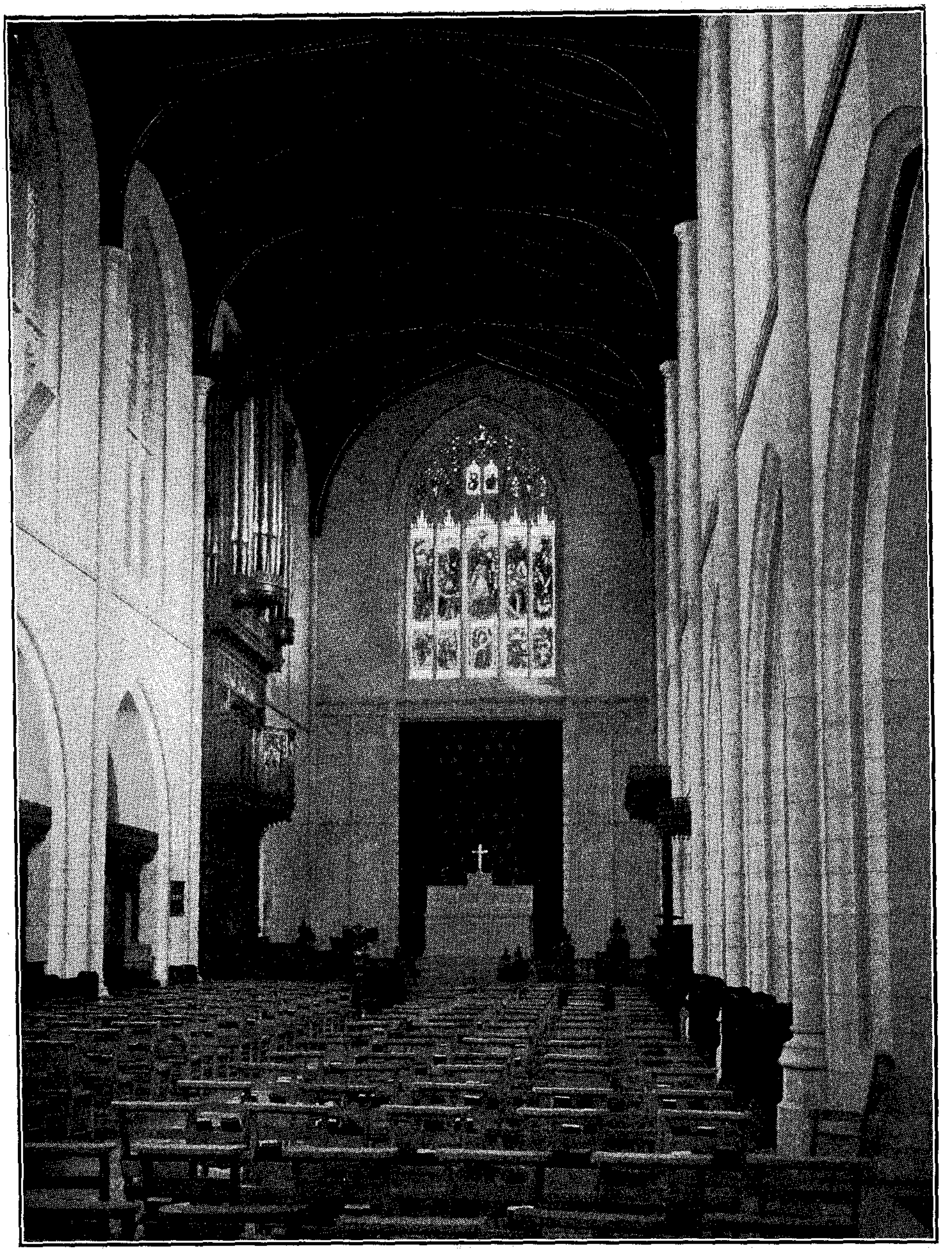
Our church must also be simple, as befits a simple religion. There must be no striving after effect, no theatricalism. All the monuments of the great architectural periods are simple in scheme. They may be richly decorated, and the details of the construction complex in the extreme, but all this is based upon an idea whose most striking characteristic is its simplicity. The charming little church at Potigny, France, is as simple as it well could be. Here there has been none of that conscious endeavor to



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT BERULLE, FRANCE

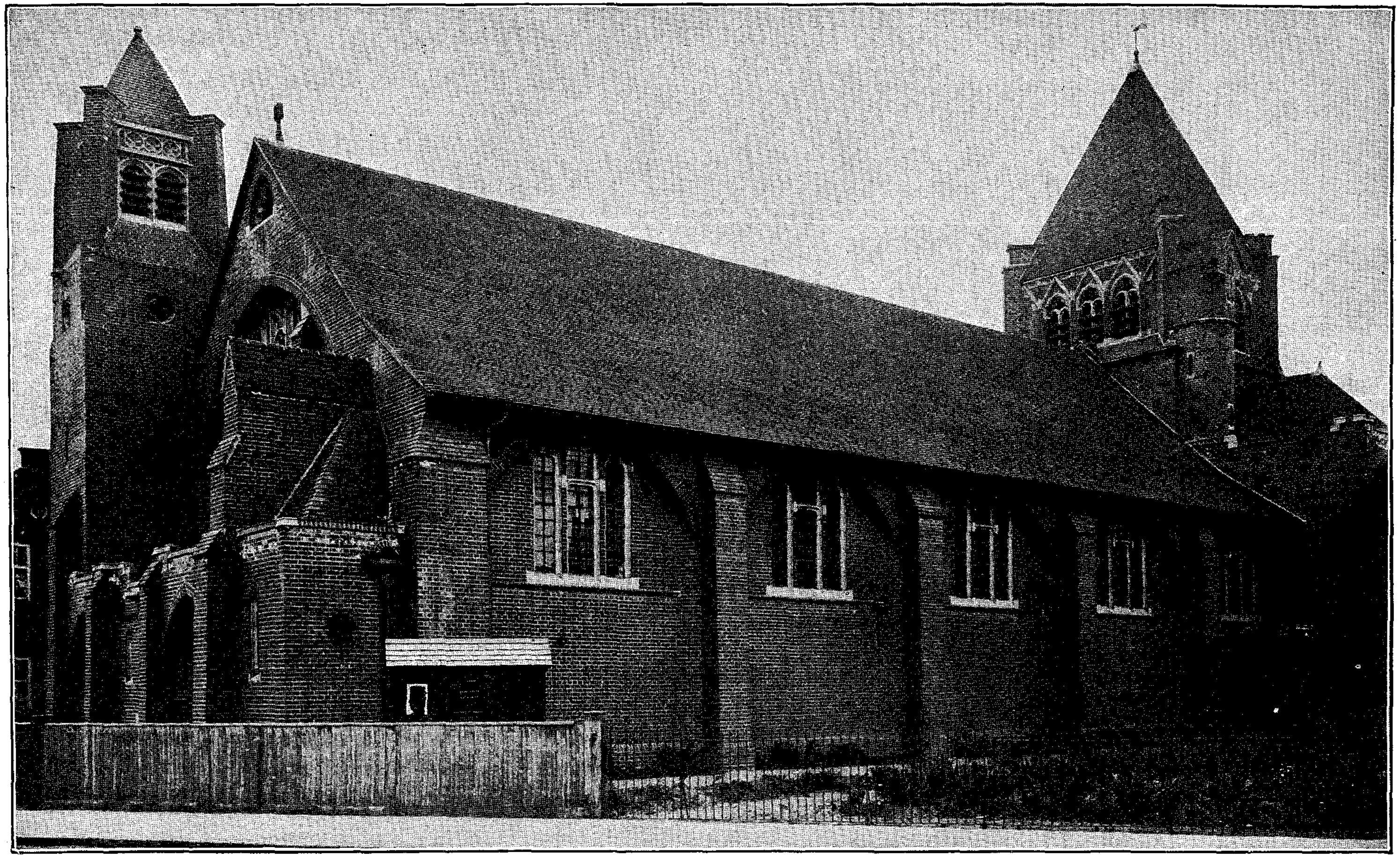
Notwithstanding its small size, the solemn religious purpose of this building is unmistakable

secure something picturesque and striking which is evident in the church design of so many of our architects. This building is almost without ornamentation of any sort; there are no transepts, dormers, or gables to give broken roof lines, and the tower is extremely plain, yet its simple and logical scheme and perfect proportions give it an appearance of dignity seldom found even in the richest of American churches. Many of our unsuccessful buildings result from a lack of appreciation of this quality of simplicity. To illustrate, a new church is to be built. The means at hand are small, but large enough if an ostentatious



THE CHAPEL, GROTON SCHOOL, GROTON, MASS.
Henry Vaughn, Architect
An excellent result of close study of English Gothic work

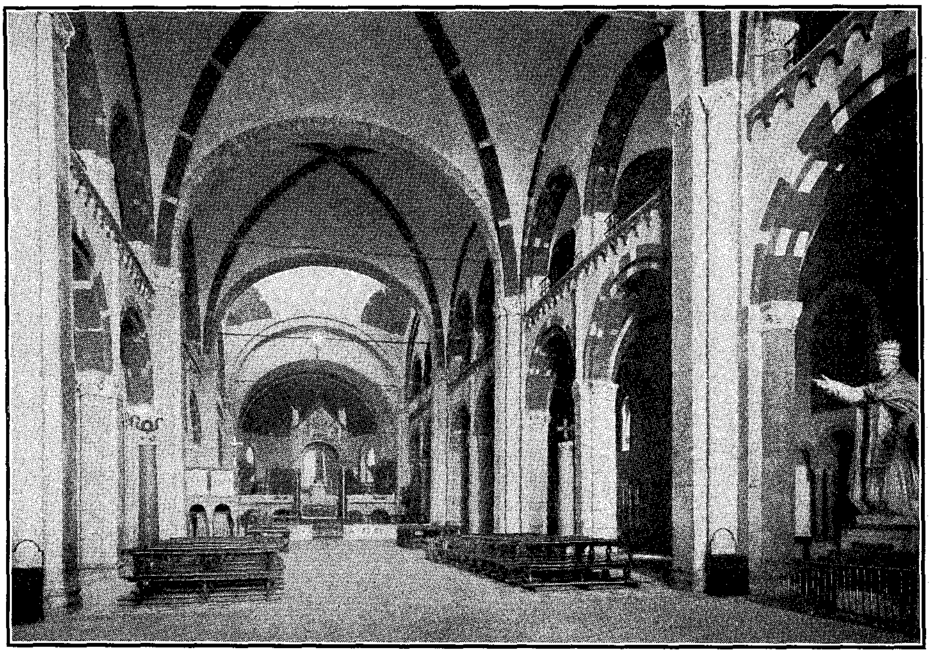
building is not attempted. But a building of cut stone is insisted upon, there must be a tower, traceried openings, "frescoed" walls, stained-glass windows, and so on. The result, as might have been expected, is not a happy one. In order to have the walls of cut stone, they must be very low and thus lack dignity. The tower cannot be a real tower whose glory is in loftiness, but is of necessity a squat affair which barely peeps over the church roof. The tracery is of wood painted to resemble stone; and the stained glass, as the best cannot be afforded, is second rate, which means nowadays that it is so bad as to be out-



CHURCH AT EDMONTON, ENGLAND

W. S. Caroe, Architect

Built for a parish whose membership was large and whose means were small, the architect has succeeded with limited funds in making this church self-respecting and reverential side the pale of serious criticism. How much better had the building been of stone with a split or seam face, or, if that were too costly, a good common red brick, as was used so intelligently in the church at Edmonton, England. Why not leave the tower off entirely, or build its foundations and leave it to the future to complete, and have no stained glass, but plain, clear leading, until the windows can be filled with the best glass to be had? Thus the structure would gain in dignity though it lost its pretentiousness, and would possess in its simplicity one of the essentials of any true work of art. Again, the church must be honest and truthful in its construction and decoration. The interior decoration of a theater or even a concert hall may fail to conform strictly to the actual construction without any great offense, because these buildings are ordinarily used for amusement in the lighter hours of our lives; but the church is the most solemn of all buildings, a monument to God as well as a house wherein to worship him, and in such a place there must be no sham, no insincerity or make-believe. Wood must be wood and plaster must be plaster, and neither masquerade as stone. Suppose the piers and arcades in the Church of St. Ambrose at Milan, which is here illustrated, were constructed of lath and plaster wrought to resemble stone and inclosing slender iron columns, as was done in a large and costly church which the writer saw in process of erection a few months since, what would have become of its fine religious grandeur? As it stands it is one of the great monuments of architecture. The change would convert it into a ridiculous piece of theatricalism



CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE, MILAN

The impressiveness of this well-known interior is in itself an argument for simplicity and for the use of exposed masonry in the interior of churches

If, as it should be, our architecture is an expression of our civilization and religion, let it not belie that religion which is simple and truthful, or misrepresent the earnest search for truth which has characterized that civilization; and if, as is doubtless true, our architecture has its influence upon us in return, let it be an influence for truth as against humbug and pretense. Much good material has been lost in sham construction. Brick, next to stone perhaps the noblest of our building materials, and capable with proper handling of beautiful effects of color, is too often hidden behind a screen of plaster, and much fine wood has become dull and uninteresting under a mask of stone-colored paint.

The fourth quality which I would emphasize as essental to a true church is permanency. If there is any one thing upon which the Christian Church insists, it is that it is lasting and continuous, if not immutable. Our churches should be permanent because they represent such an institution, and because they are related with all in our lives that we think of as fixed and unaffected by the constant changes of the material world. The history of the building of temples and churches forms the greater part of the history of architecture in almost every age, and that history, as we see it written over the face of Europe in the characters of the old churches, is clear and legible, because the builders of those churches were earnest, conscientious men working, not alone for the practical needs of the moment, but also, to the best of their knowledge and strength, striving to raise perpetual monuments to the glory of God. Wood as a material for church building is not to be considered, except, perhaps, for the construction of a mere shelter for a small congregation until the real church can be built. There was a time in this country when the people were poor, lumber cheap, and stone and brick so dear that wooden churches were perhaps necessary; but to-day the people are no longer poor, materials for masonry are ready at hand in any locality, and lumber is every year growing more and more scarce. The church should be of stone or brick, its floor, if possible, of masonry, and its roof of slate, tile, or metal. There should be nothing to decay, and little or no paint to wash off and require renewal. Sun and storm are the enemies of wooden construction, bringing gradual and certain deterioration, but to brick or stone they are friends, softening their texture and mellowing their color as each season goes by.

Another essential is that the decoration of our churches should be the very best that our times can produce, or else that all decoration should be dispensed with. There is abroad in the land an individual calling himself a "decorator," or more often a "painter and decorator," who is not in the least afraid to attempt anything from painting a barn to ornamenting the walls of a church with patterns and stencils, in the use of which he is a past-master. It can be said, almost without exception, that this man is the enemy of true decoration, and the church within whose walls he is admitted is artistically doomed. He is a person whose mission it is to deceive, to attempt by his glazes and washes to make the cheap look rich and the shabby look new, and even sometimes to make the new look old and venerable. "But," it is protested, "we cannot afford to have a great artist paint our walls with his splendid conceptions, and certainly they cannot go bare." And why not bare? If your walls are of good solid masonry, they will demand no decoration; and if of plaster, what is more quiet and dignified than plaster walls tinted a soft gray? Then, if sometime you can afford to have a master (not necessarily one with an international reputation) paint for you a vault here, or a bay there, you will be decorating your church in the true sense of the word. The same may be said of stained glass, of stone or wood carving. The very best there is is none too good for the church; and, on the other hand, a dignified and reverent building is quite possible without decoration. But there is no middle course. Mediocre work is unbearable; we must have the best there is or none.

The sixth quality which our church building should have is what we may call a modern spirit in its design. While utilizing to the utmost the architectural forms which the Church has made her own through centuries of growth and development, we must also meet the conditions imposed by the beliefs, forms, and usages of the present day, giving to each part of the building the importance of position and the character of treatment which its present use demands. It is only necessary to glance at the history of Christian architecture to see how exactly it follows the needs of the slowly developing Church and how justly it expresses each phase of that development. How plainly the churches of the tenth century express the ignorance of the time and the gloomy theology then existing! Those of the thirteenth tell of a mystical and poetical religion with its atmosphere of legend and tradition, and of the power and glory of the Church; the Italian churches of the Renaissance from every stone and every decoration breathe forth the new gospel of life worth living for itself and the beauty of this world and the things in it; and the churches of seventeenth-century Rome are blazoned over with the hypocrisy of the Counter Reformation. The growth of a portion of the building to conform to its practical importance is well illustrated in the progression from the small semicircular apse of the early Christian basilicas, large and rich enough for the comparatively simple service and few ministrants, to the great vaulted choirs of the Gothic churches and abbeys, none too rich or grand for the elaborate ritual employed, nor too great for the large number of priests or monks participating.

The skillful reproduction of one of the monuments of the past to serve present needs, though it may be interesting and even beautiful, is not architecture, but archæology. The original building found the cause of its particular form and character in the ideals and customs of its own age, and our building must do the same.

To restate: Our church, if it is to be a fitting and adequate expression of its purpose, should be a dignified and solemn place, simple and regular in scheme, truthful in its construction and decoration, permanent, therefore of masonry. It must be pervaded by a modern spirit, and its decorations, if there are any, must be of the very highest kind. These are fundamental qualities, and a true church can never be realized until those for whom the church is built, the minister, the building committee, the congregation, see the importance of these essentials, and give to the architect their sympathy and support in his effort to reach the high ideal of conceiving and creating a building which, as long as it shall stand, will worthily express the Christian Church of our day.

The City of Books

By Edith Hope Kinney

O city of my fond retreat!
Within thy bounds no discords beat;
Thy clear chimes echo starry calms;
Thy peaceful parks breathe blossom balms;
Thy very suburbs stretch away
To fields forever green with May,
Where visions wing and vistas gleam,
With lures to loiter and to dream!

To fright thy courts no war-cry falls,
Nor whir of wheels within thy walls;
Adown thy streets nor strife nor stress,
But leisure for life's loveliness;
Yet idlers none thy dwellers be,
Thralled each in some high industry—
The gardeners of deathless blooms,
The weavers at mind's mighty looms,
The singers of immortal songs—
With these I mingle in thy throngs!

O city of my dear desire!
To reach thy rest my days aspire;
Content to toil, content to roam,

If but the twilight bring me home,
Fain for the welcome that awaits
World-wearied ones within thy gates!

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK FORFEY

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL

THE MARINER MISSIONARY

THE OUTLOOK is glad to have its readers make acquaintance with the face of Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary from Labrador, and wishes it were able as easily to have them know the man himself. For six weeks he has been in New York and Boston, speaking morning, noon, and night in behalf of the Labrador Mission, and this month will begin a tour of addresses in Canada, until the moment when the breaking of the ice allows him to board his hospital ship again, to carry help and healing down the bleak northern coast.

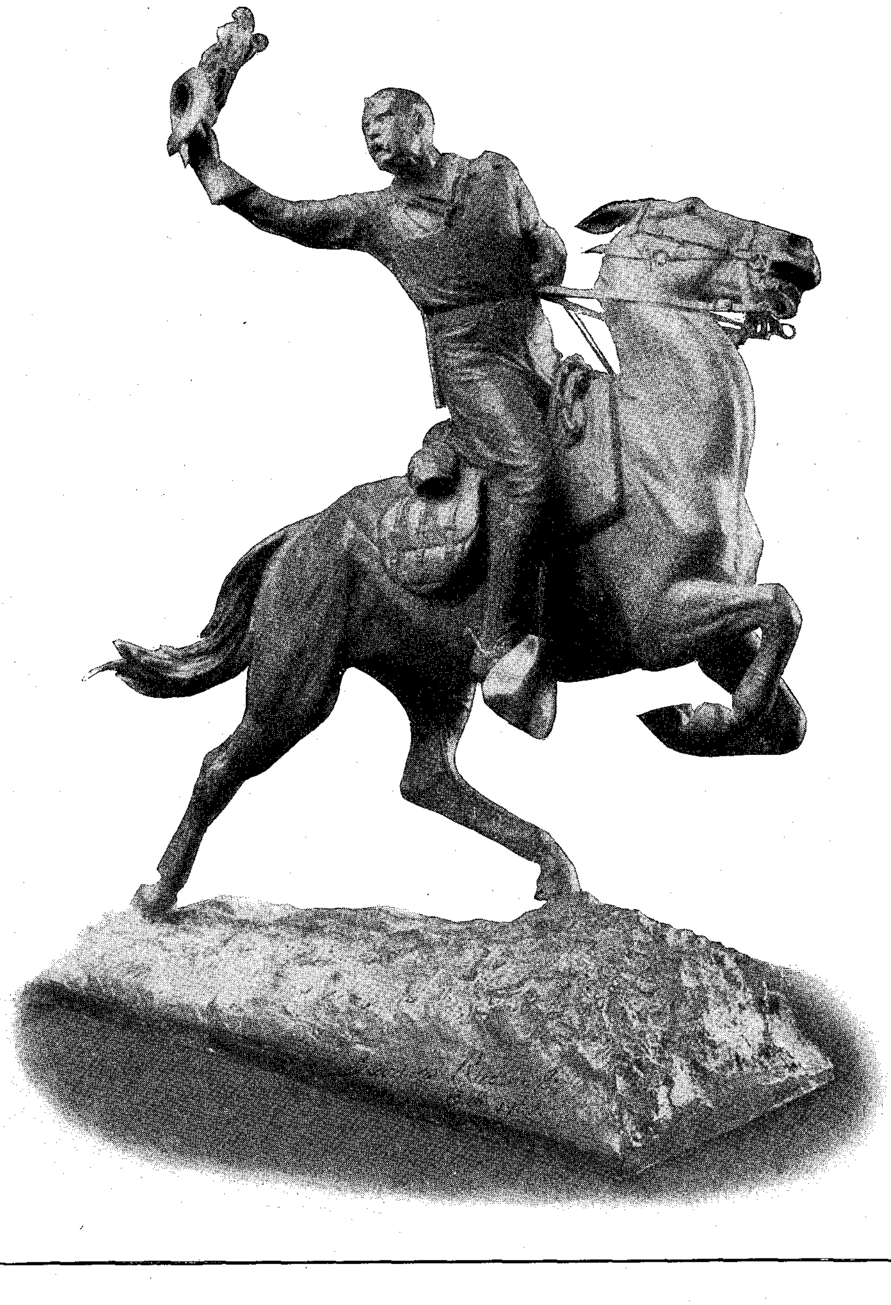
And yet one almost hesitates to speak of him personally, remembering his comment when a medical friend told him of getting the book " Dr. Grenfell's Parish." " Don't read it," he said ; " there's a lot of stuff about me in it." For he is too simple, too direct, too heart-centered in his work, to be thinking about himself, and he takes the honor and admiration and friendliness of all who meet him with the simple pleasure of a child—sometimes with surprise. " It's wonderful that these New York physicians show so much kindness to a strange doctor"—he says, for instance. No one meets Dr. Grenfell without feeling the faith and force and goodness that lie within the quiet, clear-voiced, kind-eyed Anglo-Saxon. And the kindness he wonders over often is but the unconscious tribute men pay to such a man.

While here he has been bent on the business which brings him from his work—the practical task of raising the twenty thousand dollars needed to keep his hospitals running, and coal his steamer, and provide food where starvation threatens, and carry on the many beneficent activities which betoken the presence of love in the world to the hard-faring dwellers of the North. Not that he ever asks for money or makes any appeal. He tells the story of the need, and the facts speak for themselves.

Even in versatile America it is not common to find a man who with physicians is a doctor, with clergymen a minister, with sailors a skipper, with sportsmen a boxer and athlete, with business men a practical organizer, with wrong-doers a magistrate, and to them all, as to the small seven-year-old lad, a lover of tales of King Arthur, allowed to sit up beyond bedtime to see a real, true knight—to them all a hero. For those who have been on the Labrador coast, whether as resident or visitor, know the needs of the people, and the bravery and wisdom of the man who labors among them in perils by land and by sea. For thirteen years he has gone up and down the two thousand miles of the " worst coast in the world," by dog-sled over the snow when the ice shut back the ships, relieving the suffering of sick folk hundreds of miles from medical care. He has established three hospitals, putting at the head of each a man inspired with a purpose like his own, has founded co-operative stores where the fishermen may receive fair prices for their fish and not be at the mercy of the traders who paid them in provisions and kept them hopelessly in debt, has built a mill where men may work when other industries fail, and always and everywhere preaches the Gospel. It is a simple Gospel, as old as its founder, that God loves men and helps them to be good. For the fishermen, ever facing His storms and His cold, fear God, he finds, but are not sure of His love and of their power to live as His children.

Englishmen are sometimes criticised for lack of humor, but those who live close to death and danger are not without sense of the comical. Dr. Grenfell likes to tell of the gift from an American minister of some artificial limbs, and of " the aged fisherman's wife who is now peregrinating the rocky coast on the legs of the Rev. Ozora Davis." And his laugh is good to hear.

Love of the sea, and the desire to put his life where it would help, brought Dr. Grenfell to these waters, which before the Mission ship first spread its sail were desolate indeed. His life is as full of joy as of hardship, for he works for the love of God, which includes love of humanity, and he bears not unworthily the name made sacred centuries ago of " The Good Physician."



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

At San Juan Hill

A HISTORIAN IN BRONZE

By Katherine M. Roof

Illustrated with photographs of statues and bas-reliefs by James Edward Kelly

WHETHER our point of view toward art is one that conceives of beauty as an end in itself or as a means to the expression of a definite pictorial idea, we cannot but recognize the force of the human appeal. In an indirect sense, even a landscape may have this quality. There is a phase of art—perhaps one might say a form of art—that is essentially art for artists. The art of Whistler belongs in this class, and possibly that of Manet and the late J. H. Twachtmann. There is a photographic, story-telling kind of picture that finds popularity with a large number of people that yet has no professional recognition as art; and there is an art—such as that of Jean François Millet—which is not only recognized by the profession, but also reaches those who do not realize distinctions in technique and those who do not know the meaning of the word. This is when the subject and sentiment are such as have a universal appeal. The portrait is another form of art which reaches the comprehension of all because of the presence of the human element which includes—in the work of the greatest painters—the very essence of the subject's personality as well as the more superficial aspects of likeness.

The representation of soldiers, of scenes of battle, is one of the subjects of almost universal interest, although the majority of such pictures are apt to have a merely illustrative value. This is the artistic failure of Meissonier's widely known "1807." To embody the dramatic and pictorial impression of battle there must be an intense concentration of interest, instead of, as in the Meissonier picture, the scattered interest of faithful detail and many figures.

James Edward Kelly, the sculptor, who has made the representations of soldiers and of historic incident something of a specialty, has been most successful in seizing this single dramatic idea. In his bronzes in the round—"Sheridan's Ride," "Paul Revere," and "The Charge up San Juan Hill"—this is especially felt, partly because the single figure gives one the impression more intensely, for tragedy is not collective. The mind does not realize easily great disasters involving large numbers of lives, except through the concrete tragedy. But Mr. Kelly has created his dramatic effect with equal success in the bas-relief containing many figures reproduced here from the pedestal of the monument on the field of the battle of Monmouth, "The Council of War." Here, where there is no violence of action shown in the figures, and while each separate figure is conceived separately as an individual type, the effect of the whole is that of a single burning interest holding all together. There is suspense, a portentous event in the air.

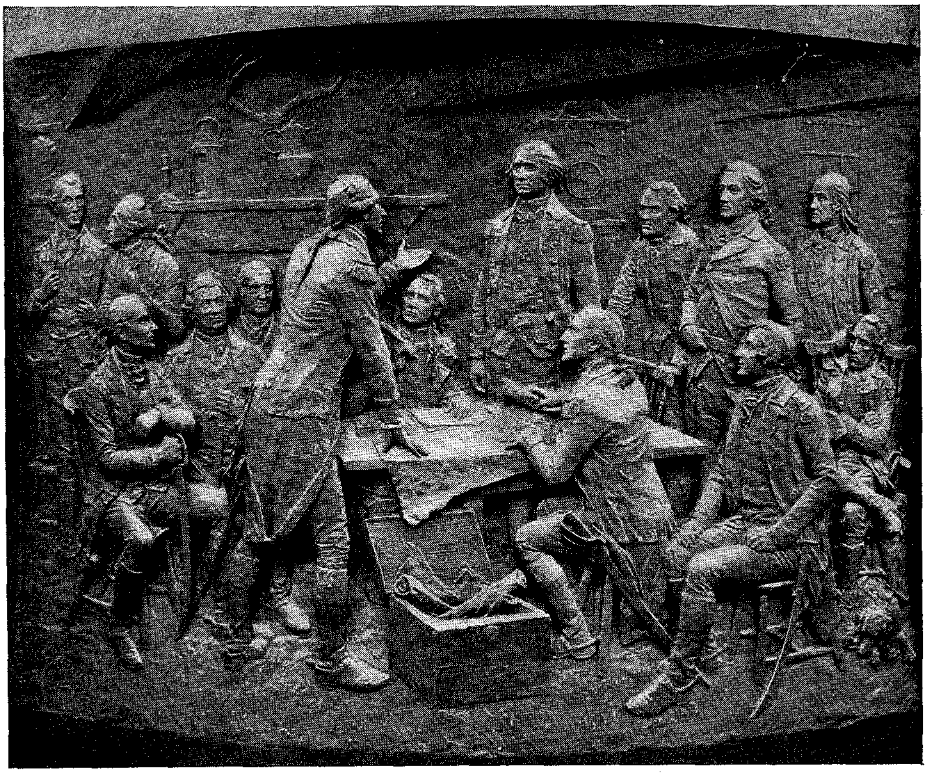
The representation of violent action is one of the artist's problems. The expression of force, while interesting as a motive, does not in many cases make a picture permanently pleasing for the eye to rest upon. It is often the artist's reason for choice, however. When Millet was accused in his drawing of "The New-born Calf" of making of it a sociological argument—something such as has been seen by some in "The Man with the Hoe"—he clearly explained that his only idea was the expression of the sense of weight in the man's arms. The same motive was undoubtedly his interest in that beautiful drawing in the Boston Museum representing a pig being led to slaughter. Many of the Greek statues, those of wrestlers, the Disc Thrower, and the Laocoön group, have for their primary dramatic interest the expression of violent action.

In his "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" Maurice Hewlett makes an interesting comment upon Donatello's "Judith" in the Loggia of the Lanzi in Florence.

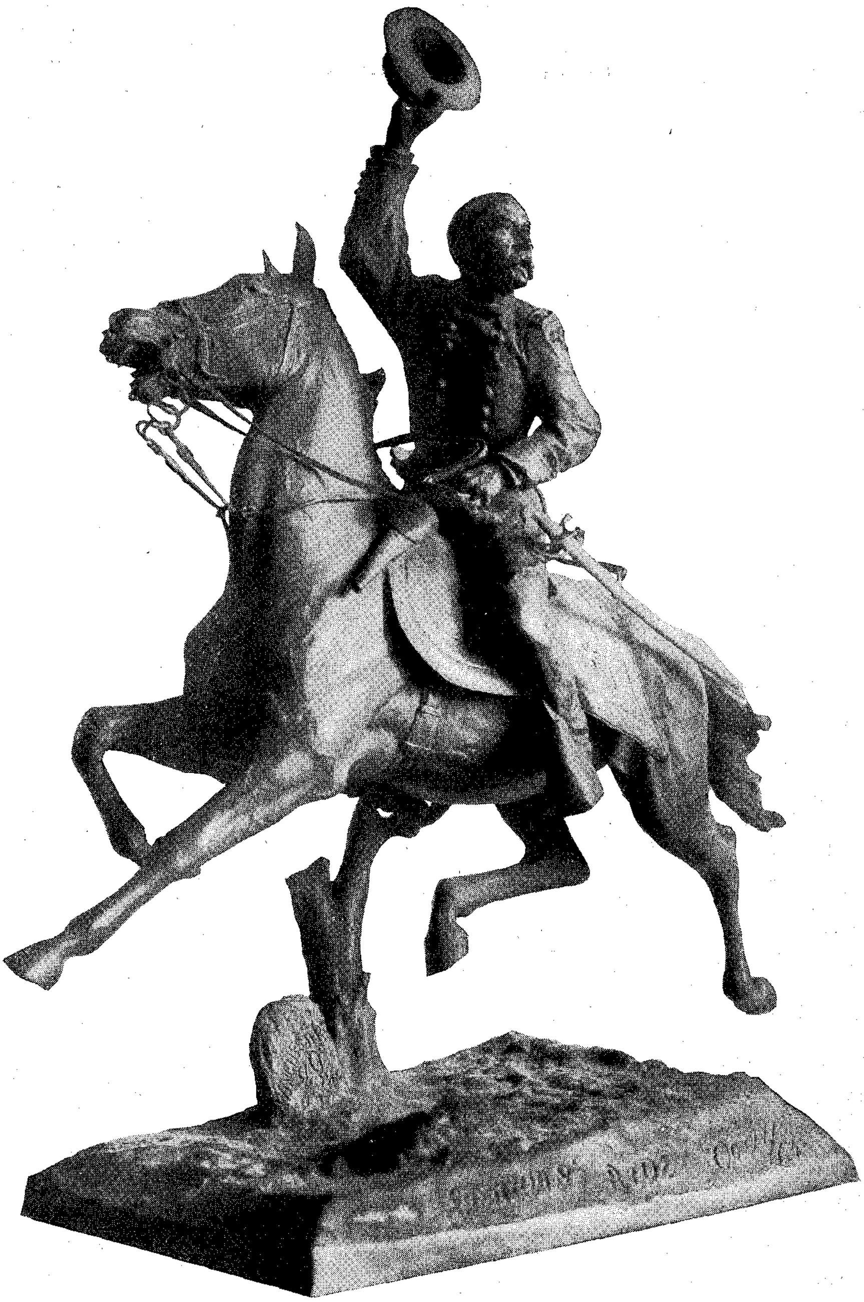
The figure, it will be remembered, is represented with upraised arm holding the knife. "It is fatal," Mr. Hewlett says, "*to freeze a moment of time into an eternity of waiting.* His 'Judith' will never strike; her arm is palsied where it swings." While this mistake is perhaps more strongly felt in the round, it is still a criticism to be applied both to bas-relief and to pictures. In Mr. Kelly's representations of episodes of battle there is always noticeable a sense of forward or upward movement, so that the mind, instead of receiving the impression of arrested action, is carried *forward.* As in the Italian tenor's solo, the upraised sword seems to indicate the aspiration of the high note. Mr. Kelly's attention being called to this fact, he made the comment that in representing the action of a sword he never made use of the *falling* action. In the interesting bas-relief of "Ramsay Defending the Pass" (also on the pedestal of the Monmouth Monument), illustrating the moment when Ramsay, single-handed and on foot, held the pass against the British Light Dragoons, the direction of the sword is downward, but with all the suggestion in the lines that of a tremendous expenditure of force.

The equestrian statue of General Porter, which is to be placed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is quiet and reposeful in character, expressing the dignified, calm quality of the man. The General is represented with cap held over his heart in the act of saluting the colors. But the majority of Mr. Kelly's military sculptures depict a marked action. It is variously shown in the tremendous impetus of "Sheridan's Ride" and of the Roosevelt "Charge," and in the force, momentarily withheld, yet ready to shoot like the arrow from the sprung bow, in the Paul Revere bronze. The hero is represented just at that swift second of pausing to look for the second signal light in the tower.

In "The Council of War," the consultation called by Washington before the battle of Monmouth, the drama—which



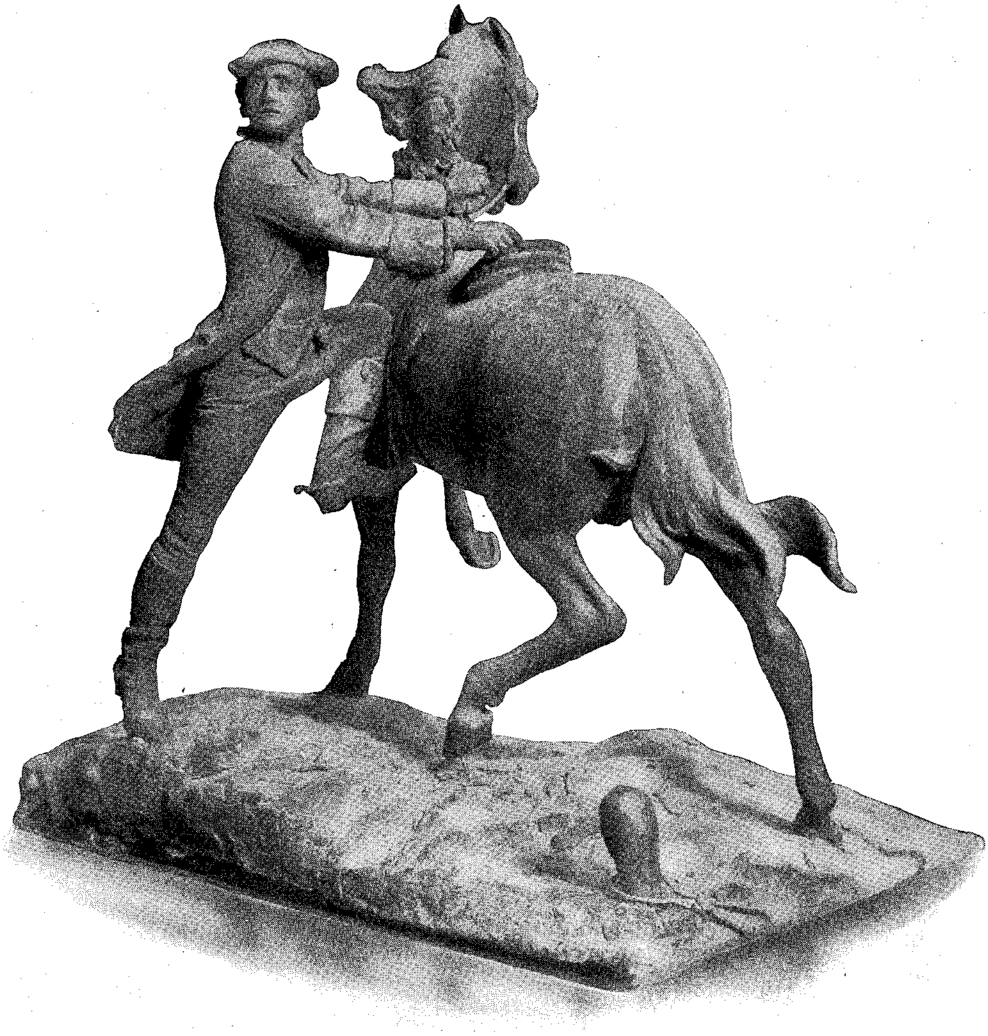
THE COUNCIL OF WAR



SHERIDAN'S RIDE

is not that of violent action but of the tensity of the moment of decision—is interestingly shown in the attitudes of the different men, varying according to their type. While he was working upon this bas-relief Mr. Kelly went to a political meeting to study the expression of feet in the moments of argument and to observe their action during the various phases of interest and excitement.

For his representations of the Revolutionary heroes he has not only studied the old portraits, but all the old records and letters—the type and character of



PAUL REVERE

each man. The face and figure of Washington were studied from the Peele portrait and the Houdon bust; those of Greene, from the medal presented him by Congress. There was no portrait or miniature of Poor in existence, but it happened that one Sunday, shortly before the General's death, Kosciuszco, the Polish volunteer, made a pencil sketch of him in his hymn-book during the church service. Mr. Kelly used this sketch to base his representation upon.

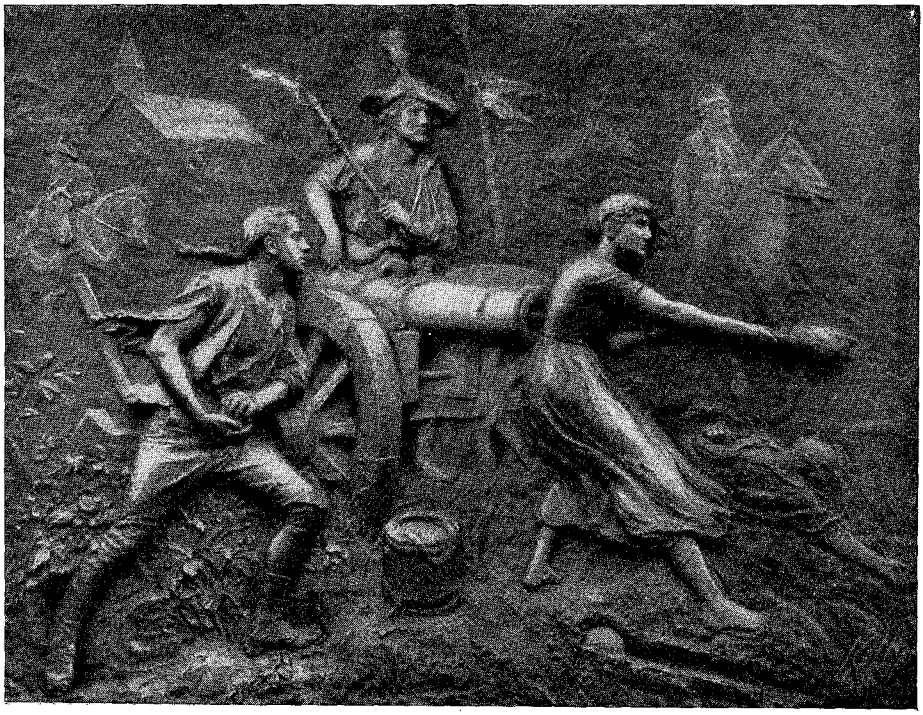
There are three bas-reliefs upon the Monmouth monument besides the two mentioned above—"Wayne's Charge," "Washington Rallying His Troops," and "Molly Pitcher." The fine, clean-cut face and dashing character of "Mad Anthony" Wayne are very positively expressed in the bronze. This incident was the final charge of the day.

The face of Ramsay was studied from the miniature by Charles Wilson Peele, who was his brother-in-law, and from an old silhouette. The sword, a curious short cutlass, was loaned to Mr. Kelly by the family at the time he was working upon the figure. The arms on the hat of the British soldier, a skull and crossbones and the motto "Death or Glory," was copied from a breastplate of the Seventeenth Dragoons, which, by a curious coincidence, was unearthed at Harlem Heights just at the time that Mr. Kelly was working upon the relief.

The story of Molly Pitcher is interesting. She was a gunner's wife, and during the battle of Monmouth was in the act of bringing water for the sponge to clean out the gun, when her husband was killed before her eyes. But before the order was given to withdraw, she sprang to the gun, took her husband's place, and so made it possible for the gun to be kept in action throughout the engagement. For this act Washington afterward gave her the rank of sergeant in the army, so that she might draw pay. She used to wear a cocked hat and soldier's coat, and in the bills of the regiment are recorded items of tent-cloth for skirts for Molly. For the figures of the two gunners Mr. Kelly used his friends—Thomas Edison, the inventor, and E. A. Bell, the painter, as men having a fine characteristically American facial type.

In his Civil War subjects Mr. Kelly has been able to put into his portraits an intimate knowledge of the personalities of the men, as he has known nearly all the heroes of the Civil and Spanish Wars. Besides his monuments, he has made portraits of all the prominent army and navy men for a private collection. One of the three bas-reliefs from the Porter monument, which is already completed, is illustrative of the charge at Malvern Hill, which was during the seven days' battle under McClellan, in July, 1862, and resulted in the first victory of the war. When, upon this occasion, General Porter had given the order, "Forward!" he yet charged his men to "ride over the wounded soldiers without hurting them." Such a thought in such an hour is, as Mr. Kelly commented, as clear a definition of the character of the man as could be given.

Mr. Kelly was a student at the old Academy of Design, and was one of the group of artists who founded the Art Students' League. But as a sculptor he has worked out his own salvation. Earlier in his career he did a great deal of illustrating for the old "Scribner" and for "Harper's Magazine," and he was the inventor of an important improvement in the process of wood-engraving. His first equestrian statue—"Sheridan's Ride"—grew out of the desire to represent in the round a sketch originally made for an illustration for Bryant's "History of the United States." This



MOLLY PITCHER

bronze was the first to be made with the horse's four legs off the ground. When Mr. Roosevelt was a young man just out of college, he happened to see a replica of it in Tiffany's window, and, with that promptness of decision which now is so familiar a characteristic, went in at once and bought it. He told the clerk he liked it for its Americanism. A number of years later, on his return from Cuba, he gave Mr. Kelly two sittings for the statue of himself reproduced here. Both bronzes are now in the President's possession.

It would not be making a just comment on Mr. Kelly or his work to fail to refer to his marvelous sympathy with and knowledge about horses. Horses from whom he has worked have actually in many cases learned to pose for him—although one not intimately acquainted with the animal might be inclined to smile at the idea.

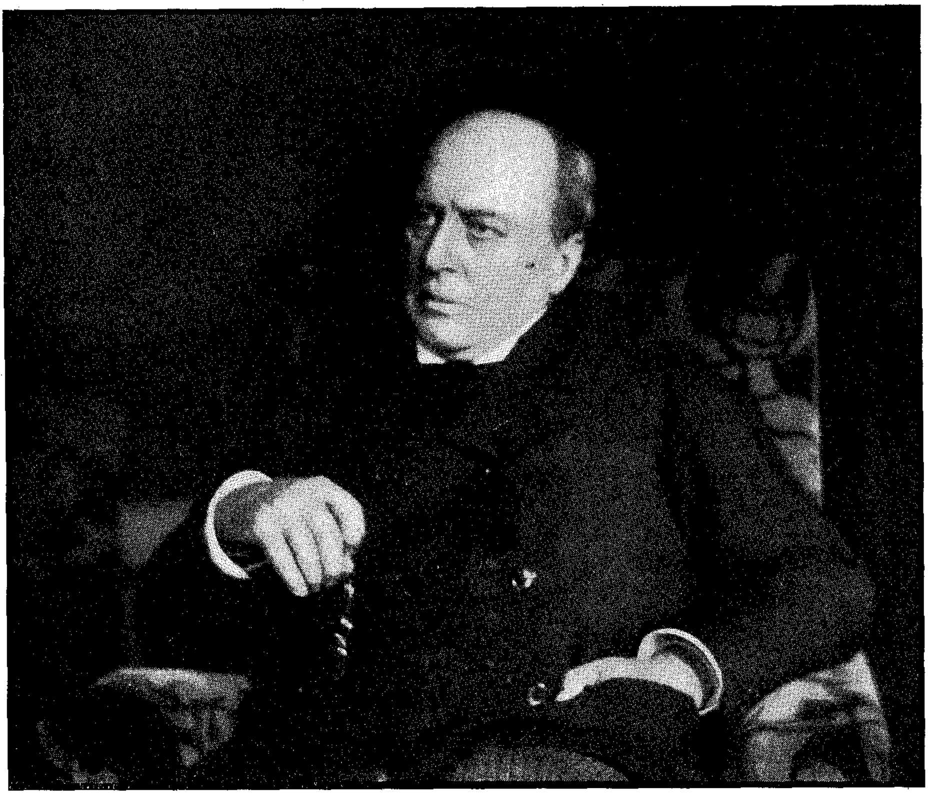
Yet neither Mr. Kelly's most favored opportunities nor his deepest success have come from his ability to make spirited and dramatic representation of heroes and horses, but because of the quality of his own unobtrusive yet vital personality, which inspires confidence in all who come in contact with it. Because of this, military and naval heroes with an unconquerable repugnance to "having their picture taken" have gladly given him sittings. Mr. Kelly is an optimist of that rare variety which brings out the very best in others by believing in it.

In all his work, whether it be a single figure, a portrait, or the pictorial representation of a heroic incident, Mr. Kelly defines it as his aspiration to record in it a page of history. And in all his historical sculpture the thing that he seeks to express is the individuality of the man and the use he has made of it in the service of his country.

HENRY JAMES

A STUDENT who is versed in physiognomy might be tempted to find in the changes in facial expression between the earlier and later pictures of Mr. James the record, in a vague but yet in an authentic way, of the change in his point of view and his style; for in his case pre-eminently the style is the man, and his manner of writing to-day is subtly suggestive of the nature of his experience and the habit of mind which he has formed in dealing with it. A New Englander of the New Englanders; inheriting the best traditions of the somewhat austere cleanliness of the old New England life; the minimizing of the furnishings, the emphasis upon the higher conditions of living; bound to integrity by the habit of generations; representing, in a word, the most cultivated tendency of what Dr. Holmes called the Brahmin caste, Mr. James is the product of the modification of this purely distinctive American type by the concentrated and sustained pressure of the most searching and subtle foreign influences. Emerging from a province, he felt constantly, and he has reflected permanently, the persuasive and modifying atmosphere of an older society, and has been changed and colored by the fascinating, delicate, unescapable forces that emerge from an ancient civilization when a sensitive subject is exposed to them.

His own pencil is an exceedingly delicate one. He has made himself what the French would call a little master in the art of social and spiritual portraiture. He has rarely chosen to take an impression of a temperament which has followed its own line of development without the recognition of a qualifying environment. His choice has uniformly been, and his skill has curiously fitted his choice, to record the most elusive changes wrought in temperament by juxtaposition with other temperaments. He rarely portrays the absolute character; it is the relative character, so to speak, which engages him; the character in process of disintegration or of reintegration in response to a new group of influences. He will be recognized years hence as one of the most skillful artists of his time in detecting and preserving the more delicate impressions of a period in which the provincial, not only in America, but in Europe, passed over into something



PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDER WEYDE

HENRY JAMES

which simulated, if it did not really secure, cosmopolitanism. It is the American under English, French, or Italian influences who appears in the later stories, or the Italian thrown into relief by striking contrasts with the American temperament. He is the painter of the villager suddenly transported to the capital. His portraits belong, therefore, not in the gallery of the great primitive or natural types, such as Balzac, Thackeray, and Tolstoy have given us, but rather with the works of those lesser but extraordinarily skillful painters who have, so to speak, surprised the soul of their sitters in transition and have shown them modifying their own type; or where, as in a few cases, the type remains fixed, he has brought out with extraordinary skill those aspects and traits which stand in the broadest contrast with the character and quality of moral or social life in a new situation.

His biography of Mr. Story is a textbook of these subtle shiftings and readjustments for which this period has given such ample opportunity. It may be suspected that it is in a certain sense autobiographical, and that the limitations which are hinted at as the result of long expatriation, of constant response to influences alien from those which played upon temperament in youth, may be traced in his own career and work. Certainly between the author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," "The American," and the other fresh, clear, and beautiful works of the youth of Mr. James's art, and "The Wings of a Dove," "The Golden Bowl," and the other works of the maturity of his art, there are changes which are suggestive of limitation. Whatever may be the final judgment as to the authenticity of his portraiture and its permanent value, it is quite certain that no American has been better equipped nor has any made a more exacting study of his materials and his methods than has this accomplished writer.

Cæsar in Servitude

By Edith Rickert

Author of "The Reapers," etc.

IT is I know not how many years since Cæsar, the all-powerful dictator over some score million men, on a certain dusty day in late summer, stood alone, unattended, almost unobserved, on the street of a miserable village in his illimitable domain. A little, spare man he was, in a gray traveling coat, high boots, and a visored cap drawn over his eyes. He was unattended, because of the freak—whim—passion—that had brought him thither; unobserved, because the whole village was out in the harvest-fields; and alone, because his driver was at the moment harnessing his team in the stables of the posting-station.

Up and down paced Cæsar, grinding the dust beneath his sharp-turning heel. He was dumb and dizzy with repressed rage. The woman had smiled upon him, toyed with him, led him on, until at last, upon her word, he had driven twenty miles to her house this summer's day, only to find all the doors barred to his knocking. And twenty miles he must drive back through the dust, balked, raging—he, the ruler of millions!

In his unsteady pacing he drew overnear the open door of one of the straw-thatched hovels, and a lean, yellow cur ran out, snarling and snapping at his legs. With a sudden gleam of pointed white teeth through his reddish beard, Cæsar stooped, and, catching the animal between his knees, with a sharp twist of both long-fingered, white hands, stretched it broken-necked on the road. Then he resumed his pacing.

In the door of the hut stood Michael, son of Michael, whose father was chief man in the village, and watched the act. Then, his spectacled student's face hot with passion, he strode out upon the puny stranger. "That is my dog!"

A moment Cæsar stared at him, then made a gesture as of brushing him aside; but the student was fresh from reading "The Equality of Man," bitter from his recent expulsion from the University for democratic tendencies, and broad-shouldered enough for two, and he blocked the way.

"I said that was my dog."

Cæsar looked imperial, but Michael, who was short-sighted, outstared him in virtuous indignation.

"Who are you?" demanded Cæsar then, with sufficient mildness, remembering that for the day he was not himself.

"That's no matter—I want my dog," persisted the student, rudely.

"Take your dog!" The royal foot spurned the carcass.

Michael pondered. He was of peasant stock, and his brain took time to turn over its ideas. But there was also a whisper current in his village that much book-learning had made him mad; and to this belief he straightway began to give color by the following acts.

"Come, you are certainly a stranger, and you may be a nobleman for all I know—or care; but that need not prevent you from giving me satisfaction for the loss of my dog."

Cæsar turned instinctively to give an order, remembered that he was alone and not to be revealed as himself, and was silent.

"Come, come, sir!" the student admonished him.

"Is there no reverence on your tongue?" he stuttered, confusedly; and inwardly cursed the woman for whose sake he was reduced to this sorry figure.

At this Michael laughed aloud. "Reverence?" quoth he, being either very mad or quite unused to Majesty without its accompaniments. "Reverence? What should I reverence? God, who made our souls, they say? The Archbishop, who can save them? Cæsar, who holds our bodies in the hollow of his hand? But you! You may be a noble, but you are a common man like myself—not so big, not so strong, nor any better, I'll warrant by the look of you. Come, now, I've an idea. Did you ever do a day's work in your life? I've half a mind—

well, it would not be so bad a revenge, either—" He ended with another loud laugh, so that Cæsar wondered, with a touch of fear, whether he was in his senses.

But the monarch was reassured by the rattle of his traveling-carriage, which at that moment drove out into the road, the horses full-fed and prancing. He climbed to his place, and fixed a savage glance forward along the road, remembering the woman who had enticed him only to betray him, and who was even now in his mind suffering such vengeance as he could devise.

His introspection made him blind to what was going on in the road. He did not observe that his driver, pausing to adjust a twisted strap, was watched by the student with a malicious grin; nor did he see the man, turning to mount to his seat, suddenly lift a hand and tumble in a heap. But as the carriage started, he awoke to the fact that it was the student who was driving. As in a dream, he turned and perceived his servant coughing in the dust; and by the time that realization came to him of the thing that must have occurred, the horses were going so fast that he could only cling to his seat and curse. Thus they traversed the village in such perilous wise as not to attempt to avoid the rickety bridge by a circuit through the ford; and only by some special dispensation can be explained their escape from crashing through into the caked mud below. For the first time in his life, outwardly at least, Cæsar was not his own master.

I should not suppose that much was said during that sun-hot ride between the wheat-fields. Mile after mile of the straight white road trailed away behind them, Cæsar hanging on for safety of life and limb, and the student, with dusty spectacles and grim mouth, doing his best with the horses. The harvesters among the wheat stopped work in wonder at the mad career under the midsummer sun. They passed the fertile tract and came out into the steppes, then drove for one, two, three hours, jolting in and out among intolerable ruts, with nothing between them and the treeless horizon but brown grass and scrub and a little heather. In the end they dipped sharply into a ravine, at the bottom of which crawled a muddy stream, with a line of mud-colored huts squeezed between its half-baked bed and the brown slope behind.

Then at last Michael, son of Michael, spoke and laughed again: "Ha, ha, brother, now we are at home again; and we shall go in to dinner with Basil and Theodore and Alexander and Martha and Anna and the old man and the grandmother. And the horses shall be looked to . . . and then we shall see . . . very good . . . all right."

He pulled up, and jumped to the ground with a halloo that brought men, women, and children running to their doors, for it was then the hour for the midday meal.

Cæsar leaned over the wheel and tried to speak; but choked for the dust in his throat, and could only gasp, "Water."

They brought it to him in a tin dipper—warm, brown water; and they did not seem to observe that he sickened as he struggled to drink a little.

While they were chattering and whispering among themselves, and prodding Michael, who stood at the horses' heads and grinned, to tell them the meaning of this sudden and strange entry, Cæsar drew himself up with the full intention of declaring himself as he was. But yet he sat immovable, almost as in a trance, until he was stirred by Michael's sharp voice, "Get down," and, to his own infinite wonder, found himself standing on the ground. He could not have told then whether he had stepped out himself or had been lifted out by main force.

The words were on Cæsar's lips now: "I am he before whom you and millions like you tremble." But the speech was choked by a swift and sickening fear: "Perhaps if they knew me now—alone and helpless in their hands—perhaps they might not tremble. . . . They might remember their old discontent. . . . Curse that woman! She shall pay." But he was silent.

As in a dream he heard a dispute going on between father and son, but knew not what it was about, nor how it terminated; and, as in a dream, he allowed himself to be pushed into the house and to the bench by the table on which the meal was smoking. There was a chunk of black bread before him, and a spoon with which he was to dip into the greasiness of cabbage and water, with yellow globules of hemp-oil floating on the surface. He turned away with disgust, and observed with a kind of curiosity each face before him, wondering what they would say and how they would look when they knew who he was. But still a vague fear kept his lips sealed.

What the student had told his family Cæsar had not heard; but they all watched him wide-eyed and a little aloof, though they were not for that the more slow in gulping down their dinner. But presently Michael leaned forward and tapped Cæsar's spoon: "He who will not eat cannot work; and for this one day at least you are mine, and you shall learn the meaning of that word. Afterwards let come what will"—his head drooped on his breast in momentary gloom—"it is but a little sooner. So, brother, be you merchant or be you prince, to day you are my slave, and you shall work or you shall die. That's my great idea, ho, ho!" and he went off again into laughter.

Cautiously, very cautiously, the captive put the question, "And if I were Cæsar himself?"

The end of his sentence was scarcely heard for the roars that swept the room.

"Well for you that you are not! Cæsar!"

"He'd make two of you."

"They say no one can meet his eye."

"It would be our day then."

"Why, my puny princeling—for your clothes are fine—if you've so much land as to fill your two pockets I'll eat it all"—this last from Michael, who dipped the spoon into the soup and held it under the victim's nose. "Eat," quoth the peasant-tyrant; and the royal slave, though he choked, obeyed. Cæsar, spoon-fed, and struggling to swallow barley crusts—I pass over the spectacle. Only some considerable fear for his dear life could have brought him to that.

When the meal was done, the father arose, sighing deeply over this new madness of Michael's, and, followed by most of his sons, went forth into the fields again. The daughters began to clear the table, and the old grandmother knelt in prayer before the Sacred Images.

At a wink from Michael, Basil, the biggest and most lout-faced of the brothers, had stayed behind, and the two of them began to strip their captive. He, unaware of their purpose, gave sharp cries and struggled helplessly in their arms, but they only laughed at the whiteness of his linen and his feeble bones, and with no great effort forced him into the peasant's garb. It was marvelous how much of his rank vanished in this transformation, how the face was no longer haughty but only cruel, how the refinements of blue blood were lost in the tracks of vice and disease, how majesty was drowned in the brutality of degeneration. And as he stood there wriggling under the itch of the coarse stuff upon a tender skin, it seemed that all his imperial spirit had resided in the shadow of the dignity of which he was now stripped. Cæsar in peasant's clothes became peasant, and worse than peasant, slave, not only to the whims of those who had thus degraded him, but also, and even more, to such base passions of fear, and dreams of revenge, and entreaties for divine interposition as few peasants have ever known.

But he went with outward meekness between the two brothers, and they set him to work in the vegetable garden behind the house. Basil it was who, perceiving his complete ignorance of the use of the tools, whispered to Michael and asked what vengeance he was preparing for their heads. But Michael only laughed and said, with the wild enthusiasm that had marked him from the first, "We are in the hands of powers, be they God or devil, that none can understand. What fear you? Let the man learn." And yet I am sure he had no suspicion of the truth.

All through the heat of that long afternoon they kept him bent over the earth, weeding and hoeing and digging and doing all manner of rough work, and when he faltered they hastened him with gibes and cuffs and kicks. The first time that hand was laid upon him he drew himself up to the utmost of his height and opened his thick red lips to speak; but when he looked at the two great peasants with the snarl in their teeth and the gleam in their eyes, and when he perceived the mad light behind the spectacles that marked Michael's deviation from the norm of peasant life, he was chilled with fear and loosed his fists and turned aside. And when they saw that he was afraid, they had less mercy than before, and tossed him from one to the other, almost at the point of their pitchforks, until his life became a panic and he gave a shrill scream for help.

At this, Michael turned him down into the soft earth and stamped upon him, while he pleaded for mercy until there was no breath in him and he lay still. Then they shook him to his feet, and when he hung trembling against the hot wall and could not move or speak, they stood before him, arms akimbo, and Michael poured denunciations of the divinely appointed distinctions of rank into his dull ears.

"But Cæsar"—he began, and they waited, amazed that he had found courage to speak at all.

"Well—Cæsar?"

"Cæsar will be revenged," said he, as in a dream.

They laughed and poked him painfully in the ribs and tweaked his ears. "Cæsar? Cæsar? What is Cæsar? Our god that sits in his White Palace, blind and deaf and dumb to all the sorrow and pain of his children? Foh!—Cæsar! We die like sheep of the rot and he never knows."

"I know—I know"—mumbled the unfortunate.

"You know? You? Yes, yes, you make a beginning to-day, perhaps. But this is nothing at all. This is the peasant's good time—summer. In the winter, how is it then? What can we do but sleep?—on the stove when we can get a turn, on the floor when we must. We eat when we can the cabbage soup that you do not like, black crusts when there is nothing better; and when there is no food at all, we lie like logs and dream there is no such thing as food in the world. What think you of that, brother? We are black with soot and cannot wash; frostbitten in fingers and toes and cannot work; and in famine times the wolves come by twos and threes and carry off our children on the way to school. It is not so bad then, sweating in the summer sun as you sweat to-day, brother, for once in your life; but in the black winter—then there is something to talk about. But what can we do? We are thrust into the world and we must live or we must die; and so we go on from generation to generation, slaves to the soil, slaves to the frost, slaves to our brother men; and when we find the time and the money, we drink brandy and say that God is good and Cæsar is great. . . . Fall to, fall to, brother! There's work in you yet; and if your back break, it's soon mended with a whip."

He labored on—this pitiable Cæsar—with some dim imagining in his brain that if he faltered they would strangle him as he had slain the dog. And he prayed for the night, when he might flee and stumble into safety and be comforted into his old self by those that alone knew of his foolish quest. But this time he had no more thought for the woman whose absence had led him into his plight.

It was strange to see how here came out in him through excess of fear something of the patient endurance and wiry strength of the peasant—a flicker of life perhaps from ancient ancestors who had tilled the soil for generations before they climbed up the throne of the Cæsars.

The two that stood over him as he wrought made light of his blistered, bleeding hands and broken nails; they scoffed at the sweat on his flushed face; but when at one point he reached the limit of endurance, and, with a sigh, stood erect to relieve his aching back, and Basil flicked him lightly with a whip, then in him peasant and king shot together in a flame of wrath, and he leaped like a wildcat upon his prey. But speedily he was crushed and weeping like a child in the sinewy arms of the brothers; and there was a fierce dispute between them as to what should be done with him.

Michael's imagination had risen even to talk of the knout, when the old man returned, soft-voiced and slow of speech, and prayed mercy for him that could not open his lips to say, " I am your Cæsar," lest they should turn and rend him who had never shown them mercy in his life.

But at the relief he tottered, and while they held him up between them his head wagged from side to side, so that they had to lay him on a strip of turf and open his blouse.

While they then stood looking down upon him, there came from the village a humming sound that resolved itself into the roll of wheels, the thud of hoofs, and the murmur of voices. And although the sun was still high and most of the folk were not yet home from the fields, there was nevertheless a small stream of people following the priest as he made his way through the house to the garden, and a little curdle of bystanders round the traveling-carriage from which a tall, veiled woman descended. They knew her, many of the villagers, as the great lady of the town next to theirs, and they did her reverence; but she pushed her way through them without a glance, leaving them to wonder at the rustle of her silks, the gleam of her jewels, and the fragrance of her perfumes, and was standing by the faded green cassock of the priest before that worthy had launched into the questions she had enjoined upon him.

"Where is he? My God, my God, where is he?" she cried in a tongue that the peasants did not understand; and perceiving the puny figure on the grass, she gave a great cry and dropped to her knees by its side. There she knelt and rocked herself with her face in her hands, and when the priest bent over and, upon the assurance of the father and sons who stood by, told her that the man was not dead, she seized his wrist and, pointing to the inquisitive faces that gathered ever more thickly around, said hoarsely: "Drive them off! Send them home! Bid them pray to the Sacred Images to spare the village, for they have this day witnessed a crime that may be washed out with blood."

A whispered hint was enough to send them apart as swallows before a storm; but they hung about the street and their own doors, fearfully expectant. Only the old man and his two sons remained immovable, while the priest turned aside to fetch water for him that lay on the grass.

Then Cæsar's eyes opened with a jerk, and stared into the beautiful face that, veil withdrawn, hung over him—stared, and said nothing.

"Mercy!" she entreated, in a low voice.

With a great effort he raised himself on one elbow, and looked round at his tormentors; then he fell back and stared at her again, still speechless.

"Blame me for my fault, sire, but not for Fate. The knocking at the door that should have been yours this morning came from those that hunt me for my debts. And I fled as I could, without saddle or bridle. But I sent to meet you one that proved faithless. And when I knew that, I rode back in defiance of them all—and came hither—forgive!"

He stared at her in unforgiving silence.

And the more she rocked herself and wept that he must show mercy to his slave, the more cruel grew the look in the hard blue eyes of him that lay soiled and bruised and bleeding through her fault.

It seemed that she had forgotten that she was not alone; but now, although the old man stood shivering as in a wintry wind, and Basil let himself be held by the restraining arm of the priest, Michael pushed forward fiercely. "Mercy?" said he. "And what mercy for us, then?" His voice was not humble, but as if under hard constraint.

And Cæsar turned his face away.

But yet, at the first gesture of Michael's arm and Basil's forward leap, he was on his knees behind the shelter of the woman's skirts.

"Make an end," muttered Michael. "It can't be worse for us." And he caught up a pruning-knife from the bench by the wall.

The lady faced them both with a splendid defiance; but the old man, in a sudden fever of strength, caught Basil and pinioned his arms, while Cæsar, perceiving the glitter of a weapon, abandoned his hiding-place and ran as in a panic across and round the garden. It was a terrible chase, with its desperate swerves and narrow chances; but the pursued was soon breathless, and, doubling on his tracks, he fell down again at the feet of the lady. And she, with uplifted arm, meeting the pursuer, received the blow of the knife in her flesh, and with a sharp thrust sent him staggering against his brother. Before he could move or speak, she had stepped forward over Cæsar prostrate, plucked out the knife, and twisted her girdle about the wound.

"Go in, poor fools," said she. "It is not you who shall cut off this precious life. Ah, I know you! You are of the mad ones that pine for freedom, and think by bloodshed to bring her captive to your feet. You think yourselves the only slaves because you are poor and hungry and beaten by other men. And you envy me, who suffer none of these things, and this—this piece of humanity that lies senseless at my feet, who is master of us all. Why, therein you show your folly. He is as great a slave as any of you—in bondage to the sins of his ancestors; to terror of those about him that call themselves his friends; to the fancies of his bloodless brain; to the weakness of his diseased body; and even to me. And I, for whom he risked his life, coming alone and in disguise—am I free? I, who run away from bailiffs, who tremble before a gambling husband lest, after wasting my estate in debts, he beat me that I have no more—I, whose hope to-day was frustrated by the bribing of a drunken peasant—I . . . ? Well, we are all slaves—and fools."

She had exhausted the bitterness of her passion, and could scarcely gasp: "Peace be with you, brothers! You shall none of you be the worse for this day's madness—I pledge you my word for it—and he—may he be the better, though that is much to hope. Go in and pray to your saints, and keep silence on your lips. Stand off now."

Before they knew what she would be at, she had stooped and gathered up the senseless figure into her arms as if it had been a child, and passed away from the motionless group, through the house and out into the dusty street.

There was a little ripple of wonder among the loiterers as she came by them with her burden, and laid Cæsar, still senseless, across the front seat of her carriage; but she had given her order and entered, as serenely as swiftly, before the throng could utter a sound.

And so Cæsar, the invincible, the all-powerful, ruler of rulers and slave of slaves, vanished from the village forever, as he had come, in a heavy cloud of dust.

Shut In

By Charles P. Cleaves

My window opens on a world
Illumed by all the light of day,—
The homes and haunts of birds and men,
And children at their play.
And how much God can do I see
Wrought in each passing day.

Since yesterday a swelling bud
Has burst into a fragrant flower;
The clematis has nearer crept,
The maple leaves hang lower;
And sod and fern have laughed beneath
The sunshine and the shower.

Another world is mine, where I
Must lightly toil or idly lie.
When, sometimes weary of my lot,
I fear my heart will sigh,
I turn, and in the world without
I see God passing by.

I watch, I wait. The outer glimpse
Is presage of the coming Guest.
Familiar, sweet, He enters in
The waiting door. My breast
Grows light with the full tide of peace,
Companionship, and rest.

America Revisited: The Changes of a Quarter-Century

By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

II.

EXCEPT in one respect, of which more anon, the changes that have passed on political ideas, habits, and conditions in the United States seem to one who looks back over twenty or thirty years to be fewer and slighter than those I have already noted in the aspects of economic and social life. That which was in 1870 the gravest evil and the most perplexing problem is still the evil and the problem which most occupies men's minds. It is the government of cities, which Americans themselves describe as their one failure, the one conspicuous blot on the escutcheon of their democratic system. Cities are still liable to fall under the dominion of Rings and Bosses. Aldermen and councilors are still objects of suspicion. Franchises are still sometimes bestowed for improper private reasons and not with a single eye to the city's good. Men who were poor when they went into municipal administration still sometimes come out of it rich. The word "boodle," not yet invented in 1870 (though the thing was there), is on many lips. The forms which misgovernment assumes are, however, not quite the same. There is nowhere (so far as one can learn) any robbery of a city treasury on a grand scale like that which went on in New York under the reign of the ever famous William M. Tweed. The most generally diffused and conspicuously rampant mischief seems to be the sacrifice of the public interest for the benefit of private men or groups of men who compass their ends by bribery. But in some places the mismanagement or corruption of the police is not less harmful to the community. How much can be proved of what one hears, or of what Mr. Steffens has depicted in the powerful series of papers he has contributed to "McClure's Magazine," I do not attempt to conjecture. But if even the half can be established, the reformers have plenty of work before them. Fortunately, the reformers seem to be more numerous and more active than they were in 1870 or even in 1883. I found in various cities concurrent testimony to the growing zeal shown by good citizens, and especially—this is the best sign—by young men, in associating themselves to detect corruption and clear out abuses. Good Government Clubs and Citizens' Leagues seem now to be the order of the day in some of the places heretofore worst governed. New York is distinctly better administered now than she used to be, and her people declare that they are hopeful. So are the people of Chicago. Both cities consider themselves in far better case than Philadelphia, which seems, after her spirited efforts in the early eighties, to have fallen back into a Slough of Despond. Unluckily, the young reformers still find it difficult in all the cities to enter either a city council or a State legislature, because the machine system, with its carefully packed nominating conventions and primaries, bars their path. Even the new primary laws enacted in some States have not (if I am rightly informed) removed this obstacle. There is, however, another agency at work which was far less conspicuous in 1870. The livelier sympathy of the richer classes for the poorer, the sense of the duty which men owe to those who dwell beside them, has, in American cities as in London and other British cities, called into the field of philanthropic work a great many men and women who are also keenly alive to the need for better municipal administration. In working among the poorer classes and the recent immigrants, they get to know the city. Sometimes they acquire influence with the voters. Both by their knowledge and by their influence they render priceless help to the political reformers. Thus, on the whole, things are brighter than they seemed twenty years ago.

I have often had explained to me, and have myself often explained to European friends, the reasons why it is hard to secure honest and efficient administration in American cities. Yet I must confess that all the explanations leave me still wondering how there comes to be such a contrast as there is between those cities and such places as London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham. In England and Scotland it is assumed that the municipal councils, be they more or less capable, be they elected on political lines or not, will, at any rate, be incorruptible;[1] and accordingly nobody fears to intrust various branches of business to them—tramways, gas, water, electric lighting, the erection of workmen's dwellings. There is not deemed to be any particular difficulty in having a city honestly governed. "Why should it not?" people say. In America it is quite the other way. The temptations presented to its administrators by the management of a great and wealthy city are deemed so potent that malpractices attract no surprise and comparatively little anger. Yet the voters in English cities are neither more intelligent nor more virtuous than the native voters in American cities—there are a few among the smaller English towns which have an unsavory reputation—and some of the cities which are ruled by the intelligent native American and the solid, steady-going German are just as bad as those which have been flooded by Irish or Jewish or Italian immigrants. May it be that Habit has a great deal to say in the matter? In the English cities, which grew up gradually, their government in the hands of the leading people of the place, a good tradition became established; and the tradition has persisted ever since. If corruption were to be discovered, it would startle and shock the voters. There would be a strict investigation. The courts, being national courts, would deal out heavy penalties, and all the peccant Councilmen would be ejected with indelible disgrace. In America the cities grew up so fast that bad traditions were formed before the good citizens, occupied with their own business and with National politics, had noticed what was happening. When they did turn their attention to the matter, the evil had already struck its roots deep. A comparatively low standard of purity and efficiency had already fixed itself in the popular mind. Thenceforward disclosures of dishonesty did not astonish the good citizen, nor horrify him as they ought to have done. Even to-day the way in which business interests are suffered to affect politics does not greatly shock him. None of us is greatly shocked by what he has often seen, and has begun to think likely to occur again. So the task of creating a high standard in the mind of the average voter is a troublesome task which it will take some time to complete. Good habits, though soon lost, are slowly formed. Happily, they seem to be at last in course of formation.

Remembering how often the views confidently expressed regarding a shifting of the balance of power in the National Government have been belied by the result, I must not venture to suggest that the House of Representatives seems to play a rather less important part than it did in 1870, or that the Presidential office has grown stronger. Much depends on the man who happens to fill the chair; and if Mr. Roosevelt seems to count for more than any of his predecessors has done since General Grant in his first term, or than any President did between Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, this may be due to the impression made by his personality, especially upon the West. One fact, however, does strike me; and I mention it because so many thoughtful men, free from partisan bias, have dwelt upon it. The Senate enjoys less of the confidence and respect of the country than it did. It contains some very eminent and able men, yet not so many as it did in the years before or in the years just after the War of Secession. Those who regret this appear to believe that the choice of Senators by the people of each State instead of by the Legislature would give a better result. It is a plan which has been often discussed; but it seems to be more generally favored now than it was thirty or forty years ago.

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[1] The exceptions are so few as to illustrate rather than to discredit the rule.

Among minor differences which one discovers let me note the growing tendency to intrust wide powers to a single official, such as a city mayor, rather than to an elective body—a tendency due to the notion that in this way responsibility to the people can be better secured. An Englishman is surprised to find that in some places even the nomination of an authority so important as the School Committee is given to the Mayor. I also observe that there seems to be less criticism of the State judges, or, at any rate, less disposition to question their probity. No scandals like those which the bench of New York City presented in the days of Barnard and Cardozo have ever recurred, an improvement of great significance, for nothing did so much to give a handle to the enemies of democratic government in Europe as the belief—an ill-founded belief, yet which drew some plausibility from the case of those judges—that the State judiciary had under the system of popular election become unworthy of its place in the American scheme of government.

When one comes to consider the changes that have passed upon the political sentiments of the people, when one asks what are the interests uppermost in their minds now as compared with those which occupied them "'way back," as Americans say, in the early seventies, it is even more difficult to speak with confidence. Yet I can hardly be wrong in thinking that economic questions hold a far more prominent place than they did. When the issues raised by the war, and especially that of the condition of the Southern States under and after the "carpetbag" governments, were either settled or dropped as being insoluble by political methods, Silverism and Grangerism and Populism, different phases of the same discontent, successively emerged. These may seem to have run their course, but it is, in one form or another, the questions bearing upon Capital and Labor that are the really insistent questions. These are the problems which even those who refuse the various solutions proposed nevertheless admit to be problems that need solving. They have, for the time, dwarfed another economic question which Englishmen, whatever their personal opinions, deem so urgent as to have been surprised to find it little debated at the last Presidential election. Here what one remarks is not a change, but the constantly recurring promise of a change which never comes. A European who believes that the people of the United States would gain by a tariff for revenue only, although certain groups of persons might at first lose, and who also recognizes the alert intelligence of that people, cannot but believe that they will ultimately abandon Protection as a system. But very little movement in that direction can be discerned. The free-traders every now and then make a rally. The voters every now and then evince displeasure at the high tariff. Most people tell you that the tariff will have to be reduced. But though the pot is always simmering, it never comes to the boil. No; I cannot find the change from 1870 to 1905 to be one either towards free trade or away from it. It is a change to another set of issues, to the rights of conbination that may be allowed to capitalists on the one hand and to workmen on the other. Is it necessary to prevent the creation of monopolies by the former class? Is it necessary to forbid the latter class to exert a pressure which may pass into coercion? How far can the sources and organs of production be appropriated by the Nation or by any community for the public benefit? Are the existing communities, States and cities, fit to undertake the function of exploiting these sources? These and other similar issues were scarcely mentioned in 1870 and little discussed even in 1883. They have come to the front in the New World as they have in the Old; they witness to the growth of a tendency whose power is shown by the range of its influence, for it is operative in every civilized country as far as New Zealand.

Of all this group of questions the one which is most discussed in America is the one least discussed in Europe; I mean the propriety of restricting industrial or mercantile combinations of capitalists. The evils charged on these combinations (how far truly charged I do not attempt to determine) have not hitherto proved serious in Europe. In England, indeed, such combinations, or syndicates as we sometimes call them, are neither numerous nor powerful. It would, moreover, be very hard for them to establish a monopoly in any article, since the absence of a tariff on imports would enable the natural products or manufactured goods of foreign countries to come freely in and keep down prices. On the other hand, the Socialist propaganda and the labor parties which alarm timorous people in European countries alarm nobody in the United States, partly perhaps because there is so much faith in the good sense of the masses, partly because so large a part of the population consists neither of employers nor of workmen, but of agriculturists who own the land they till.

All my friends have told me that the tranquil complacency with which American opinion awaits the future, and sees unperturbed the progress of collectivistic ideas, must not be supposed to be perpetual and unbroken. It was rudely shaken, they say, in 1896, when many Eastern men thought that the success of Mr. William J. Bryan's campaign would have imperiled the financial interests of the country. This may be so, but the tranquil attitude has returned, and is perhaps all the stronger because what had been deemed a danger was promptly averted. It appears to me now, as it did in 1870, to be the normal attitude of the intelligent native American. And the chief cause of it appears to lie in the belief which the native American has that the people, *i.e.*, the majority of the qualified voters, are pretty sure to be right. Even if they stray for a moment from the straight path by returning the candidate of the party to which that particular native American is opposed, they are sure to return to that path, and the leaders of the other party will, after all, be able to do no great harm, because the People will check them. No such feeling exists in Europe. In Germany the governing class dreads the spread of Socialism, will dread it all the more if it comes to influence the majority of the voters, will strive fiercely against it if it should prevail in the Reichstag, will expect ruin from its predominance. In France the Republicans know from their experience of Boulangism and of the Dreyfus struggle that it is not impossible that Monarchism and Clericalism may succeed in upsetting the Republic. They would not think that France was safe in the hands of a numerical majority, and if a plebiscite set up a King or an Emperor or a dictator of any sort, that would not in the least reconcile them. They would fight against a monarchist majority just as heartily as against a monarchist minority. In Britain each party believes that the other party, when it succeeds, succeeds by misleading the people. Neither party supposes that the majority are a bit more likely to be right than to be wrong. Their political differences do not go so deep down as in France, but they have no more faith than the French in the wisdom of numbers. This is perhaps the most fundamental divergence between the political beliefs of Europeans and of Americans. The latter hold that America cannot be ruined. The people may make small mistakes but not great ones. The country is safe in their hands. This deep-seated optimism, which struck me so forcibly on previous visits to the United States, strikes me still. It is very different from self-righteousness or vainglory. It is a political axiom which has almost been consecrated as a religious dogma.

As I am referring to the American view of America, let me add in passing that the pride the people feel in their country is not quite of the same type as formerly. It is no longer aggressive, and it is much less susceptible, that is to say, less sensitive to criticism. A stranger may now—assuming of course that he does not mean to be offensive—find any faults he pleases; and if his criticisms have truth in them, they will be welcomed. Further, it is not the Constitution and the democratic system of government that are to-day specially admired. Though faith in popular sovereignty is unshaken, defects in the political arrangements are frankly admitted. As men's interests are now not so largely political as they used to be, so the achievements in which the chief glory of the Nation is held to reside are the development of the country's resources, the splendid record of inventions, the building up of huge manufacturing industries, the creation of a gigantic transportation system, of sumptuous public institutions of all kinds, of vast and stately cities. When one reflects on the quantity of energy, ingenuity, and patience which have gone to the accomplishment of these things, one is not surprised that there are some other branches of intellectual activity in which America still leans on Europe. That this should be so involves no disparagement. No people can do everything at once. The brain power and the will power, the fertility of intellect and the force of purpose, that have reared so majestic a fabric of wealth and prosperity in the forty years that have passed since the war ended, are the completest evidence of the reserve of strength that dwells in this stock.

And now I pass from these changes which have been all (or nearly all) of them in the natural line of American development to another change which nobody predicted. Perhaps it was in reality less unlikely than men supposed. But it was certainly unexpected.

That a war with Spain would come was always possible, for her treatment of Cuba, together with the interest Americans took in Cuba, supplied grounds of quarrel. Nor was there anything antecedently improbable in the annexation of Porto Rico, for in President Grant's time the United States had very nearly obtained San Domingo. Nobody, however, dreamed for a moment that the accident of the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila would lead to the acquisition of an immense archipelago of tropical isles, inhabited by semi-civilized and barbarous tribes, thousands of miles distant from the westernmost part of the United States. Europeans who were startled by this event were obliged to suppose either that the American people had suddenly thrown overboard the views and principles of policy theretofore attributed to them, or else that they had never really cherished those views and principles. And we in England have been ever since curious to know what difference the possession of these transoceanic dominions has made to the American mind, and what difference it is going to make to the foreign policy of the Republic in future.

In one sense the subjection of a distant territory which cannot possibly be incorporated into the Union—even those who desire to retain the isles do not propose that—may seem to affect but little a great commonwealth of highly civilized men, living under wholly diverse conditions. When Britain acquired the still larger territories she now controls in East Africa and Uganda—territories stretching from the coast of the Indian Ocean at Mombasa to the Upper Nile, and including more than a million of square miles—her people scarcely noticed the event. She had already so much land in the tropics and was so well accustomed to governing it that this addition introduced no new factor. And as there were no neighboring States to give her any trouble—German territory adjoins, but Germany is not formidable in a region approachable only by sea—the annexed territory did not, in respect of its defense, gravely increase the pre-existing responsibilities of Britain. But the United States, until the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, had never owned any territory outside the American continent, nor any territory which was not intended to receive self-governing institutions, and ultimately to become a member of the Union.[1] Hence the treaty with Spain in 1898 marked an absolutely new departure. The Republic ceased to be simply and solely a federation of commonwealths, and became a dominant Power, like Britain and France, Germany and Russia, a Power ruling over subjects to whom she did not propose to apply her own Constitution or to treat as equals to her own citizens. This was in its essence a transformation of the fundamental character of the Republic, and was, indeed, constitutionally regarded, a far greater and more revolutionary novelty than the step which Jefferson took when he purchased from Napoleon that vast region—then called Louisiana—out of which so many States have been carved. Are the nature and magnitude of this transformation realized by the American people? Is it now affecting, or will it hereafter affect, their theories of government in general, and the working of their own government in particular? Will it diminish their love of liberty? Will it kindle the flame of ambition in their souls and make them desire to extend their conquests and their sway yet more widely? Their immense potential power for military and naval action would enable them to gratify such a desire, if they begin to indulge it.

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[1] Alaska is of course an exception; but an exception rather apparent than real, for this vast region is inhabited only by a few savages, and is not likely ever to support a population large enough to make its government a matter of political consequence.

These are questions which only the future can answer. So far as the present is concerned, it does not appear that the people are reflecting deeply upon the subject. Indeed, one may doubt whether the average citizen sees how entirely new is the path into which he has been led. My own opportunities for observation were limited, but the impression left was that the subject does not greatly occupy men's minds. The islands are far away, and, now that the first excitement of curiosity has died down, little was being heard of them. Few knew exactly what was happening. Last autumn there were two things which might have been expected to quicken popular interest. One was the admirably designed and most instructive Exhibit of the Philippines at the St. Louis Exposition, probably the best living model, or collection of models, if one may call it so, of the races, customs, and products of an uncivilized country that has ever been prepared and brought together for examination. Hundreds of thousands of visitors saw it; and every one who saw it seemed to be delighted. The other event was the Presidential contest, in which the question of what is to be done with the islands figured as an issue. This issue appeared to rouse no passion and not much interest. Perhaps it was for this reason that it was rather languidly worked by the party which opposed annexation. I found some people wishing to be quit of the islands at once, come what might. But the general feeling, so far as one could gather it in conversation, was neither exultant on the one hand nor regretful on the other. The situation was accepted as one which could hardly have been avoided, and which must now be made the best of. Having become responsible for these eight or ten millions of semi-civilized Malays and primitive savages, America must (so men said) do her duty by them. She must endeavor to train them, or at any rate give them the opportunity for training themselves, to acquire the capacity for self-government. But when self-government is to come, or how, or what amount or degree of independence it is to involve—these questions are and must for a time, perhaps for a long time, remain uncertain. That which impressed one was the calmness, sometimes almost akin to indifference, with which the subject was being discussed, and a prevailing, if not universal, belief that since these Malays could not be brought into the Union, American rule over them was, to America at least, a doubtful gain.

Not many persons advocated their immediate abandonment, and still fewer professed to look upon them as, so to speak, the first installment of a colonial empire. The notion which has obtained currency in Europe that the people of the United States, conscious that they have become a great World Power, are planning, and preparing to build up, a vast dominion over subject States or tribes seems ludicrous to any one who keeps his ears and eyes open in the country.

One finds some patriotic upholders of the old traditions arguing that the American people, having forsaken the principles of the Declaration of Independence by conquering a foreign race and holding it in subjection, will lose their own respect for freedom and will cease to honor those time-honored principles at home. When it is pointed out that the rule of India has not made the English less attached to their own liberties, they reply that England never has proclaimed doctrines like those of 1776, and has never, therefore, been chargeable with apostatizing from them. Upon this question and upon the whole policy of annexation and expansion as seen in the Treaty of 1898 and what has followed, it is not for an Englishman to express any opinion to American readers. All I seek to do is to note that so far there is no sign of any change in the doctrines, or the ideals, or the projects of the average American citizen commensurate with the change in policy which that treaty marked. Perhaps the reason is that, though the change may be profound, the scale is relatively small. The Philippines cover no large part of the citizen's horizon, and the American, like the English citizen, is not troubled by a logical inconsistency.

The Monroe Doctrine has been so frequently invoked of late years and has received an extension so much wider than it had in 1870, when no person of authority had, so far as I know, yet declared it applicable to the whole of South as well as to North America, that Europeans are curious to learn how far this insistence on a sort of protectorate over all the Spanish-American republics implies an intention to exert control over them and to reduce them to a sort of vassalage. Several statesmen have now publicly recognized what impartial observers perceived long ago, that if the United States prevents European Powers from using force to obtain redress for injuries suffered by their subjects at the hands of these republics, the United States must, in common fairness, itself interpose and compel the republics to do justice.

Such intervention might lead to the protracted exercise of military authority over the misbehaving republic, and might possibly lead still further and end in occupation. So the control of the Isthmus of Panama for the purpose of making and guarding the Canal may involve the permanent occupation of some districts around it. Apart, however, from these patent facts, I have looked in vain for any sign of a purpose to annex territory on the mainland of Central or South America. The difficulties of ruling over subjects who are not yet fit to become citizens are better understood now than they were in 1870. They have been brought home to men's minds by the results of the grant of negro suffrage made by the Constitutional Amendment of that year. Comparing 1870 with 1905, the Monroe Doctrine has evidently grown, but I doubt if there is any more wish now than there was then to advance the land frontier of the Union. Relations with Mexico have been excellent, and are likely to continue so while that country is guided by so wise and firm a hand as that of Porfirio Diaz.

I have mentioned the famous Amendment of 1870. It was meant to settle forever the political branch of the colored question and to fix in an enduring form one of the main results of the Civil War. Has the result answered the hopes and fulfilled the purposes of the leaders of Congress in 1870?

The South has changed profoundly since that year. I see many changes even since 1881 and 1883, when I traversed it. It is more populous and richer, the inhabitants more alert and enterprising, the whole aspect more modern. It is a New South. The old planter aristocracy, then already shattered, is now almost gone. New men as well as new conditions are present; coal and iron industries, and also manufacturing industries, have arisen. Yet its forest resources are still but slightly developed, and the mountain folk still lead, in some regions only half opened up by roads and railways, the same primitive life that they led before the war.

The position of the colored people has also altered, and what is called the Negro Question has passed into a slightly different phase, though many of the old features remain. It is impossible for me to try to discuss in the space of a page or two, and with very imperfect data, so large and so grave a subject; nor shall I venture to express any opinions of my own upon it. All I can do is to state a few of the new facts which I gathered in conversation from persons who had various helpful sources of knowledge, and who seemed to be themselves trustworthy witnesses. The colored man is not generally lazy, and in many places he is steady and industrious. He raises a great deal of cotton. He is a good worker in the mining regions. He is much more progressive than the negro of the West Indies. Many of the colored people have acquired a good education and are fit for skilled work, some of them even for the professions. Unfortunately, there is little scope for them in law or medicine, for the whites do not employ them. When they qualify themselves to be teachers, they will have only colored children to teach. On the other hand, they are now, owing to the superior capacity of the whites, being edged out of some occupations which they formerly followed. It seems that in the Southern cities barbers and waiters in hotels, for instance, are more largely whites to-day than they were forty years ago.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, now the foremost man of his race, and deservedly respected in the South as well as in the North, holds that industrial training, coupled with habits of diligence and thrift, is the best thing that can be given to his colored brethren. He has himself done a great deal, by his college at Tuskegee (Alabama) and by his journeys through the country, to promote this object. He dissuades political agitation, thinking it will only prolong and embitter race antagonism. Some other colored leaders do not approve this abstention; yet they agree, and, indeed, everybody agrees, in thinking that this new policy of practical industrial instruction, as opposed to the literary teaching which was formerly all that colored schools gave, is full of promise for the elevation of the race. It ought to be added that in many States honest efforts are being publicly and privately made to improve the colored schools in every way.

Even in 1883 the colored vote had in most Southern States shrunk to very small dimensions. Threats at first and various artifices later had restored all power, both in local, State, and National elections, to the whites. Since 1890 changes in the Constitutions of many Southern States have practically disfranchised the negro, yet in such a way as not formally and palpably to violate the Fifteenth Amendment. Whether it has been so far substantially transgressed as to render these new provisions in fact unconstitutional and therefore invalid is a matter on which the Federal courts have not yet passed. Here, however, we may recognize one of the most remarkable changes of recent years; nor is it less remarkable that the exclusion of those to whom the Fifteenth Amendment was intended to secure the suffrage has been taken very quietly at the North. The anger which Northern Republicans showed so late as 1890 at the devices by which the colored vote was then being nullified seems to have quite vanished. One even hears the sons or grandsons of the Abolitionists doubting whether the Amendment ought ever to have been enacted.

As to lynching I need say nothing, for it is an old evil; nor is it clear whether it is an increasing evil. Yet what can be more deplorable than the fact that it has, at any rate, not decreased, and that it is often attended by circumstances of unspeakable horror?

Persons who had every means of knowing the South well told me that they attributed the maintenance of the old attitude which existed from 1870 to 1890 to two sentiments or beliefs deep in the Southern heart. One is the fear of a return of the days of negro rule after the war. To an observer from outside, no danger seems less probable. To most Southern men, however, it is still real, still formidable. The other sentiment is the repulsion from what they call "miscegenation," an intermixture of colored blood with that of the whites. They imagine—and here again a stranger finds it hard to follow their reasoning—that any social approximation, and the admission of the negro to the sort of equality which consists in sitting down at the same table to eat, will be inevitably followed by mixed marriages, and they justify their attitude towards colored people, even towards those whom personally they like and respect, by the supreme duty (as they call it) of preventing sexual relations between the races. This attitude of social aloofness and exclusiveness is compatible, in a person of good breeding and kindly nature, with courteous treatment of the individual colored man. But in the case of persons who do not possess these qualities, it destroys any sort of friendliness; so one need not be surprised at learning that the relations of the two races show little improvement since 1876, when the Northern troops were withdrawn from the South. One of my ablest and most highly placed informants thought these relations were actually worse. He saw a positive recrudescence of animosity. I hope that in this view he may have been too despondent. One must not judge the whole of the Southern whites from the language, or even from the acts, of a few. However, the colored problem, which in 1883 seemed to me immeasurably difficult, a problem which it would take at least several generations to solve, does not seem any easier now, nor any nearer its ultimate solution.

The other race question which startles by its immensity every one who visits the United States has materially changed its aspect since 1870. In that day the immigrants who entered the ports came almost entirely from the British Isles (a great part of them Irish), from Germany, and from the Scandinavian kingdoms. Now, though the stream from those countries still flows, if with a weaker current, multitudes come from southern Europe. There are Italians and Slavs from the Balkan peninsula and from East Central Europe; there are Russians, Poles, Rumans, Serbs, Slovaks, and some Magyars, the Russian and Polish immigrants mainly of Jewish race. Fewer, but remarkable for their energy and intelligence, are the Armenians and the Finns. All these races are much further removed from the native Americans than were the Celts who came from Ireland and the Teutons who came from both sides of the Baltic, elements which made a good blend in America, as they did long ago in Lowland Scotland and in Ulster. It remains to be seen what the result of this influx will be. The Slavs of eastern Europe are backward in culture, but they are not wanting in natural gifts. Those who know the schools and the public libraries of New York declare that no part of its population shows a keener intelligence than do the children of the Jewish and the Italian immigrants. Little fear need there be that the intellectual level of the American people will decline. But whether in other respects the quality of the stock will be altered by so vast an infusion of strange blood is another question. Some hold that the American type will, through the schools and through business and social relations, ultimately also through intermarriage, so stamp itself upon the next generation that the progeny of the Central Europeans will grow up Americans to all intents and purposes, Americans in aptitudes and in character as well as in patriotism. Others conceive that the type, strong as it is, cannot fail to be modified by the transmission of the ingrained tendencies of Slav or Jew or Italian. It is a question between heredity on the one side and the assimilative power of society on the other; and the data we possess as to the respective strength of these two forces are not at present sufficient to answer the question. This extension of the Old World area from which the current of migration sets is perhaps the most remarkable of all the changes I am trying to enumerate. It might have been predicted thirty or forty years ago, for although the Jews were less persecuted then, yet eastern Europe was already beginning to be opened up by railways, and it was evident that ocean transportation would become cheaper. But was it predicted? I think not.

Many other changes which I have noted must pass undiscussed, some from want of space, others because I feel even more doubtful regarding them than I do about some of those which have been, perhaps rather rashly, dealt with in these pages. Among the omitted topics would come certain phenomena in the working of State Legislatures, various new forms in which the money power makes itself felt in politics, the different attitude and position of the Irish element in America, and the growth of the army and navy. I might have asked the question whether a country so immensely powerful and so safe from attack by its situation as is the United States, a country with which no foreign Power has any motive to quarrel, because every Power would lose by a quarrel much more than it could gain, really needs a gigantic fleet like the fleets on which some European States are dolefully compelled to spend a great part of their revenue. I might have touched on the changed sentiment of the people towards certain European States. Russia stood high in favor thirty-five years ago; nor was there any sign of those apprehensions (groundless, as I venture to think) which one hears now expressed regarding the designs of Germany. Still more should I have liked to indicate the points in which the unity of the Nation seems to be becoming always more complete. But these topics, and others which rise in succession as the pen flows on, would swell an article to a volume. Only one other change there is which cannot pass unnoted, for it is of all changes the most welcome to an Englishman. It is the warmth of feeling which now exists, and which did not exist in 1870, towards the old Britannic motherland. One does not need to stay long in America to perceive that this new friendliness is not merely an official friendliness of the two Governments. It is in the hearts of the people. *Esto perpetua.*

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Revolution (The). By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Vols. I., II., III. (New Edition.) Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. Each vol. $2, net.

A new edition in three volumes of one of the most fascinating historical works in the English language, reviewed at length in The Outlook at the time of its publication, so sympathetic with the American position, so fair and adequate in its treatment of the American attitude, that Mr. Choate happily characterized it as an illustration of the return of the prodigal father to his son. The special features in this history are the fullness with which it brings out English sentiment before and during the Revolutionary period, and the clearness with which it presents the Revolutionary struggle as a part of the great fight for Liberalism in England.

Barham of Beltana. By W. E. Norris. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

It is a long distance from Mr. Norris's "Matrimony" to the present book. This author always writes pleasantly, and entirely in unexceptionable English, but the humor and story-interest which his early books had are here reflected only in a faint and feeble light.

Beyond Chance of Change. By Sara Andrew Shafer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 295 pages. $1.50.

We speak of this book with others in an editorial in this number of The Outlook.

Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 239 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Christian and Catholic. By Right Rev. Charles C. Grafton, S.T.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages. $1.50, net.

The aim of the good Bishop, who signs himself, in imitation of the British style, "C. C. Fond du Lac," is "not controversial," but to help souls who are in honest doubt to come into closer union with Christ. The "Catholic" way to this is thus stated: "In Christ we are to be made alive, not by any act of faith or trust or repentance merely, but by union of our natures with His. And the only way ordained by which this can be secured is by the sacraments." The mass of Christians, whom he designates as "the sects" in distinction from "the Church," hold rather that the crucial question is, "Do you believe in Christ?" not, "Have you been baptized?" The third section of the volume, entitled "Catholic, Not Roman," is strongly controversial. To secede from the Anglican Church to the Roman is pronounced to be "the most presumptuous" and also "the most terrible spiritual sin we believe a Christian man can commit."

Christ the Life and Light: Lenten Readings Selected from the Writings of the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. By W. M. L. Jay. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 252 pages. $1, net.

A group of selections from the writings of Phillips Brooks, chosen and arranged with reference to their use for Lenten readings, the whole collection having as its keynote Christ as the life and light of the world; hence the title of the book. The preface announces that this is probably the last of the many books published in Bishop Brooks's name.

Cuba and the Intervention. By Albert G. Robinson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 359 pages. $1.80, net.

Mr. Robinson's book falls roughly into three divisions: a review of peninsular misrule in Cuba and of the efforts of the Cubans to throw off the Spanish yoke; a survey of the American occupation of the island, with especial attention to the work of reconstruction; and a statement of the conditions prevailing since the Cubans attained self-government. An eye-witness of many of the events he describes, Mr. Robinson writes with vivacity and warmth. He did not, he informs us, confine his observations to the view to be gained from the windows of the Palace, but mingled with the Cubans as well as with the Spaniards and the American officials, in order to obtain an accurate idea of the sentiments of these distinct groups respecting the needs of Cuba and the manner in which they were being met. His point of view, however, is primarily and frankly Cuban. This has its distinct advantages, but that it also has its defects becomes apparent when we examine the criticisms he so freely passes on our efforts to restore order out of chaos. That there is room for criticism nobody would deny, but Mr. Robinson's comments too often degenerate into captious fault-finding. Such is particularly the case in his discussion of the administration of Governor-General Wood. Opposed to this stands his enthusiastic praise of the Cubans. Consequently, while his volume is in some respects extremely useful—notably in the direction of assisting to a better appreciation of the Latin-American character—it can scarcely be said to fulfill its main purpose of giving a clear and unbiased account of the methods and results of American intervention.

Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (1778-1840). As Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. In 6 vols. Vol. III. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 520 pages. $2.50.

Drawings of Albrecht Durer. (Drawings of the Great Masters.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8×11½ in. 57 pages. $2.50, net.

This small quarto, with its striking illustrations of Dürer's most characteristic work, is one of a group of volumes of "Drawings of Great Masters" which are to contain about forty illustrations on a large scale, many of them printed in tints and mounted on paper to harmonize with the tints, the special object of the series being to let the painter speak for himself by presenting to the eye his work, with a brief introductory study in each case of the painter's method.

Drink Problem in Modern Life (The). By Henry C. Potter. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 35 pages. 30c. (Postage, 5c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Dying Message of Paracelsus (The). By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The Unity Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8¼ in. 50c.

Appropriate as an Easter gift, and dedicated as such by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Browning classes, is this elegantly printed pamphlet, illustrated by Albrecht Dürer's picture of "Melancholia," which has been interpreted as representing "the spirit of solemn, resolute research." A few paragraphs of Mr. Jones's lecture on Paracelsus accompany Browning's text as introduction and commentary. The last half-dozen lines of the text are peculiarly appropriate to the Easter season.

Florence and Some Tuscan Cities. Painted by Colonel R. C. Goff. Described by Clarissa Goff. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 262 pages. $6.

The purpose of Colonel and Mrs. Goff in this handsome volume is to describe the most characteristic monuments of Tuscany and to introduce into the account legends and stories which are not always within reach of the traveler who makes a rapid journey through a country crowded with history and legend. On a basis of historical narrative, which includes the stir, the movement and strife of a city of intense individuality, and therefore of fierce convictions and bitter differences of opinion, Mrs. Goff has given her readers a vivid picture of a city with a passion for politics, a passion for war, and a passion for art. Large attention is given to the churches of Florence, with careful study of their distinctive architecture and pictorial features. The volume is richly illustrated in colors by Colonel Goff and issued with a decorative cover.

For the White Christ: A Story of the Days of Charlemagne. By Robert Ames Bennet. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8½ in. 474 pages. $1.50.

This story is somewhat high-flown and super-romantic in style, but its intensity is not without dramatic force. The book is published in an unusual form as to size for fiction, and is in several respects a notably good piece of book-making. The colored pictures, however, will not entirely please the critical taste.

G. F. Watts. Illustrated. (Newnes' Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 94 pages. $1.25.

This and "Sir Anthony Van Dyck," the full title of which is given elsewhere, form the latest additions to the Newnes' Art Library, a set of books happily combining expert knowledge with the art of popular presentation, richly illustrated, and each containing sketches of the artist to whom the volume is devoted, partly biographic and partly descriptive, with a touch in interpretative criticism.

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. By Mary F. Sandars. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 377 pages. $3, net.

Miss Sandars finds a valid excuse for a new "Life" of Balzac in the fact that none exists embodying the information available since the publication of that interesting volume "Les Lettres à l'Étrangère," a compilation from the letters written by the famous novelist to his future wife, Madame Hanska. In the hope of making her work complete and authoritative, Miss Sandars sought, and was fortunate enough to obtain, the active co-operation of the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, in whose possession are the Hanska letters and much unpublished original material relating to Balzac. It does not appear, however, that she has taken full advantage of the opportunities thus afforded, for her work, while sympathetic and unquestionably entertaining, adds little of importance to our knowledge of the subject. It is essentially a volume of literary "small talk"—gossip about Balzac's love affairs, financial difficulties, the circumstances under which his works were written, and so forth, all very diverting, to be sure, but hardly constituting a biography. The publishers have given the book a very attractive setting.

Inaugural Ode (An). By Alexander Blair Thaw. The Monadnock Press, Nelson, N. H. 6½×9 in. 20 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Landscape in History and Other Essays. By Sir Archibald Geikie, D.C.L., F.R.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9¼ in. 352 pages.

In these essays Sir Archibald Geikie is an example of the ideal he holds up before the students of a scientific school in his address upon the benefits and drawbacks of the place achieved by science in education. He urges them to find in literature a solace and refreshment when, as is inevitable, scientific work becomes a weariness. That he has found this relief is evident from the charming style in which this volume of varied essays is written. In three essays he considers landscape in history, in its effect upon the imagination, and in its influence upon literature. He anticipates the coming of a poet who will look below "the technical jargon of the schools," and, with a deeper insight than Cowper, Scott, or Wordsworth even, will perceive the inner history of the land about us, and, revealing it, give new beauty and significance to familiar scenes. Tennyson felt something of this new wealth of new interest, and was in advance of the three former poets, who were satirical, scornful, or amused at the assumptions of the scientist. In an illuminating paper upon Geological Time, the author meets Lord Kelvin, representing the physicists, in able argument, whimsically complaining that it is difficult to carry on a discussion in which your opponent entirely ignores your arguments, while you have given the fullest attention to his! In biographical writing Sir Archibald Geikie shows the same grace and strength. His appreciation of Hugh Miller, his work and influence, is keen, with a loving personal touch withal. As an enthusiastic youth he used to profit from long conversations with the man of patient and sagacious research. The creative spirit of Charles Darwin moves him to renew his life with minute care and high enthusiasm. Altogether this volume is stimulating and enlightening, a distinct contribution to the literature of science.

Lion's Skin (The). By John S. Wise. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 404 pages. $1.50.

This is an attempt, by one who knows his Virginia well, to depict conditions prevailing in the Old Dominion since the Civil War and to state, from personal observation, the causes underlying these conditions. Mr. Wise cannot be accounted a success as a novelist, but as a historian he is clear and forceful, and his book calls for careful consideration. It will provoke wide debate. So far as Virginia is concerned, his contention runs, the ills from which the South has suffered since the war had their roots, not, as has been commonly represented, in the rule of the "carpetbagger and the scalawag," but in the policy adopted by Southern politicians upon the readmission of the State to a voice in the affairs of the Union. He does not disguise his belief that, had the "so-called Conservatives" been true to Grant, Virginia would have been far better off to-day, and roundly asserts that "the pretenses constantly made by Southern politicians and writers, and to a large extent believed by Northern people, that the outrageous frauds and perjuries, violations of the election laws, and revolutionary annulment of the Constitutial amendments resorted to by them have been necessary to a preservation of white supremacy, are, so far as they apply to Virginia, false and preposterous. They have been deliberately resorted to in order to keep or to regain ascendency, by a certain class of politicians; and frauds practiced upon the negro and false returns from negro sections have enabled them to counterbalance and override majorities against them in the white sections of the State." Mr. Wise carries his account of the political history of Virginia from the first steps in Reconstruction to the Gubernatorial election of 1885, concluding with an interesting, if not wholly convincing, discussion of the race problem. It is somewhat of a pity that he has cast his work in the form of fiction, although his reasons for so doing are obvious.

Letters of Theodora (The). By Adelaide L. Rouse. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 307 pages.

The autobiographical tone in these entertaining letters is marked. Theodora is an aspirant for literary honors in crowded, self-absorbed New York. Her courage and faculty for seeing the bright side carry her through some trying and very human experiences. The love story is a pretty episode, disturbed by Theodora's waywardness, but ending happily. Several of the characters, notably the Congressman, are true to life and most admirably represented. A clever, entertaining book.

Man Without a Country (The). By Edward E. Hale. (New National Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4×6¾ in. 48 pages. 35c.

Marriage of William Ashe (The). By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 563 pages. $1.50.

We speak of this notable contribution to the fiction of the year in an editorial on another page.

Master-Word (The). By L. H. Hammond. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

We speak of this interesting book in an editorial elsewhere in this number.

Messages of the Apocalyptical Writers (The). By Frank Chamberlin Porter, Ph.D., D.D. (The Messages of the Bible.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×6½ in. 367 pages. $1.25, net.

No volume in the useful series to which the present work belongs is likely to prove to the ordinary reader more illuminating than this. Undervalued as the apocalyptical books are wont to be, partly because of their enigmatical character, and partly because of their abuse by religious charlatans, they deserve and need the historical treatment that secures a better appreciation. This is specially requisite for the better understanding thereby gained of the thought-world in which Christianity appeared, and by which it was influenced. In ample Introductions and Notes Professor Porter has given a confessedly obscure subject the lucid treatment it requires. Among the seven non-canonical books included, the leading place is taken by the book of Enoch, quoted as Scripture in the Epistle of Jude.

Plays and Poems of Ben Jonson. Illustrated. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¾×6¾ in. 822 pages. $1.25, net.

This latest addition to the irresistible Caxton Series is the representative work of Jonson as a dramatist and as a poet, printed on a very thin paper from large type, with flexible covers. Too much praise cannot be given to the frontispieces and the title-pages in this series. They are often, as in the case of this volume, admirable pieces of typographical and illustrative work.

Plum-Tree (The). By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 389 pages.

Another venture in the field of political fiction, and one likely to attract attention. When Harvey Sayler faced the world, and found, as he thought, the cost of manhood's full strength to be the loss of "his divine faith in human nature, his divine belief that abstract justice and right and truth rule the world," his moral struggle was tragedy. Having learned his lesson, he set out to gain political power, and used every tool that came to his hand, sacrificing much of honor, justice, and sensitiveness, both in his public and private life. After succeeding in seating a weak man in the Presidential chair, he turned with disgust from his lifelong ambitions, and envied the happy though rare man who, "through struggle or through luck, guides his whole life by the star of his youth." Sitting under the Plum-Tree—even owning the Plum-Tree—was vanity.

Poems and Dramatic Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge (The). Edited by William Knight. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¾×6¾ in. 792 pages. $1.25.

A compact edition, well printed on very thin but satisfactory paper, and bound in flexible leather.

Poor Relations (My): Stories of Dutch Peasant Life. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 375 pages. $1.50.

It would be hard to name a book in which the characters are so uniformly disagreeable as in this collection of short stories. The only parallel of which we can think at the moment is the late Mr. Douglas's "The House with Green Shutters." The writer who calls himself Maarten Maartens is unquestionably a man of great talent, and his books, "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," and the quite recently published "Dorothea," are worthy not only of reading for entertainment's sake, but for suggestion and social inspiration. In these short tales, however, he has seen fit to dissect the sordid life of a little Dutch village, in which all the people seem not only to be poor but degraded, not only to suffer from the oppression of circumstances but to be possessed with the meanest motives and the lowest passions. The book is true, no doubt, but it is truth that needs a complement of that human sympathy and dignity of character which may often be found among the most unfortunate.

Probationer and Other Stories (The). By Herman Whitaker. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages. $1.25.

The scene of these stories is laid in northwestern Canada, and most of them deal with the days when the factors and commissioners of the Hudson Bay Company were the lords of the land, and ruled with an iron hand. The history of the great fur company is full of romance, and there is a peculiar fascination about life in those northern regions. The stories are full of strength and vigor and the atmosphere of the woods.

Return: A Story of the Sea Islands in 1739. By Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 544 pages. $1.50.

A story with original strength and some novel situations. Diana Chaters, the heartless coquette, is publicly jilted as the result of a brutal wager. How she takes her shame, and how she builds it into her life, is told by the authors with skill and upon somewhat new lines. While history is duly respected, it does not overweight the story, and no one need shrink because of dreary experiences with the historical novel. The characters are admirably individualized, the action is lively, and the whole picture excellently drawn.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck. Illustrated. (Newnes' Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 108 pages. $1.25.

See under "G. F. Watts."

Wayfarers in Italy. By Katharine Hooker. (Fourth Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 309 pages. $2, net.

The fourth edition, in a very attractive but less expensive form, of a book which has been widely read and greatly enjoyed. There are so many books about Italy, both good and bad, that it seems almost impossible that even the most careful student should convey a fresh impression of that enchanting country. If such a student deals with art or history in the hope of saying something new, he undertakes a practically impossible task; but the author of this book has gone out among the people and has made a study of their habits, temperament, and ways of life. Incidentally she has looked for lost Madonnas, for old books, and has always had an eye for characteristic architecture of the Renaissance period. The result is a fresh, informing, and thoroughly charming book in one of the oldest fields in the world.

Young People's Imitation of Christ (The): Based upon the Work of Thomas à Kempis. By Edward S. Ellis, A.M. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 3¼×5½ in. 373 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

A Southern View of President Roosevelt

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Honestly opposed to the President as thousands in the South were politically, his heroism, fairness, frankness, and downright honesty, shown in more than one instance during the Presidential campaign, when it seemed perilous for him to speak, not only challenged, but commanded, their unqualified admiration. To this was added an immense reinforcement when, immediately after an unprecedented victory, he voluntarily announced that he would not again be a candidate for the Presidency.

The effect of this announcement was twofold: it settled in a moment, and forever, the apprehension aroused during the campaign that, if elected, Mr. Roosevelt would use his high office for personal aggrandizement in the promotion of a policy that would tend to the subversion of our republican institutions. This was one result. The other effect was that of a complete reaction in public sentiment from impaired confidence to a sense of absolute security. By this single utterance he put to silence every objection raised against him during the campaign, and placed himself at once in a transformed light before the American public.

A man of smaller mold than President Roosevelt would have been so elated over the marvelous indorsement given him by the American people that he would have regarded with indifference the electoral votes cast against him in the South, or else he would have taken steps to aggravate the sentiment already existing; but the President was careful to take pains to assure the people of the States of the South that his policy was to be a conciliatory one, and that he really desired the good will of the Southern people. This step was itself an exhibition of greatness which the people of the South will not be slow to recognize. From being an object of apprehension, the President has come to be generally regarded as a friend of the South. The events of a few months have relieved the strain of anxiety and have excited a feeling of confidence. The characterization of the man with the sword and the "big stick" has been changed in the estimation of the people generally into that of the wise and progressive statesman who stands ready to vindicate his official conduct in such way as will give the utmost satisfaction if the people will only wait. Strenuous he is, to be sure, but if his strenuosity be a virtue, and be turned to the happiest practical account, who does not applaud it rather than condemn? There has been an utter failure to identify his strenuosity with a spirit of recklessness, as no President has ever shown a more marked disposition to call to his aid the strongest men of the Nation. That they are not mere figureheads the success of the different departments shows. The assurance given early in the campaign that Mr. Hay would remain at the head of the Department of State awoke great confidence in the South as well as in the North. Those familiar with the career of Secretary Hay are persuaded that he is the greatest of living diplomats, and in a period like this, when unusual ability is needed to steer the affairs of State, it should be a matter of common gratulation that we have so able a man in that department.

In view of the election and concomitant conditions in America, it must be conceded that no President ever enjoyed a fairer opportunity for welding the people into oneness; and throughout the country there is an almost universal expectation that Mr. Roosevelt will do this very thing. Not to do so would be at total variance with his past career. Then, too, it is natural and logical to conclude that he who has created the opportunity will not suffer it to pass unimproved. With every possible means within easy reach for the accomplishment of an end so much desired, there is a growing public confidence that such will be the result of this incoming administration. It is predicted by not a few, and they Democrats, that the President will leave behind him for the future historian the record of one of the most successful, satisfactory, and brilliant of administrations. Every indication points that way, and such is the confidence already awakened that it would seem to be idle to seek to unsettle the convictions of the people, of whatever section. If the administration of President Monroe was characterized as the "era of good feeling," it would seem that that of President Roosevelt will be characterized as that of the era of security.

When President Roosevelt makes his tour of the South, he will be greeted with as much loyal cordiality as has been accorded him in any other part of the country; not solely because he occupies the highest office in the Nation, but because of the man himself.

Houston, Texas. (Rev.) B. F. RILEY.

Clothes and Social Conformity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"Dr. Harris says . . . that man is first of all a social being, and that therefore his social instinct should be guided and developed, as well as his intellect, his physique, or his conscience; that this can be done in a small college in no better way than by having the

> President and professors meet the students as gentlemen meet gentlemen; that in these days, when one gentleman is invited to dine at another gentleman's house, unless the guest is either a popular genius or a multi-millionaire—in which case he can wear extraordinary clothing and appear in unbarbered hair—he desires to conform to the usages and customs of society" (that is, he desires to wear a dress suit, that he may meet the President and professors "as gentlemen meet gentlemen").

Was ever before such an anticlimax penned and then published! When I read these words, I rubbed my eyes to make certain that I was not asleep and dreaming. "Man is first of all a social being; therefore his social instinct should be guided and developed by his wearing of a dress suit." "There is no denying the fact that personal charm is more likely to be found in a man who wears a dress suit than in a popular genius who wears extraordinary clothing and appears in unbarbered hair." "Has it not been the defect in education in this country up to the present time that college students have not been obliged to wear dress suits?" And the spiritual Emerson is lugged in to testify that a dress suit gives more consolation than religion does.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Is this fit doctrine for a young collegian, one being trained to become a man of light and leading? At a time when the cut of his clothes is for the average young man a more important matter than "his intellect, his physique, or his conscience," is this the best counsel that The Outlook can give him? Is it tailor-made society the college student stands most in need of?

The right doctrine for young men of spirit to-day, it seems to me, is this of Emerson: "The duty that every man should assume his own vows, should call the institutions of society to account, and examine their fitness to him, gains in emphasis if we look at our modes of living. Is our housekeeping sacred and honorable? Does it raise and inspire us, or does it cripple us instead? . . . We spend our income for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. . . . We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths out of his mind whilst he stays in the house; and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be a temple of the Furies of Lacedæmon, formidable and holy to all, which none but a Spartan may enter or so much as behold." P. T. A.

Brooklyn, New York.

Foreign and American Freight Rates

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. Tuttle's paper on railroad rates, and The Outlook's comments, were a real contribution to a notable discussion, to which I want to add a word. The assertion of Mr. Tuttle that freight rates are lower here than in Europe is true, but it is only because the freight there is small in amount, made up of every sort of merchandise, and the hauls so short that the handling is the main item of cost. Every waterway there—and they abound—is made use of in transporting ores and all heavy freight, leaving to the railways only the lighter articles of merchandise and manufactures pertaining to current trade.

Here, hauls of thousands of miles (in most cases the very handling being done by the shippers), with much of the light merchandise needed in daily trade being carried as express matter, present a state of things so different that it is strange Mr. Tuttle should seriously invite comparison. ENOCH KNIGHT.

Los Angeles, California.

Russian Censors and the Hospitals

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I send you a translation from a document which well illustrates the Russian bureaucracy, published on page 229 of No. 63 (January 20) of the Russian constitutional journal "Osvobozhdenie:"

> Ministry of the Interior.
> Office of Chief of Police of Moscow,
> Executive Department. August 5, 1904. No. 13,689.
>
> *To the Headquarters of the Society of Aid for Improvement of Teachers' Conditions in the Grammar Schools of Moscow:*
>
> His Imperial Highness the Governor-General of Moscow did not find it possible to permit to said Society the collection of donations of newspapers, magazines, books, and money, for the purpose of sending literature works to the hospitals of the acting army, as such an activity of said Society is not provided by its statutes and does not correspond to its purposes.
>
> I communicate it to the Headquarters of the Society, and say in addition that said collection of donations which is now carried on by the Society without permission must be stopped immediately.
>
> HIS MAJESTY'S SUITE'S
> MAJOR-GENERAL TREPOFF,
> Second Superintendent of the Office Timofejeff.

The paper comments as follows:

> It is interesting to confront this monstrous document with the expressions of thanks which the "Society of Aid," etc., has received from commanding officers in the Far East:
>
> His Excellency the Viceroy has received through Prince Dolgorukoff from the Society for Improvement of Teachers' Conditions the books for privates, and thanks the Society for those donations.
>
> MAJOR-GENERAL PFLUG.
>
> Prince Dolgorukoff handed over three boxes of books and magazines from the Moscow Society for Improvement of Teachers' Conditions. One box has been left at Liaoyang, two are sent to Port Arthur. Commander-in-Chief of the Army ordered to express to you his thanks for this useful donation, and hopes that the Society will help in the future the suffering with similar gifts.
>
> COMMANDER OF ARMY'S STAFF,
> LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SAKHAROFF.
>
> Prince Dolgorukoff handed over to the troops your gift, the books. I and my troops express to you and to the Society our sincere thanks.
>
> GENERAL STOESSEL.

This is a fine illustration of Russian bureaucratic maladministration.

RUSSO-AMERICAN.